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THE  
TABLE TALK

AND  
OMNIANA

OF  
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

WITH ADDITIONAL TABLE TALK FROM ALLSOP'S "RECOL-  
LECTIONS," AND MANUSCRIPT MATTER NOT  
BEFORE PRINTED.

ARRANGED AND EDITED

BY

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AND OTHER ENGLISH POETS."

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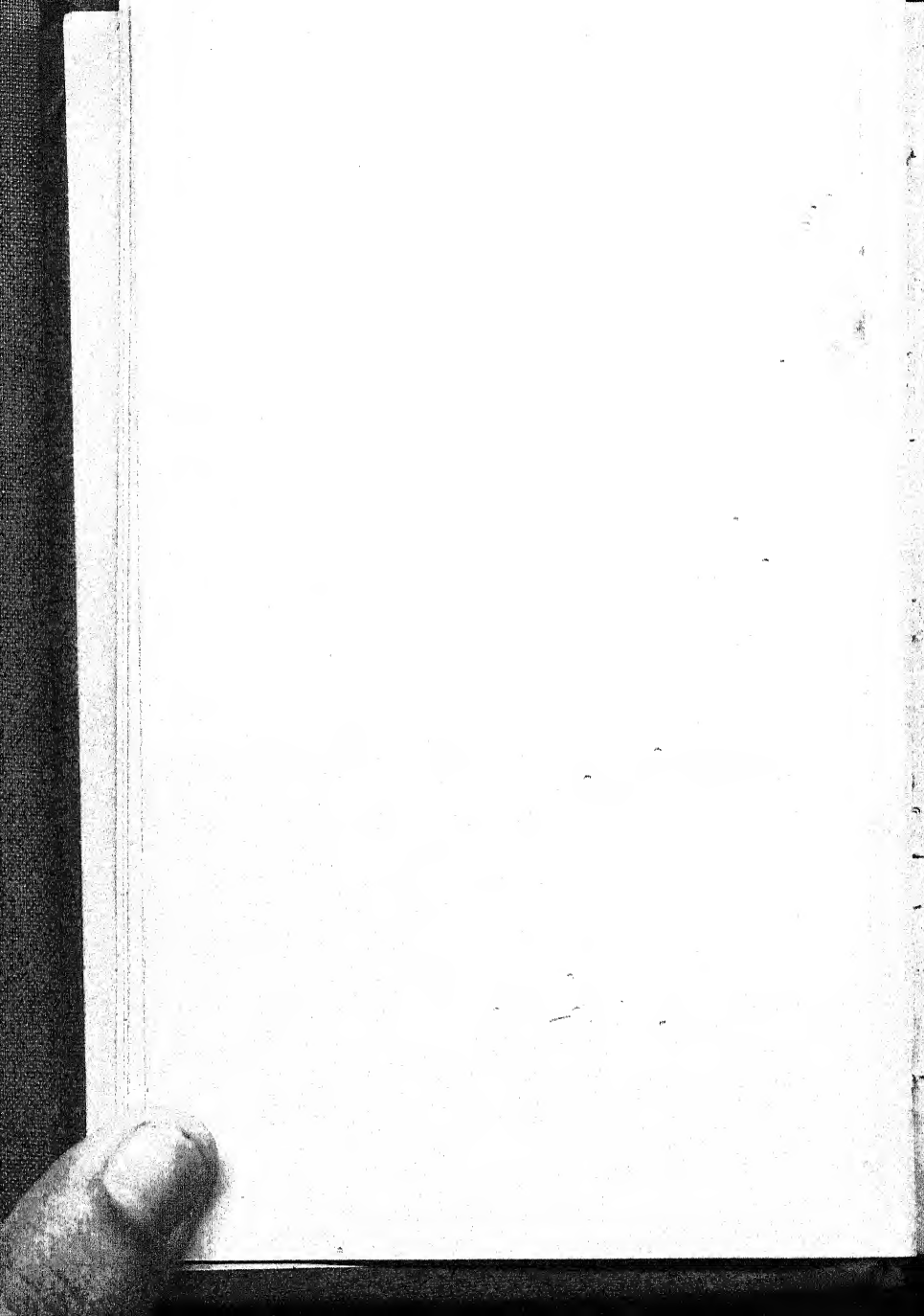
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## EDITOR'S PREFACE.

THIS volume comprises Coleridge's "Table Talk," edited by his son-in-law in 1835, and the "Omnia" of the first volume (published in 1836) of "The Literary Remains of S. T. Coleridge," by the same editor, which includes Coleridge's contributions to Southey's "Omnia," of 1812.

To the former we have been able to add some "Additional Table Talk," extracted from T. Allsop's "Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge," 1836, by the kind permission of Allsop's representatives; and to the latter some manuscript notes, made by Coleridge in 1819, in a copy of Southey's publication now in the British Museum.

*June, 1884.*



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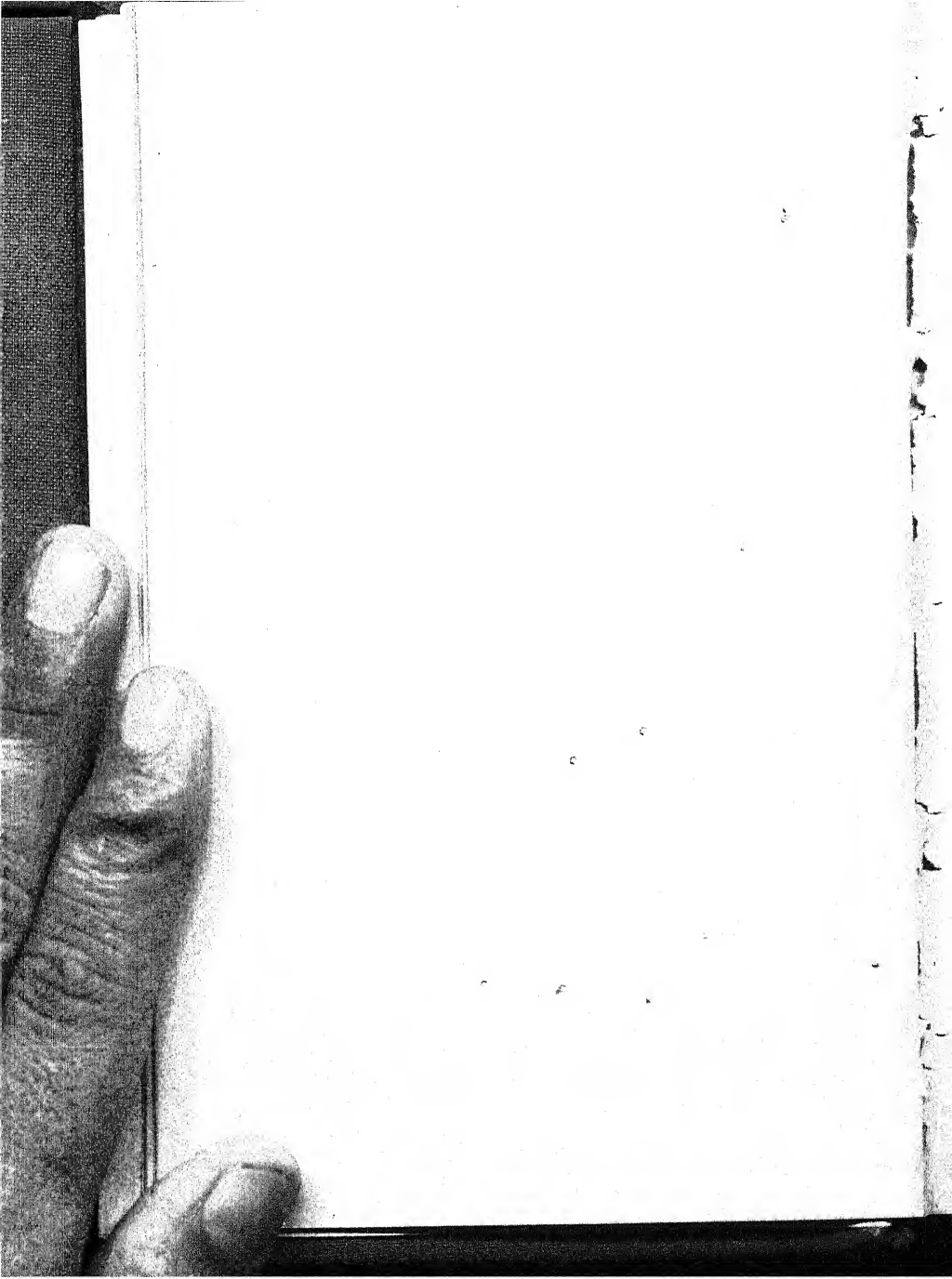
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TABLE TALK.



## TABLE TALK.<sup>1</sup>

### H. N. COLERIDGE'S PREFACE.

IT is nearly fifteen years since I was, for the first time, enabled to become a frequent and attentive visitor in Mr. Coleridge's domestic society. His exhibition of intellectual power in living discourse struck me at once as unique and transcendent; and upon my return home, on the very first evening which I spent with him after my boyhood, I committed to writing, as well as I could, the principal topics of his conversation in his own words. I had no settled design at that time of continuing the work, but simply made the note in something like a spirit of vexation that such a strain of music as I had just heard, should not last for ever. What I did once, I was easily induced by the same feeling to do again: and when, after many years of affectionate communion between us, the painful existence of my revered relative on earth was at

<sup>1</sup> The first division of our volume is a verbatim reprint, except where stated to be otherwise, of Henry Nelson Coleridge's "Specimens of the Table Talk of Samuel Taylor Coleridge." The earliest edition of this book appeared in 1835, within a year of Coleridge's death. The editor was his nephew, and an uncle of the present Lord Chief Justice. He was a barrister, and resided in London. After a long engagement, he married the poet's daughter in 1829. He died in 1843. As it was at Mr. Gillman's house that he met his father-in-law, the Dedication of his book is most appropriate:—"To James Gillman, Esq., of the Grove, Highgate, and to Mrs. Gillman, this volume is gratefully inscribed."

We print from the second edition, 1836, the latest published during the Editor's life.

length finished in peace, my occasional notes of what he had said in my presence had grown to a mass, of which this volume contains only such parts as seem fit for present publication. I know, better than any one can tell me, how inadequately these specimens represent the peculiar splendour and individuality of Mr. Coleridge's conversation. How should it be otherwise? Who could always follow to the turning-point his long arrow-flights of thought? Who could fix those ejaculations of light, those tones of a prophet, which at times have made me bend before him as before an inspired man? Such acts of spirit as these were too subtle to be fettered down on paper: they live—if they can live anywhere—in the memories alone of those who witnessed them. Yet I would fain hope that these pages will prove that all is not lost;—that something of the wisdom, the learning, and the eloquence of a great man's social converse has been snatched from forgetfulness, and endowed with a permanent shape for general use. And although, in the judgment of many persons, I may incur a serious responsibility by this publication, I am, upon the whole, willing to abide the result, in confidence that the fame of the loved and lamented speaker will lose nothing hereby, and that the cause of Truth and of Goodness will be every way a gainer. This sprig, though slight and immature, may yet become its place, in the Poet's wreath of honour, among flowers of graver hue.

If the favour shown to several modern instances of works nominally of the same description as the present were alone to be considered, it might seem that the old maxim, that nothing ought to be said of the dead but what is good, is in a fair way of being dilated into an understanding that everything *is* good that has been said by the dead. The following pages do not, I trust, stand in need of so much indulgence. Their contents may not, in every particular passage, be of great intrinsic importance; but they can hardly be without some, and, I hope, a worthy, interest, as coming from the lips of one, at least, of the most extraordinary men of the age; whilst, to the best of my knowledge and intention, no living person's name is introduced, whether for praise or for blame, except on

literary or political grounds of common notoriety. Upon the justice of the remarks here published, it would be out of place in me to say anything; and a commentary of that kind is the less needed, as, in almost every instance, the principles upon which the speaker founded his observations are expressly stated, and may be satisfactorily examined by themselves. But, for the purpose of general elucidation, it seemed not improper to add a few notes, and to make some quotations from Mr. Coleridge's own works; and, in doing so, I was in addition actuated by an earnest wish to call the attention of reflecting minds in general to the views of political, moral, and religious philosophy contained in those works, which, through an extensive, but now decreasing, prejudice, have hitherto been deprived of that acceptance with the public which their great preponderating merits deserve, and will, as I believe, finally obtain. And I can truly say, that if, in the course of the perusal of this little work, any one of its readers shall gain a clearer insight into the deep and pregnant principles, in the light of which Mr. Coleridge was accustomed to regard God and the World,—I shall look upon the publication as fortunate, and consider myself abundantly rewarded for whatever trouble it has cost me.

A cursory inspection will show that this volume lays no claim to be ranked with those of Boswell in point of dramatic interest. Coleridge differed not more from Johnson in every characteristic of intellect, than in the habits and circumstances of his life, during the greatest part of the time in which I was intimately conversant with him. He was naturally very fond of society, and continued to be so to the last; but the almost unceasing ill-health with which he was afflicted, after fifty, confined him for many months in every year to his own room, and, most commonly, to his bed. He was then rarely seen except by single visitors; and few of them would feel any disposition upon such occasions to interrupt him, whatever might have been the length or mood of his discourse. And indeed, although I have been present in mixed company, where Mr. Coleridge has been questioned and opposed, and the scene has been amusing for the moment—I own that

it was always much more delightful to me to let the river<sup>1</sup> wander at its own sweet will, unruffled by aught but a certain breeze of emotion which the stream itself produced. If the course it took was not the shortest, it was generally the most beautiful; and what you saw by the way was as worthy of note as the ultimate object to which you were journeying. It is possible, indeed, that Coleridge did not, in fact, possess the precise gladiatorial power of Johnson; yet he understood a sword-play of his own; and I have, upon several occasions, seen him exhibit brilliant proofs of its effectiveness upon disputants of considerable pretensions in their particular lines. But he had a genuine dislike of the practice in himself or others, and no slight provocation could move him to any such exertion. He was, indeed, to my observation, more distinguished from other great men of letters by his moral thirst after the Truth—the ideal truth—in his own mind, than by his merely intellectual qualifications. To leave the every-day circle of society, in which the literary and scientific rarely—the rest never—break through the spell of personality;—where Anecdote reigns everlastingly paramount and exclusive, and the mildest attempt to generalize the Babel of facts, and to control temporary and individual phenomena by the application of eternal and overruling principles, is unintelligible to many, and disagreeable to more;—to leave this species of converse—if converse it deserves to be called—and pass an entire day with Coleridge, was a marvellous change indeed. It was a Sabbath past expression deep, and tranquil, and serene. You came to a man who had travelled in many countries, and in critical times; who had seen and felt the world in most of its ranks and in many of its

<sup>1</sup> "He (Wordsworth) said that the liveliest and truest image he could give of Coleridge's talk was that of a majestic river, the sound or sight of whose course you caught at intervals, which was sometimes concealed by forests, sometimes lost in sand, then came flashing out broad and distinct, then again took a turn which your eye could not follow, yet you knew and felt it was the same river; so," he said, "there was always a train, a stream, in Coleridge's discourse, always a connection between its parts in his own mind, though one not always perceptible to the minds of others."—*Wordsworth's Prose Works*, v. iii. 441; Ed. Grosart.

vicissitudes and weaknesses; one to whom all literature and genial art were absolutely subject, and to whom, with a reasonable allowance as to technical details, all science was in a most extraordinary degree familiar. Throughout a long-drawn summer's day would this man talk to you in low, equable, but clear and musical, tones, concerning things human and divine; marshalling all history, harmonizing all experiment, probing the depths of your consciousness, and revealing visions of glory and of terror to the imagination; but pouring withal such floods of light upon the mind, that you might, for a season, like Paul, become blind in the very act of conversion. And this he would do, without so much as one allusion to himself, without a word of reflection on others, save when any given act fell naturally in the way of his discourse,—without one anecdote that was not proof and illustration of a previous position;—gratifying no passion, indulging no caprice, but, with a calm mastery over your soul, leading you onward and onward for ever through a thousand windings, yet with no pause, to some magnificent point in which, as in a focus, all the parti-coloured rays of his discourse should converge in light. In all this he was, in truth, your teacher and guide; but in a little while you might forget that he was other than a fellow-student and the companion of your way,—so playful was his manner, so simple his language, so affectionate the glance of his pleasant eye!

There were, indeed, some whom Coleridge tired, and some whom he sent asleep. It would occasionally so happen, when the abstruser mood was strong upon him, and the visitor was narrow and ungenial. I have seen him at times when you could not incarnate him,—when he shook aside your petty questions or doubts,<sup>1</sup> and burst with some impatience through the obstacles of common conversation. Then, escaped from the flesh, he would soar upwards into an atmosphere almost too rare to breathe;

<sup>1</sup> "Coleridge (who did not always answer objectors, but usually went forward with his own speculations) urged, &c."—Extract from a Diary of J. P. Collier. See "Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare," by S. T. Coleridge, p. 18. (Standard Library Edition.)



but which seemed proper to *him*, and there he would float at ease. Like enough, what Coleridge then said, his subtlest listener would not understand as a man understands a newspaper; but, upon such a listener, there would steal an influence, and an impression, and a sympathy; there would be a gradual attempering of his body and spirit, till his total being vibrated with one pulse alone, and thought became merged in contemplation:—

“And so, his senses gradually wrapt  
In a half sleep, he’d dream of better worlds,  
And dreaming hear thee still, O singing lark,  
That sangest like an angel in the clouds!”

But it would be a great mistake to suppose that the general character of Mr. Coleridge’s conversation was abstruse or rhapsodical. The contents of the following pages may, I think, be taken as pretty strong presumptive evidence that his ordinary manner was plain and direct enough; and even when, as sometimes happened, he seemed to ramble from the road, and to lose himself in a wilderness of digressions, the truth was, that at that very time he was working out his fore-known conclusion through an almost miraculous logic, the difficulty of which consisted precisely in the very fact of its minuteness and universality. He took so large a scope, that, if he was interrupted before he got to the end, he appeared to have been talking without an object; although, perhaps, a few steps more would have brought you to a point, a retrospect from which would show you the pertinence of all he had been saying. I have heard persons complain that they could get no answer to a question from Coleridge. The truth is, he answered, or meant to answer, so fully, that the querist should have no second question to ask. In nine cases out of ten he saw the question was short or misdirected; and knew that a mere *yes* or *no* answer could not embrace the truth—that is, the whole truth—and might, very probably, by implication, convey error. Hence that exhaustive, cyclical mode of discoursing in which he frequently indulged; unfit, indeed, for a dinner-table, and too long-breathed for the patience of a chance visitor,—but which,

to those who knew for what they came, was the object of their profoundest admiration, as it was the source of their most valuable instruction. Mr. Coleridge's affectionate disciples learned their lessons of philosophy and criticism from his own mouth. He was to them as an old master of the Academy or Lyceum. The more time he took, the better pleased were such visitors; for they came expressly to listen, and had ample proof how truly he had declared, that whatever difficulties he might feel, with pen in hand, in the expression of his meaning, he never found the smallest hitch or impediment in the utterance of his most subtle reasonings by word of mouth. How many a time and oft have I felt his abstrusest thoughts steal rhythmically on my soul, when chanted forth by him! Nay, how often have I fancied I heard rise up in answer to his gentle touch, an interpreting music of my own, as from the passive strings of some wind-smitten lyre!

Mr. Coleridge's conversation at all times required attention, because what he said was so individual and unexpected. But when he was dealing deeply with a question, the demand upon the intellect of the hearer was very great; not so much for any hardness of language, for his diction was always simple and easy; nor for the abstruseness of the thoughts, for they generally explained, or appeared to explain, themselves; but pre-eminently on account of the seeming remoteness of his associations, and the exceeding subtlety of his transitional links. Upon this point it is very happily, though, according to my observation, too generally, remarked, by one whose powers and opportunities of judging were so eminent,<sup>1</sup> that the obliquity of his testimony in other respects is the more unpardonable;—"Coleridge to many people—and often I have heard the complaint—seemed to wander; and he seemed then to wander the most, when, in fact, his resistance to the wandering instinct was greatest,—viz., when the compass and huge circuit, by which his illustrations moved, travelled farthest into remote regions, before they began to revolve. Long before this coming round commenced, most people

<sup>1</sup> De Quincey.

had lost him, and naturally enough supposed that he had lost himself. They continued to admire the separate beauty of the thoughts, but did not see their relations to the dominant theme. \* \* \* \* However, I can assert, upon my long and intimate knowledge of Coleridge's mind, that logic the most severe was as inalienable from his modes of thinking, as grammar from his language."<sup>1</sup> True: his mind was a logic-vice; let him fasten it on the tiniest flourish of an error, he never slackened his hold, till he had crushed body and tail to dust. He was *always* ratiocinating in his own mind, and therefore sometimes seemed incoherent to the partial observer. It happened to him as to Pindar, who in modern days has been called a rambling rhapsodist, because the connections of his parts, though never arbitrary, are so fine, that the vulgar reader sees them not at all. But they are there nevertheless, and may all be so distinctly shown, that no one can doubt their existence; and a little study will also prove that the points of contact are those which the true genius of lyric verse naturally evolved, and that the entire Pindaric ode, instead of being the loose and lawless outburst which so many have fancied, is, without any exception, the most artificial and highly-wrought composition which Time has spared to us from the wreck of the Greek Muse. So I can well remember occasions, in which, after listening to Mr. Coleridge for several delightful hours, I have gone away with divers splendid masses of reasoning in my head, the separate beauty and coherency of which I deeply felt; but how they had produced, or how they bore upon, each other, I could not then perceive. In such cases I have mused sometimes even for days afterwards upon the words, till at length, spontaneously as it seemed, "the fire would kindle," and the association, which had escaped my utmost efforts of comprehension before, flash itself all at once upon my mind with the clearness of noon-day light.

It may well be imagined that a style of conversation so continuous and diffused as that which I have just attempted to describe, presented remarkable difficulties to a mere

<sup>1</sup> "Tait's Mag." Sept. 1834, p. 514.--H. N. C.

reporter by memory. It is easy to preserve the pithy remark, the brilliant retort, or the pointed anecdote; these stick of themselves, and their retention requires no effort of mind. But where the salient angles are comparatively few, and the object of attention is a long-drawn subtle discoursing, you can never recollect, except by yourself thinking the argument over again. In so doing, the order and the characteristic expressions will for the most part spontaneously arise; and it is scarcely credible with what degree of accuracy language may thus be preserved, where practice has given some dexterity, and long familiarity with the speaker has enabled, or almost forced, you to catch the outlines of his manner. Yet with all this, so peculiar were the flow and breadth of Mr. Coleridge's conversation, that I am very sensible how much those who can best judge will have to complain of my representation of it. The following specimens will, I fear, seem too fragmentary, and therefore deficient in one of the most distinguishing properties of that which they are designed to represent; and this is true. Yet the reader will in most instances have little difficulty in understanding the course which the conversation took, although my recollections of it are thrown into separate paragraphs for the sake of superior precision. As I never attempted to give dialogue—indeed, there was seldom much dialogue to give—the great point with me was to condense what I could remember on each particular topic into intelligible *wholes* with as little injury to the living manner and diction as was possible. With this explanation, I must leave it to those who still have the tones of “that old man eloquent” ringing in their ears, to say how far I have succeeded in this delicate enterprise of stamping his winged words with perpetuity.

In reviewing the contents of the following pages, I can clearly see that I have admitted some passages which will be pronounced illiberal by those who, in the present day, emphatically call themselves liberal—the liberal. I allude, of course, to Mr. Coleridge's remarks on the Reform Bill and the Malthusian economists. The omission of such passages would probably have rendered this publication more generally agreeable, and my disposition does not lead

me to give gratuitous offence to any one. But the opinions of Mr. Coleridge on these subjects, however imperfectly expressed by me, were deliberately entertained by him; and to have omitted, in so miscellaneous a collection as this, what he was well known to have said, would have argued in me a disapprobation or a fear, which I disclaim. A few words, however, may be pertinently employed here in explaining the true bearing of Coleridge's mind on the politics of our modern days. He was neither a Whig nor a Tory, as those designations are usually understood; well enough knowing that, for the most part, half-truths only are involved in the Parliamentary tenets of one party or the other. In the common struggles of a session, therefore, he took little interest; and as to mere personal sympathies, the friend of Frere and of Poole, the respected guest of Canning and of Lord Lansdowne, could have nothing to choose. But he threw the weight of his opinion—and it was considerable—into the Tory or Conservative scale, for these two reasons:—First, generally, because he had a deep conviction that the cause of freedom and of truth is now seriously menaced by a democratical spirit, growing more and more rabid every day, and giving no doubtful promise of the tyranny to come; and secondly, in particular, because the national Church was to him the ark of the covenant of his beloved country, and he saw the Whigs about to coalesce with those whose avowed principles lead them to lay the hand of spoliation upon it. Add to these two grounds, some relics of the indignation which the efforts of the Whigs to thwart the generous exertions of England in the great Spanish war had formerly roused within him, and all the constituents of any active feeling in Mr. Coleridge's mind upon matters of State are, I believe, fairly laid before the reader. The Reform question in itself gave him little concern, except as he foresaw the present attack on the Church to be the immediate consequence of the passing of the Bill; “for let the form of the House of Commons,” said he, “be what it may, it will be, for better or for worse, pretty much what the country at large is; but once invade that truly national and essentially popular institution, the Church, and divert its funds to the relief or

aid of individual charity or public taxation—how specious soever that pretext may be—and you will never thereafter recover the lost means of perpetual cultivation. Give back to the Church what the nation originally consecrated to its use, and it ought then to be charged with the education of the people; but half of the original revenue has been already taken by force from her, or lost to her through desuetude, legal decision, or public opinion; and are those whose very houses and parks are part and parcel of what the nation designed for the general purposes of the Clergy to be heard, when they argue for making the Church support, out of her diminished revenues, institutions, the intended means for maintaining which they themselves hold under the sanction of legal robbery?" Upon this subject Mr. Coleridge did indeed feel very warmly, and was accustomed to express himself accordingly. It weighed upon his mind night and day, and he spoke upon it with an emotion, which I never saw him betray upon any topic of common politics, however decided his opinion might be. In this, therefore, he was *felix opportunitate mortis; non enim vidit* —; and the just and honest of all parties will heartily admit over his grave, that as his principles and opinions were untainted by any sordid interest, so he maintained them in the purest spirit of a reflective patriotism, without spleen, or bitterness, or breach of social union.

It would require a rare pen to do justice to the constitution of Coleridge's mind. It was too deep, subtle, and peculiar, to be fathomed by a morning visitor. Few persons knew much of it in anything below the surface; scarcely three or four ever got to understand it in all its marvellous completeness. Mere personal familiarity with this extraordinary man did not put you in possession of him; his pursuits and aspirations, though in their mighty range presenting points of contact and sympathy for all, transcended in their ultimate reach the extremest limits of most men's imaginations. For the last thirty years of his life, at least, Coleridge was really and truly a philosopher of the antique cast. He had his esoteric views; and all his prose works, from the "Friend" to the "Church and State," were little more than feelers, pioneers, disciplinants for the last

and complete exposition of them. Of the art of making books he knew little, and cared less; but had he been as much an adept in it as a modern novelist, he never could have succeeded in rendering popular or even tolerable, at first, his attempt to push Locke and Paley from their common throne in England. A little more working in the trenches might have brought him closer to the walls with less personal damage; but it is better for Christian philosophy as it is, though the assailant was sacrificed in the bold and artless attack. Mr. Coleridge's prose works had so very limited a sale, that although published in a technical sense, they could scarcely be said to have ever become *publici juris*. He did not think them such himself, with the exception, perhaps, of the "Aids to Reflection," and generally made a particular remark if he met any person who professed or showed that he had read the "Friend," or any of his other books. And I have no doubt that had he lived to complete his great work on "Philosophy reconciled with Christian Religion," he would without scruple have used in that work any part or parts of his preliminary treatises, as their intrinsic fitness required. Hence in every one of his prose writings there are repetitions, either literal or substantial, of passages to be found in some others of those writings; and there are several particular positions and reasonings, which he considered of vital importance, re-iterated in the "Friend," the "Literary Life," the "Lay Sermons," the "Aids to Reflection," and the "Church and State." He was always deepening and widening the foundation, and cared not how often he used the same stone. In thinking passionately of the principle, he forgot the authorship—and sowed beside many waters, if peradventure some chance seedling might take root and bear fruit to the glory of God and the spiritualization of Man.

His mere reading was immense, and the quality and direction of much of it well considered, almost unique in this age of the world. He had gone, through most of the Fathers, and, I believe, all the Schoolmen of any eminence; whilst his familiarity with all the more common departments of literature in every language is notorious. The



early age at which some of these acquisitions were made, and his ardent self-abandonment in the strange pursuit, might, according to a common notion, have seemed adverse to increase and maturity of power in after life: yet it was not so; he lost, indeed, for ever the chance of being a popular writer; but Lamb's *inspired charity-boy* of twelve years of age continued to his dying day, when sixty-two, the eloquent centre of all companies, and the standard of intellectual greatness to hundreds of affectionate disciples far and near. Had Coleridge been master of his genius, and not, alas! mastered by it;—had he less romantically fought a single-handed fight against the whole prejudices of his age, nor so mercilessly racked his fine powers on the problem of a universal Christian philosophy—he might have easily won all that a reading public can give to a favourite, and have left a name—not greater nor more enduring indeed—but—better known, and more prized, than now it is, amongst the wise, the gentle, and the good, throughout all ranks of society. Nevertheless, desultory as his labours, fragmentary as his productions at present may seem to the cursory observer—my undoubting belief is, that in the end it will be found that Coleridge did, in his vocation, the day's work of a giant. He has been melted into the very heart of the rising literatures of England and America, and the principles he has taught are the master-light of the moral and intellectual being of men, who, if they shall fail to save,<sup>1</sup> will assuredly illustrate and condemn, the age in which they live. As it is, they bide their time.<sup>1</sup>

Coleridge himself—blessings on his gentle memory!—Coleridge was a frail mortal. He had indeed his peculiar weaknesses as well as his unique powers; sensibilities that an averted look would rack, a heart which would have beaten calmly in the tremblings of an earthquake. He shrank from mere uneasiness like a child, and bore the preparatory agonies of his death-attack like a martyr. Sinned

<sup>1</sup> H. N. Coleridge here omits a portion of his original Preface, of May 11, 1835, larger in quantity than the part retained. It was mainly vituperative and controversial. The omission of it shows at once good taste, and faith in the permanence of Coleridge's fame.



against a thousand times more than sinning, he himself suffered an almost life-long punishment for his errors, whilst the world at large has the unwithering fruits of his labours, his genius, and his sacrifice. *Necesse est tanquam immaturam mortem ejus defleam; si tamen fas est aut flere, aut omnino mortem vocare, qua tanti viri mortalitas magis finita quam vita est. Vivit enim, vivetque semper, atque etiam latius in memoria hominum et sermone versabitur, postquam ab oculis recessit.*

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was the youngest child of the Reverend John Coleridge, Vicar of the Parish of Ottery St. Mary, in the county of Devon, and master of Henry the Eighth's Free Grammar School in that town. His mother's maiden name was Ann Bowdon. He was born at Ottery on the 21st of October, 1772, "about eleven o'clock in the forenoon," as his father the Vicar has, with rather a curious particularity, entered it in the register.

He died on the 25th of July, 1834, in Mr. Gillman's house, in the Grove, Highgate, and is buried in the old churchyard,<sup>1</sup> by the road side.

ΑΙ ΔΕ ΤΕΑΙ ΖΩΟΥΣΙΝ ΑΗΔΟΝΕΣ —.

H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> He lies, in fact, now, in a crypt under the school chapel, by the side of his wife, of his daughter, of her husband, who writes this Preface, and their son.—See *Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge*: v. i. p. 48

DECEMBER 29, 1822.

*Character of Othello.*—Schiller's "*Robbers*."—Shakspeare.—*Scotch Novels.*  
—Lord Byron.—John Kemble.—Mathews.—Coleridge *Interrupted*.<sup>\*1</sup>

OTHELLO must not be conceived as a negro, but a high and chivalrous Moorish chief. Shakspeare learned the spirit of the character from the Spanish poetry, which was prevalent in England in his time.<sup>2</sup> Jealousy does not strike me as the point in his passion; I take it to be rather an agony that the creature, whom he had believed angelic, with whom he had garnered up his heart, and whom he could not help still loving, should be proved impure and worthless. It was a struggle *not* to love her. It was a moral indignation and regret that virtue should so fall:—"But yet the *pity* of it, Iago!—O Iago! the *pity* of it, Iago!" In addition to this, his honour was concerned: Iago would not have succeeded but by hinting that his honour was compromised. There is no ferocity in Othello; his mind is majestic and composed. He deliberately determines to die; and speaks his last speech with a view of showing his attachment to the Venetian State, though it had superseded him.

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Schiller has the material Sublime;<sup>3</sup> to produce an effect, he sets you a whole town on fire, and throws infants with their mothers into the flames, or locks up a father in

<sup>1</sup> When, as we have occasionally done, we supply a heading, it is marked with an asterisk.

<sup>2</sup> Caballeros Granadinos,  
Aunque Moros, hijos d'algo.—H. N. C.

<sup>3</sup> This expression—"material Sublime"—like a hundred others which have slipped into general use, came originally from Mr. Coleridge, and was by him, in the first instance, applied to Schiller's "*Robbers*."—See Act iv. sc. 5.—H. N. C.

an old tower. But Shakspeare drops a handkerchief, and the same or greater effects follow.

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Lear is the most tremendous effort of Shakspeare as a poet; Hamlet as a philosopher or mediter; and Othello is the union of the two. There is something gigantic and unformed in the former two; but in the latter, everything assumes its due place and proportion, and the whole mature powers of his mind are displayed in admirable equilibrium.

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I think "Old Mortality" and "Guy Mannering" the best of the Scotch novels.

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It seems, to my ear, that there is a sad want of harmony in Lord Byron's verses. Is it not unnatural to be always connecting very great intellectual power with utter depravity? Does such a combination often really exist in *rerum naturâ*?

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I always had a great liking—I may say, a sort of non-descript reverence—for John Kemble. What a quaint creature he was! I remember a party, in which he was discoursing in his measured manner after dinner, when the servant announced his carriage. He nodded, and went on. The announcement took place twice afterwards, Kemble each time nodding his head a little more impatiently, but still going on. At last, and for the fourth time, the servant entered, and said,—“Mrs. Kemble says, sir, she has the rheumatise, and cannot stay.” “Add *ism*!” dropped John, in a parenthesis, and proceeded quietly in his harangue.

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Kemble would correct any body, at any time, and in any place. Dear Charles Mathews—a true genius in his line, in my judgment—told me he was once performing privately before the King. The King was much pleased with the imitation of Kemble, and said, “I liked Kemble very much. He was one of my earliest friends. I remember once he was talking, and found himself out of snuff. I offered him my box. He declined taking any—he, a poor

actor, could not put his fingers into a royal box.' I said, 'Take some, pray; you will oblige me.' Upon which Kemble replied, 'It would become your royal mouth better to say, oblige me;' and took a pinch."

It is not easy to put me out of countenance, or interrupt the feeling of the time by mere external noise or circumstance; yet once I was thoroughly *done up*, as you would say. I was reciting, at a particular house, the "Remorse;" and was in the midst of Alhadra's description<sup>1</sup> of the death of her husband, when a scrubby boy, with a shining face set in dirt, burst open the door and cried out, "Please, ma'am, master says, Will you ha', or will you *not* ha', the pin-round?"

JANUARY 1, 1823.

*Parliamentary Privilege.—Permanency and Progression of Nations—  
Kant's Races of Mankind.*

PRIVILEGE is a substitution for Law, where, from the nature of the circumstances, a law cannot act without clashing with greater and more general principles. The House of Commons must, of course, have the power of taking cognizance of offences against its own rights. Sir Francis Burdett might have been properly sent to the Tower for the speech he made in the House;<sup>2</sup> but when

<sup>1</sup> H. N. C. quotes some fifty lines of the "Remorse" here. We omit the quotation, as uncalled-for.

<sup>2</sup> March 12, 1810. Sir Francis Burdett made a motion in the House of Commons for the discharge of Mr. Gale Jones, who had been committed to Newgate by resolution of the House on the 21st of February preceding. Sir Francis afterwards published, in "Cobbett's Political Register," of the 24th of the same month of March, a "Letter to his Constituents," denying the power of the House of Commons to imprison the people of England, and he accompanied the letter with an argument in support of his position. On the 27th of March a complaint of breach of privilege, founded on this publication, was made in the House by Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Lethbridge, and after several long debates, a motion that Sir Francis Burdett should be committed to the Tower was made on the 5th of April, 1810, by Sir Robert Salisbury, and carried by a majority of 38.—H. N. C.

afterwards he published it in Cobbett, and they took cognizance of it as a breach of privilege, they violated the plain distinction between privilege and law. As a speech in the House, the House could alone animadvert upon it, consistently with the effective preservation of its most necessary prerogative of freedom of debate; but when that speech became a book, then the law was to look to it; and there being a law of libel, commensurate with every possible object of attack in the State, privilege, which acts, or ought to act, only as a substitute for other laws, could have nothing to do with it. I have heard that one distinguished individual said, "That he, for one, would not shrink from affirming, that if the House of Commons chose to *burn* one of their own members in Palace Yard, it had an inherent power and right by the constitution to do so." This was said, if at all, by a moderate-minded man; and may show to what atrocious tyranny some persons may advance in theory, under shadow of this word privilege."

There are two principles in every European and Christian State: Permanency and Progression.<sup>1</sup> In the civil wars of the seventeenth century in England, which are as new and fresh now as they were a hundred and sixty years ago, and will be so for ever to us, these two principles came

<sup>1</sup> See this position stated and illustrated in detail in Mr. Coleridge's work "On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the idea of each," p. 21, 2nd edit., 1830. Well acquainted as I am with the fact of the comparatively small acceptance which Mr. Coleridge's prose works have ever found in the literary world, and with the reasons, and, what is more, with the causes of it, I still wonder that this particular treatise has not been more noticed: first, because it is a little book; secondly, because it is, or at least nineteen-twentieths of it are, written in a popular style; and thirdly, because it is the *only* work, that I know or have ever heard mentioned, that even attempts a solution of the difficulty in which an ingenious enemy of the Church of England may easily involve most of its modern defenders in Parliament, or through the press, upon their own principles and admissions. Mr. Coleridge himself prized this little work highly, although he admitted its incompleteness as a composition:—"But I don't care a rush about it," he said to me, "as an author. The saving distinctions are plainly stated in it, and I am sure nothing is wanted to make them *tell*, but that some kind friend should steal them from their obscure hiding-place, and just tumble them down before the public as *his own*."—H. N. C.

to a struggle. It was natural that the great and the good of the nation should be found in the ranks of either side. In the Mohammedan states, there is no principle of permanence: and, therefore, they sink directly. They existed, and could only exist, in their efforts at progression; when they ceased to conquer, they fell in pieces. Turkey would long since have fallen, had it not been supported by the rival and conflicting interests of Christian Europe. The Turks have no Church; religion and State are one; hence there is no counterpoise, no mutual support. This is the very essence of their Unitarianism. They have no past; they are not an historical people; they exist only in the present. China is an instance of a permanency without progression. The Persians are a superior race: they have a history and a literature; they were always considered by the Greeks as quite distinct from the other barbarians. The Afghans are a remarkable people. They have a sort of republic. Europeans and Orientalists may be well represented by two figures standing back to back: the latter looking to the east, that is, backwards; the former looking westward, or forwards.

Kant assigns three great races of mankind. If two individuals of distinct races cross, a third, or *tertium aliquid*, is *invariably* produced, different from either, as a white and a negro produce a mulatto. But when different varieties of the same race cross, the offspring is according to what we call chance; it is now like one, now like the other parent. Note this, when you see the children of any couple of distinct European complexions—as English and Spanish, German and Italian, Russian and Portuguese, and so on.

• JANUARY 3, 1823.

*Materialism.—Ghosts.*

• EITHER we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of beasts, it may be; but still true beasts.<sup>1</sup> We shall only

<sup>1</sup> "Try to conceive a *man* without the ideas of God, eternity, freedom, will, absolute truth; of the good, the true, the beautiful, the infinite.

differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts—and this also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.

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Read the first chapter of Genesis without prejudice, and you will be convinced at once. After the narrative of the creation of the earth and brute animals, Moses seems to pause, and says:—"And God said, Let us make man in *our image, after our likeness.*" And in the next chapter, he repeats the narrative:—"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life;" and then he adds these words,—"*and man became a living soul.*" Materialism will never explain those last words.

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Define a vulgar ghost with reference to all that is called ghost-like. It is visibility without tangibility; which is also the definition of a shadow. Therefore, a vulgar ghost and a shadow would be the same; because two different things cannot properly have the same definition. A *visible substance* without susceptibility of impact, I maintain to be an absurdity. Unless there be an external substance, the bodily eye *cannot* see it; therefore, in all such cases, that which is supposed to be seen is, in fact, *not* seen, but is an image of the brain. External objects naturally produce sensation; but here, in truth, sensation produces, as it were, the external object.

In certain states of the nerves, however, I do believe that the eye, although not consciously so directed, may, by a slight convulsion, see a portion of the body, as if opposite to it. The part actually seen will by common association seem the whole; and the whole body will then constitute

An *animal* endowed with a memory of appearances and facts might remain. But the *man* will have vanished, and you have instead a creature more subtle than any beast of the field, but likewise cursed above every beast of the field; upon the belly must it go, and dust must it eat all the days of its life."—*Church and State*. p. 54, n.—H. N. C.

an external object, which explains many stories of persons seeing themselves lying dead. Bishop Berkeley once experienced this. He had the presence of mind to ring the bell, and feel his pulse; keeping his eye still fixed on his own figure right opposite to him. He was in a high fever, and the brain image died away as the door opened. I observed something very like it once at Grasmere; and was so conscious of the cause, that I told a person what I was experiencing, whilst the image still remained.

Of course, if the vulgar ghost be really a shadow, there must be some substance of which it is the shadow. These visible and intangible shadows, without substances to cause them, are absurd.

JANUARY 4, 1823.

*Character of the age for Logic.*—*Plato and Xenophon.*—*Greek Drama.*  
—*An Homeric Expression.\**—*Kotzebue.*—*Burke.*—*Goldsmith.\**—*Snuff.\**—*Rogues.*—*Omne ignotum.\**—*Plagiartists.*

THIS is not a logical age. A friend lately gave me some political pamphlets of the times of Charles I. and the Cromwellate. In them the premisses are frequently wrong, but the deductions are almost always legitimate; whereas, in the writings of the present day, the premisses are commonly sound, but the conclusions false. I think a great deal of commendation is due to the University of Oxford for preserving the study of logic in the schools. It is a great mistake to suppose geometry any substitute for it.

Negatively, there may be more of the philosophy of Socrates in the *Memorabilia* of Xenophon than in Plato; that is, there is less of what does not belong to Socrates; but the general spirit of, and impression left by, Plato, are more Socratic.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See May 8, 1824. Mr. Coleridge meant in both these passages, that Xenophon had preserved the most of the *man* Socrates; that he was the best Boswell; and that Socrates, as a *persona dialogi*, was little more than a poetical phantom in Plato's hands. On the other hand, he



In Æschylus religion appears terrible, malignant, and persecuting: Sophocles is the mildest of the three tragedians, but the persecuting aspect is still maintained: Euripides is like a modern Frenchman, never so happy as when giving a slap at the gods altogether.

Kotzebue represents the petty kings of the islands in the Pacific Ocean exactly as so many Homeric chiefs. Riches command universal influence, and all the kings are supposed to be descended from the gods.

I confess I doubt the Homeric genuineness of *δακρύνει γέλασσα*.<sup>1</sup> It sounds to me much more like a prettiness of Bion or Moschus.

The very greatest writers write best when calm, and exerting themselves upon subjects unconnected with party. Burke rarely shows all his powers, unless where he is in a passion. The French Revolution was alone a subject fit for him. We are not yet aware of all the consequences of that event. We are too near it.

Goldsmith did everything happily.

You abuse snuff! Perhaps it is the final cause of the human nose.

A rogue is a roundabout fool; a fool in *circumbendibus*.

*Omne ignotum pro magnifico*.<sup>2</sup> A dunghill at a distance sometimes smells like musk, and a dead dog like elderflowers.

says, that Plato is more *Socratic*, that is, more of a philosopher in the Socratic mode of reasoning (Cicero calls the Platonic writings generally, *Socratici libri*); and Mr. C. also says, that in the metaphysical disquisitions Plato is Pythagorean, meaning, that he worked on the supposed ideal or transcendental principles of the extraordinary founder of the Italian school.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> ὡς εἰπών, ἀλόχοιο φίλης ἐν χερσὶν ἔθηκε  
παῖδ' ἰόν' ἢ δ' ἄρα μιν κηῶδεϊ εἴξατο κόλπῳ,  
δακρύνει γέλασσα.—Iliad. Z. vi. 482.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> The quotation is always so printed, but Tacitus wrote it—*omne ignotum pro magnifico est*.

Plagiarists are always suspicious of being stolen from,—as pickpockets are observed commonly to walk with their hands in their breeches' pockets.

JANUARY 6, 1823.

*St. John's Gospel.—Christianity.—Epistle to the Hebrews.—The Logos.—Reason and Understanding.*

ST. JOHN had a two-fold object in his Gospel and his Epistles,—to prove the divinity, and also the actual human nature and bodily suffering, of Jesus Christ,—that he was God and Man. The notion that the effusion of blood and water from the Saviour's side was intended to prove the real *death* of the sufferer originated, I believe, with some modern Germans, and seems to me ridiculous: there is, indeed, a very small quantity of water occasionally in the præcordia: but in the pleura, where wounds are not generally mortal, there is a great deal. St. John did not mean, I apprehend, to insinuate that the spear-thrust made the *death*, merely as such, certain or evident, but that the effusion showed the human nature. "I saw it," he would say, "with my own eyes. It was real blood, composed of lymph and crassamentum, and not a mere celestial ichor, as the Phantasmists allege."

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I think the verse of the three witnesses (1 John, v. 7) spurious, not only because the balance of external authority is against it, as Porson seems to have shown; but also, because, in my way of looking at it, it spoils the reasoning.

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St. John's logic is Oriental, and consists chiefly in position and parallel; whilst St. Paul displays all the intricacies of the Greek system.

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Whatever may be thought of the genuineness or authority of any part of the book of Daniel, it makes no difference in my belief in Christianity; for Christianity is within a man, even as he is a being gifted with reason; it is

associated with your mother's chair, and with the first-remembered tones of her blessed voice.<sup>1</sup>

I do not believe St. Paul to be the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Luther's conjecture is very probable, that it was by Apollos, an Alexandrian Jew. The plan is too studiously regular for St. Paul. It was evidently written during the yet existing glories of the Temple. For three hundred years the church did not affix St. Paul's name to it; but its apostolical or catholic character, independently of its genuineness as to St. Paul, was never much doubted.

The first three Gospels show the history, that is, the fulfilment of the prophecies in the facts. St. John declares explicitly the doctrine, oracularly, and without comment, because, being pure reason, it can only be proved by itself. For Christianity proves itself, as the sun is seen by its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence. St. Paul writes more particularly for the dialectic understanding; and proves those doctrines, which were capable of such proof, by common logic.

St. John used the term *ὁ Λόγος* technically. Philo-Judæus had so used it several years before the probable date of the composition of this Gospel; and it was commonly understood amongst the Jewish Rabbis at that time, and afterwards, of the manifested God.

Our translators, unfortunately, as I think, render the clause *πρὸς τὸν Θεόν*,<sup>2</sup> "with God;" that would be right, if the Greek were *σὺν τῷ Θεῷ*. By the preposition *πρὸς* in this place, is meant the utmost possible *proximity*, without *confusion*; likeness, without sameness. The Jewish Church understood the Messiah to be a divine person. Philo expressly cautions against any one supposing the Logos to be a mere personification, or symbol. He says, the Logos

<sup>1</sup> It is possible that this remark of Coleridge would not seem so ridiculous if we could read the context. Or if he had said here "Religion," for instance, rather than "Christianity."

<sup>2</sup> John, ch. i. v. 1, 2.—H. N. C.

is a substantial, self-existent Being. The Gnostics, as they were afterwards called, were a kind of Arians, and thought the Logos was an after-birth. They placed "Αβυσσος and Σιγή (the Abyss and Silence) before him. Therefore it was that St. John said, with emphasis, ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος—"In the *beginning* was the Word." He was begotten in the first simultaneous burst of Godhead, if such an expression may be pardoned, in speaking of eternal existence.

The Understanding suggests the materials of reasoning : the Reason decides upon them. The first can only say,—This *is*, or *ought* to be so. The last says,—It *must* be so

APRIL 27, 1823.

Kean.—Sir James Mackintosh.—Sir H. Davy.—Robert Smith.—Canning.  
—National Debt.—Poor Laws.

KEAN is original; but he copies from himself. His rapid descents from the hyper-tragic to the infra-colloquial, though sometimes productive of great effect, are often unreasonable. To see him act, is like reading Shakspeare by flashes of lightning. I do not think him thorough-bred gentleman enough to play Othello.

Sir James Mackintosh is the king of the men of talent. He is a most elegant converser. How well I remember his giving breakfast to me and Sir Humphry Davy, at that time an unknown young man, and our having a very spirited talk about Locke and Newton, and so forth! When Davy was gone, Mackintosh said to me, "That's a very extraordinary young man; but he is gone wrong on some points." But Davy was, at that time at least, a man

<sup>1</sup> I have preserved this, and several other equivalent remarks, out of a dutiful wish to popularize, by all the honest means in my power, this fundamental distinction; a thorough mastery of which Mr. Coleridge considered necessary to any sound system of psychology; and in the denial or neglect of which he delighted to point out the source of most of the vulgar errors in philosophy and religion. The distinction itself is implied throughout almost all Mr. C.'s works, whether in verse or prose; but it may be found minutely argued in the "Aids to Reflection," p. 206, &c., 2nd edit., 1831.—H. N. C.

of genius; and I doubt if Mackintosh ever heartily appreciated an eminently original man. He is uncommonly powerful in his own line; but it is not the line of a first-rate man. After all his fluency and brilliant erudition, you can rarely carry off anything worth preserving.<sup>7</sup> You might not improperly write on his forehead, "Warehouse to let!" He always dealt too much in generalities for a lawyer. He is deficient in power in applying his principles to the points in debate. I remember Robert Smith had much more logical ability; but Smith aimed at conquest by any gladiatorial shift; whereas Mackintosh was uniformly candid in argument. I am speaking now from old recollections.<sup>1</sup>

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Canning is very irritable, surprisingly so for a wit who is always giving such hard knocks. He should have put on an ass's skin before he went into parliament. Lord Liverpool is the single stay of this ministry; but he is not a man of a directing mind. He cannot ride on the whirlwind. He serves as the isthmus to connect one half of the cabinet with the other. He always gives you the common sense of the matter, and in that it is that his strength in debate lies.

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The National Debt has, in fact, made more men rich than have a right to be so, or, rather, any ultimate power, in case of a struggle, of actualizing their riches. It is, in effect, like an ordinary, where three hundred tickets have been distributed, but where there is, in truth, room only for one hundred. So long as you can amuse the company with anything else, or make them come in successively, all is well, and the whole three hundred fancy themselves sure

<sup>1</sup> "I know no man equal to Sir James in talents," says Robert Hall. "The powers of his mind are admirably balanced. He is defective only in imagination. He has imagination, too—but with him imagination is an acquisition rather than a faculty. He has, however, plenty of embellishment at command, for his memory retains everything. His mind is a spacious repository, hung round with beautiful images; and when he wants one, he has nothing to do but reach up his hand to a peg and take it down. But his images were not manufactured in his mind: they were imported."

of a dinner; but if any suspicion of a hoax should arise, and they were all to rush into the room at once, there would be two hundred without a potato for their money; and the table would be occupied by the landholders, who live on the spot.

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Poor-laws are the inevitable accompaniments of an extensive commerce and a manufacturing system. In Scotland, they did without them, till Glasgow and Paisley became great manufacturing places, and then people said, "We must subscribe for the poor, or else we shall have poor-laws." That is to say, they enacted for themselves a poor-law in order to avoid having a poor-law enacted for them. It is absurd to talk of Queen Elizabeth's act as creating the poor-laws of this country. The poor-rates are the consideration paid by, or on behalf of, capitalists for having labour at demand. It is the price, and nothing else. The hardship consists in the agricultural interest having to pay an undue proportion of the rates; for although, perhaps, in the end, the land becomes more valuable, yet, at the first, the landowners have to bear all the brunt. I think there ought to be a fixed revolving period for the equalisation of rates.

APRIL 28, 1823.

*Conduct of the Whigs.—Reform of the House of Commons.*

THE conduct of the Whigs is extravagantly inconsistent. It originated in the fatal error which Fox committed, in persisting, after the first three years of the French Revolution, when every shadow of freedom in France had vanished, in eulogizing the men and measures of that shallow-hearted people. So he went on gradually, further and further departing from all the principles of English policy and wisdom, till at length he became the panegyrist, through thick and thin, of a military frenzy, under the influence of which the very name of liberty was detested. And thus it was that, in course of time, Fox's party became the absolute abettors of the Buonapartean invasion of Spain, and did all in their power to thwart the generous

efforts of this country to resist it. Now, when the invasion is by a Bourbon, and the cause of the Spanish nation neither united nor, indeed, sound in many respects, the Whigs would precipitate this country into a crusade to fight up the cause of a faction.

I have the honour of being slightly known to my Lord Darnley. In 1808-9, I met him accidentally, when, after a few words of salutation, he said to me, "Are you mad, Mr. Coleridge?" "Not that I know, my lord," I replied; "what have I done which argues any derangement of mind?" "Why, I mean," said he, "those letters of yours in the 'Courier,' 'On the Hopes and Fears of a People invaded by foreign Armies.' The Spaniards are absolutely conquered; it is absurd to talk of their chance of resisting."—"Very well, my lord," I said, "we shall see. But will your lordship permit me, in the course of a year or two, to retort your question upon you, if I should have grounds for so doing?" "Certainly!" said he; "That is fair!" Two years afterwards, when affairs were altered in Spain, I met Lord Darnley again, and, after some conversation, ventured to say to him, "Does your lordship recollect giving me leave to retort a certain question upon you about the Spaniards? Who is mad now?" "Very true, very true. Mr. Coleridge," cried he: "you are right. It is very extraordinary. It was a very happy and bold guess." Upon which I remarked, "I think 'guess' is hardly a fair term. For, has anything happened that has happened, from any other causes, or under any other conditions, than such as I laid down beforehand?" Lord Darnley, who was always very courteous to me, took this with a pleasant nod of his head.

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Many votes are given for reform in the House of Commons, which are not honest. Whilst it is well known that the measure will not be carried in Parliament, it is as well to purchase some popularity by voting for it. When Hunt and his associates, before the Six Acts, created a panic, the Ministers lay on their oars for three or four months, until the general cry, even from the Opposition, was, "Why don't the Ministers come forward with some pro-

tective measure?" The present Ministry exists on the weakness and desperate character of the Opposition. The sober part of the nation are afraid of the latter getting into power; lest they should redeem some of their pledges.

APRIL 29, 1823.

*Church of Rome.*

THE present adherents of the Church of Rome are not, in my judgment, Catholics. We are the Catholics. We can prove that we hold the doctrines of the primitive Church for the first three hundred years. The Council of Trent made the Papists what they are.<sup>1</sup> A foreign Romish bishop<sup>2</sup> has declared that the Protestants of his acquaintance were more like what he conceived the enlightened Catholics to have been before the Council of Trent than the best of the latter in his days. Perhaps you will say, this bishop was not a *good* Catholic. I cannot answer for that. The course of Christianity and the Christian Church may not unaptly be likened to a mighty river, which filled a wide channel, and bore along with its waters mud, and gravel, and weeds, till it met a great rock in the middle of its stream. By some means or other, the water flows purely, and separated from the filth, in a deeper and narrower course on one side of the rock, and the refuse of the dirt and troubled water goes off on the other in a broader current, and then cries out, "*We are the river!*"

A person said to me lately, "But you will, for civility's sake, call them *Catholics*, will you not?" I answered, that I would not; for I would not tell a lie upon any, much less upon so solemn an occasion. The adherents of the Church of Rome, I repeat, are not *Catholic* Christians. If they are, then it follows that we Protestants are heretics and schismatics, as, indeed, the Papists very logically, from their own premisses, call us. And "*Roman Catholics*" makes no difference. Catholicism is not capable of degrees or local

<sup>1</sup> See "Aids to Reflection," p. 180, note.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Coleridge named him, but the name was strange to me, and I have been unable to recover it.—H. N. C.



apportionments. There can be but one body of Catholics, *ex vi termini*. To talk strictly of *Irish* or *Scotch Roman* Catholics is a mere absurdity.

It is common to hear it said, that, if the legal disabilities are removed, the Romish Church will lose ground in this country. I think the reverse; the Romish religion is, or, in certain hands, is capable of being made, so flattering to the passions and self-delusion of men, that it is impossible to say how far it would spread, amongst the higher orders of society especially, if the secular disadvantages now attending its profession were removed.<sup>1</sup>

APRIL 30, 1823.

*Zendavesta.—Pantheism and Idolatry.*

THE *Zendavesta* must, I think, have been copied in parts from the writings of Moses. In the description of the creation, the first chapter of Genesis is taken almost literally, except that the sun is created *before* the light, and then the herbs and the plants after the sun; which are precisely the two points they did not understand, and therefore altered as errors.<sup>2</sup>

There are only two acts of creation, properly so called, in the Mosaic account—the material universe, and man. The intermediate acts seem more as the results of secondary causes, or, at any rate, of a modification of prepared materials.

Pantheism and idolatry naturally end in each other; for

<sup>1</sup> Here, at least, the prophecy has been fulfilled. The wisdom of our ancestors, in the reign of King William III., would have been jealous of the daily increase in the numbers of the Romish Church in England, of which every attentive observer must be aware. See *Sancti Dominici Pallium*, in vol. ii., p. 80, of Mr. Coleridge's *Poems*.—H. N. C. The reference is, here as elsewhere, to the collected edition of 1834, in 3 vols.

<sup>2</sup> The *Zend*, or *Zendavesta*, is the sacred book ascribed to Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, the founder or reformer of the Magian religion. The modern edition or paraphrase of this work, called the *Sadda*, written in the Persian of the day, was, I believe, composed about three hundred years ago.—H. N. C.

all extremes meet. The Judaic religion is the exact medium, the true compromise.

MAY 1, 1823.

*Difference between Stories of Dreams and Ghosts.—Phantom Portrait.—Witch of Endor.—Socinianism.*

THERE is a great difference in the credibility to be attached to stories of dreams and stories of ghosts. Dreams have nothing in them which are absurd and nonsensical; and, though most of the coincidences may be readily explained by the diseased system of the dreamer, and the great and surprising power of association, yet it is impossible to say whether an inner sense does not really exist in the mind, seldom developed, indeed, but which may have a power of presentiment.<sup>1</sup> All the external senses have their correspondents in the mind; the eye can see an object before it is distinctly apprehended;—why may there not be a corresponding power in the soul? The power of prophecy might have been merely a spiritual excitation of this dormant faculty. Hence you will observe that the Hebrew seers sometimes seem to have required music, as in the instance of Elisha before Jehoram:—"But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon

<sup>1</sup> See this point suggested and reasoned with extraordinary subtlety in the third essay (marked C), in the Appendix to the "Statesman's Manual," or first "Lay Sermon," p. 19, &c. One beautiful paragraph I will venture to quote:—"Not only may we expect that men of strong religious feelings, but little religious knowledge, will occasionally be tempted to regard such occurrences as supernatural visitations; but it ought not to surprise us if such dreams should sometimes be confirmed by the event, as though they had actually possessed a character of divination. For who shall decide how far a perfect reminiscence of past experiences (of many, perhaps, that had escaped our reflex consciousness at the time)—who shall determine to what extent this reproductive imagination, unsophisticated by the will, and undistracted by intrusions from the senses, may or may not be concentrated and sublimed into foresight and presentiment? There would be nothing herein either to foster superstition on the one hand, or to justify contemptuous disbelief on the other. Incredulity is but Credulity seen from behind, bowing and nodding assent to the Habitual and the Fashionable."—H. N. C.

him."<sup>1</sup> Everything in nature has a tendency to move in cycles; and it would be a miracle if, out of such myriads of cycles moving concurrently, some coincidences did not take place. No doubt, many such take place in the daytime; but then our senses drive out the remembrance of them, and render the impression hardly felt; but when we sleep, the mind acts without interruption. Terror and the heated imagination will, even in the daytime, create all sorts of features, shapes, and colours out of a simple object possessing none of them in reality.

But ghost stories are absurd. Whenever a real ghost appears,—by which I mean some man or woman dressed up to frighten another,—if the supernatural character of the apparition has been for a moment believed, the effects on the spectator have always been most terrible,—convulsion, idiocy, madness, or even death on the spot. Consider the awful descriptions in the Old Testament of the effects of a spiritual presence on the prophets and seers of the Hebrews; the terror, the exceeding great dread, the utter loss of all animal power. But in our common ghost stories, you always find that the seer, after a most appalling apparition, as you are to believe, is quite well the next day. Perhaps, he may have a headache; but that is the outside of the effect produced. Alston, a man of genius, and the best painter yet produced by America, when he was in England, told me an anecdote which confirms what I have been saying. It was, I think, in the University of Cambridge, near Boston, that a certain youth took it into his wise head to endeavour to convert a Tom-Painish companion of his by appearing as a ghost before him. He accordingly dressed himself up in the usual way, having previously extracted the ball from the pistol which always lay near the head of his friend's bed. Upon first awaking, and seeing the apparition, the youth who was to be frightened, A., very coolly looked his companion the ghost in the face, and said; "I know you. This is a good joke; but you see I am not frightened. Now you may vanish!" The ghost stood still. "Come," said A., "that is enough.

<sup>1</sup> 2 Kings, iii. 15, and see 1 Sam. x. 5.—H. N. C.

I shall get angry. Away!" Still the ghost moved not. "By —," ejaculated A., "if you do not in three minutes go away, I'll shoot you." He waited the time. deliberately levelled the pistol, fired, and, with a scream at the immobility of the figure, became convulsed, and afterwards died. The very instant he believed it *to be* a ghost, his human nature fell before it.

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<sup>1</sup> "Last Thursday my uncle, S. T. C., dined with us, and several men came to meet him. I have heard him more brilliant, but he was very fine, and delighted every one very much. It is impossible to carry off, or commit to paper, his long trains of argument; indeed, it is not always possible to understand them, he lays the foundation so deep, and views every question in so original a manner. Nothing can be finer than the principles which he lays down in morals and religion. His deep study of Scripture is very astonishing; the rest of the party were but as children in his hands, not merely in general views of theology, but in nice verbal criticism. He thinks it clear that St. Paul did not write the Epistle to the Hebrews, but that it must have been the work of some Alexandrian Greek, and he thinks Apollos. It seemed to him a desirable thing for Christianity that it should have been written by some other person than St. Paul; because, its inspiration being unquestioned, it added another independent teacher and expounder of the faith.

"We fell upon ghosts, and he exposed many of the stories physically and metaphysically. He seemed to think it impossible that you should really see with the bodily eye what was impalpable, unless it were a shadow; and if what you fancied you saw with the bodily eye was in fact only an impression on the imagination, then you were seeing something *out of your senses*, and your testimony was full of uncertainty. He observed how uniformly, in all the best-attested stories of spectres, the appearance might be accounted for from the disturbed state of the mind or body of the seer, as in the instances of Dion and Brutus. Upon

<sup>1</sup> What follows in the text within commas was written about this time, and communicated to me by Mr. Justice Coleridge.—H. N. C.

some one saying that he *wished* to believe these stories true, thinking that they constituted a useful subsidiary testimony of another state of existence, Mr. C. differed, and said, he thought it a dangerous testimony, and one not wanted: it was Saul, with the Scriptures and the Prophet before him, calling upon the witch of Endor to certify him of the truth! He explained very ingeniously, yet very naturally, what has often startled people in ghost stories—such as Lord Lyttelton's—namely, that when a real person has appeared, habited like the phantom, the ghost-seer has immediately seen two, the real man and the phantom. He said that such *must* be the case. The man under the morbid delusion sees with the eye of the imagination, and sees with the bodily eye too; if no one were really present, he would see the spectre with one, and the bed-curtains with the other. When, therefore, a real person comes, he sees the real man as he would have seen any one else in the same place, and he sees the spectre not a whit the less: being perceptible by different powers of vision, so to say, the appearances do not interfere with each other.

“He told us the following story of the Phantom Portrait:—

<sup>1</sup> “A stranger came recommended to a merchant's house at Lubeck. He was hospitably received; but, the house being full, he was lodged at night in an apartment handsomely furnished, but not often used. There was nothing that struck him particularly in the room when left alone, till he happened to cast his eyes on a picture, which immediately arrested his attention. It was a single head; but there was something so uncommon, so frightful and unearthly, in its expression, though by no means ugly, that he found himself irresistibly attracted to look at it. In fact, he could not tear himself from the fascination of this portrait, till his imagination was filled by it, and his rest broken. He retired to bed, dreamed, and awoke from time to time with the head glaring on him. In the morning,

<sup>1</sup> This is the story which Mr. Washington Irving has dressed up very prettily in the first volume of his “Tales of a Traveller,” pp. 84-119; professing in his preface that he could not remember whence he had derived the anecdote.—H. N. C.

his host saw by his looks that he had slept ill, and inquired the cause, which was told. The master of the house was much vexed, and said the picture ought to have been removed, that it was an oversight, and that it always was removed when the chamber was used. The picture, he said, was, indeed, terrible to every one; but it was so fine, and had come into the family in so curious a way, that he could not make up his mind to part with it, or to destroy it. The story of it was this:—‘My father,’ said he, ‘was at Hamburg on business, and, whilst dining at a coffee-house, he observed a young man of a remarkable appearance enter, seat himself alone in a corner, and commence a solitary meal. His countenance bespoke the extreme of mental distress, and every now and then he turned<sup>1</sup> his head quickly round, as if he heard something, then shudder, grow pale, and go on with his meal after an effort as before. My father saw this same man at the same place for two or three successive days; and at length became so much interested about him, that he spoke to him. The address was not repulsed, and the stranger seemed to find some comfort in the tone of sympathy and kindness which my father used. He was an Italian, well informed, poor but not destitute, and living economically upon the profits of his art as a painter. Their intimacy increased; and at length the Italian, seeing my father’s involuntary emotion at his convulsive turnings and shudderings, which continued as formerly, interrupting their conversation from time to time, told him his story. He was a native of Rome, and had lived in some familiarity with, and been much patronised by, a young nobleman; but upon some slight occasion they had fallen out, and his patron, besides using many reproachful expressions, had struck him. The painter brooded over the disgrace of the blow. He could not challenge the nobleman, on account of his rank; he therefore watched for an opportunity, and assassinated him. Of course he fled from his country, and finally had reached Hamburg. He had, not, however, passed many weeks from the night of the murder, before, one day, in the

<sup>1</sup> “Turned” is evidently a slip of the pen for “would turn.”

crowded street, he heard his name called by a voice familiar to him: he turned short round, and saw the face of his victim looking at him with a fixed eye. From that moment he had no peace: at all hours, in all places, and amidst all companies, however engaged he might be, he heard the voice, and could never help looking round; and, whenever he so looked round, he always encountered the same face staring close upon him. At last, in a mood of desperation, he had fixed himself face to face, and eye to eye, and deliberately drawn the phantom visage as it glared upon him; and *this* was the picture so drawn. The Italian said he had struggled long, but life was a burden which he could now no longer bear; and he was resolved, when he had made money enough to return to Rome, to surrender himself to justice, and expiate his crime on the scaffold. He gave the finished picture to my father, in return for the kindness which he had shown him.'"

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I have no doubt that the Jews believed generally in a future state, independently of the Mosaic law. The story of the witch of Endor is a proof of it. What we translate "*witch*," or "*familiar spirit*," is, in the Hebrew, *Ob*, that is, a bottle or bladder, and means a person whose belly is swelled like a leathern bottle by divine inflation. In the Greek it is *ἐγγαστριμυθος*, a ventriloquist. The text (1 Sam., ch. xxviii.) is a simple record of the facts, the solution of which the sacred historian leaves to the reader. I take it to have been a trick of ventriloquism, got up by the courtiers and friends of Saul, to prevent him, if possible, from hazarding an engagement with an army despondent and oppressed with bodings of defeat. Saul is not said to have seen Samuel; the woman only pretends to see him. And then what does this Samuel do? He merely repeats the prophecy known to all Israel, which the true Samuel had uttered some years before. Read Captain Lyon's account of the scene in the cabin with the Esquimaux bladder, or conjurer; it is impossible not to be reminded of the witch of Endor. I recommend you also to look at Webster's admirable treatise on Witchcraft.

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The pet texts of a Socinian are quite enough for his confutation with acute thinkers. If Christ had been a mere man, it would have been ridiculous in *him* to call himself "the Son of man;" but being God and man, it then became, in his own assumption of it, a peculiar and mysterious title. So, if Christ had been a mere man, his saying, "My Father is greater than I" (John, xv. 28), would have been as unmeaning. It would be laughable enough, for example, to hear me say, "My 'Remorse' succeeded, indeed, but Shakspeare is a greater dramatist than I." But how immeasurably more foolish, more monstrous, would it not be for a *man*, however honest, good, or wise, to say, "But Jehovah is greater than I!"

MAY 8, 1824.

*Plato and Xenophon.—Religions of the Greeks.—Egyptian Antiquities.—Milton.—Virgil.*

PLATO'S works are logical exercises for the mind. Little that is positive is advanced in them. Socrates may be fairly represented by Plato in the more moral parts; but in all the metaphysical disquisitions it is Pythagoras. Xenophon's representation of his master is quite different.<sup>1</sup>

Observe the remarkable contrast between the religion of the tragic and other poets of Greece. The former are always opposed in heart to the popular divinities. In fact, there are the popular, the sacerdotal, and the mysterious religions of Greece, represented roughly by Homer, Pindar, and Æschylus. The ancients had no notion of a *fall* of man, though they had of his gradual degeneracy. Prometheus, in the old mythus, and for the most part in Æschylus, is the Redeemer and the Devil jumbled together.

I cannot say I expect much from mere Egyptian antiquities. Almost everything really, that is, intellectually, great in that country seems to me of Grecian origin.

<sup>1</sup> See Jan. 4, 1823: n.—H. N. C.



I think nothing can be added to Milton's definition or rule of poetry,—that it ought to be simple, sensuous, and impassioned; that is to say, single in conception, abounding in sensible images, and informing them all with the spirit of the mind.

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Milton's Latin style is, I think, better and easier than his English. His style, in prose, is quite as characteristic of him as a philosophic republican, as Cowley's is of *him* as a first-rate gentleman.

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If you take from Virgil his diction and metre, what do you leave him?

JUNE 2, 1824.

*Granville Penn and the Deluge.—Rainbow.—Symbols of Past and Future.\**

I CONFESS I have small patience with Mr. Granville Penn's book against Professor Buckland. Science will be superseded, if every phenomenon is to be referred in this manner to an actual miracle. I think it absurd to attribute so much to the Deluge. An inundation, which left an olive-tree standing, and bore up the ark peacefully on its bosom, could scarcely have been the sole cause of the rents and dislocations observable on the face of the earth. How could the tropical animals, which have been discovered in England and in Russia in a perfectly natural state, have been transported thither by such a flood? Those animals must evidently have been natives of the countries in which they have been found. The climates must have been altered. Assume a sudden evaporation upon the retiring of the Deluge to have caused an intense cold, the solar heat might not be sufficient afterwards to overcome it. I do not think that the polar cold is adequately explained by mere comparative distance from the sun.

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You will observe, that there is no mention of rain previously to the Deluge. Hence it may be inferred, that the

rainbow was exhibited for the first time after God's covenant with Noah. However, I only suggest this.

The Earth with its scarred face is the symbol of the Past; the Air and Heaven, of Futurity.

JUNE 5, 1824.

*English and Greek Dancing.—Greek Acoustics.*

THE fondness for dancing in English women is the reaction of their reserved manners. It is the only way in which they can throw themselves forth in natural liberty. We have no adequate conception of the perfection of the ancient tragic dance. The pleasure which the Greeks received from it had for its basis Difference; and the more unfit the vehicle, the more lively was the curiosity and intense the delight at seeing the difficulty overcome.

The ancients certainly seem to have understood some principles in acoustics which we have lost, or, at least, they applied them better. They contrived to convey the voice distinctly in their huge theatres by means of pipes, which created no echo or confusion. Our theatres—Drury Lane and Covent Garden—are fit for nothing: they are too large for acting, and too small for a bull-fight.

JUNE 7, 1824.

*Lord Byron's Versification, and Don Juan.*

HOW lamentably the art of versification is neglected by most of the poets of the present day!—by Lord Byron, as it strikes me, in particular, among those of eminence for other qualities. Upon the whole, I think the part of *Don Juan* in which Lambro's return to his home, and Lambro himself, are described, is the best, that is, the most individual, thing in all I know of Lord B.'s works. The festal abandonment puts one in mind of Nicholas Poussin's pictures.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge particularly noticed, for its classical air, the 32nd stanza of this Canto (the third):—

JUNE 10, 1824.<sup>2</sup>

*Parental Control in Marriage.—Marriage of Cousins.—Difference of Character.*

UP to twenty-one, I hold a father to have power over his children as to marriage; after that age, authority and influence only. Show me one couple unhappy merely on account of their limited circumstances, and I will show you ten that are wretched from other causes.

If the matter were quite open, I should incline to disapprove the intermarriage of first consins; but the church has decided otherwise on the authority of Augustine, and that seems enough upon such a point.

You may depend upon it, that a slight contrast of character is very material to happiness in marriage.

FEBRUARY 24, 1827.

*Blumenbach and Kant's Races.—Iapetic and Semitic.—Hebrew.—Solomon.*

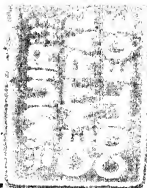
BLUMENBACH makes five races; Kant, three. Blumenbach's scale of dignity may be thus figured:—

“A band of children, round a snow-white ram,  
There wreath his vénéable horns with flowers,  
While, peaceful as if still an unwear'd lamb,  
The patriarch of the flock all gently cowers  
His sober head, majestically tame,  
Or cats from out the palm, or playful lowers  
His brow, as if in act to butt, and then  
Yielding to their small hands, draws back again.”

But Mr. C. said that *then*, and *again*, made no rhyme to his ear. Why should not the old form *agen* be lawful in verse? “We wilfully abridge ourselves of the liberty which our great poets achieved and sanctioned for us in innumerable instances.—H. N. C.

If so very scrupulous, why let “tame” pass muster?

<sup>2</sup> Our editor was engaged at this time, but not married, to Coleridge's daughter. He was in limited circumstances, and also her first cousin, and she was born, Dec. 22, 1802. We should have liked more of this paternal disquisition. And not another note for three years!



1.  
Caucasian or European.

2.

Malay. = 2

American.

3.

Negro.

3.

Mongolian =  
Asiatic.

There was, I conceive, one great Iapetic original of language, under which Greek, Latin, and other European dialects, and, perhaps, Sanscrit, range as species. The Iapetic race, *Ἰάπετες*, separated into two branches; one, with a tendency to migrate south-west,—Greeks, Italians, &c.; and the other north-west,—Goths, Germans, Swedes, &c. The Hebrew is Semitic.

Hebrew, in point of force and purity, seems at its height in Isaiah. It is most corrupt in Daniel, and not much less so in Ecclesiastes; which I cannot believe to have been actually composed by Solomon, but rather suppose to have been so attributed by the Jews, in their passion for ascribing all works of that sort to their *grand monarch*.

MARCH 10, 1827.

*Jewish History.—Spinozistic and Hebrew Schemes.*

THE people of all other nations, but the Jewish, seem to look backwards and also to exist for the present; but in the Jewish scheme everything is prospective and preparatory; nothing, however trifling, is done for itself alone, but all is typical of something yet to come.

I would rather call the Book of Proverbs Solomonian than as actually a work of Solomon's. So I apprehend many of the Psalms to be Davidical only, not David's own compositions.

You may state the Pantheism of Spinoza, in contrast with the Hebrew or Christian scheme, shortly, as thus:—

Spinozism.

$W - G = 0$ ; *i. e.* the World without God is an impossible idea.

$G - W = 0$ ; *i. e.* God without the World is so likewise.

Hebrew or Christian Scheme.

$W - G = 0$ ; *i. e.* The same as Spinoza's premiss.

But  $G - W = G$ ; *i. e.* God without the World is God the self-subsistent.

MARCH 12, 1827.

*Roman Catholics.*—*Energy of Man and other Animals.*—*Shakspeare in minimis.*—*Paul Surpi.*—*Bartram's Travels.*

I HAVE no doubt that the real object closest to the hearts of the leading Irish Romanists is the destruction of the Irish Protestant Church, and the re-establishment of their own. I think more is involved in the manner than the matter of legislating upon the civil disabilities of the members of the Church of Rome; and, for one, I should be willing to vote for a removal of those disabilities, with two or three exceptions, upon a solemn declaration being made legislatively in Parliament, that at no time, nor under any circumstances, could or should a branch of the Romish hierarchy, as at present constituted, become an estate of this realm.<sup>1</sup>

Internal or mental energy and external or corporeal modificability are in inverse proportions. In man, internal energy is greater than in any other animal; and you will see that he is less changed by climate than any animal. For the highest and lowest specimens of man are not one half so much apart from each other as the different kinds even of dogs, animals of great internal energy themselves.

For an instance of Shakspeare's power *in minimis*, I generally quote James Gurney's character in "King John." How individual and comical he is with the four words

<sup>1</sup> See "Church and State," second part, p. 189.—H. N. C.

allowed to his dramatic life!<sup>1</sup> And pray look at Skelton's Richard Sparrow also!

Paul Sarpi's History of the Council of Trent deserves your study. It is very interesting.

The latest book of travels I know, written in the spirit of the old travellers, is Bartram's account of his tour in the Floridas. It is a work of high merit every way.<sup>2</sup>

MARCH 13, 1827.

*The Understanding.*

A PUN will sometimes facilitate explanation, as thus;—the Understanding is that which *stands under* the phenomenon, and gives it objectivity. You know *what* a thing is by it. It is also worthy of remark that the Hebrew word for the understanding, *Bineh*, comes from a root meaning *between* or *distinguishing*.

MARCH 18, 1827.

*Parts of Speech.—Grammar.*

THERE are seven parts of speech, and they agree with the five grand and universal divisions into which all things finite, by which I mean to exclude the idea of God,

<sup>1</sup> "Enter Lady FALCONBRIDGE and JAMES GURNEY.

BAST. O me! it is my mother:—How now, good lady? What brings you here to court so hastily?

LADY F. Where is that slave, thy brother? where is he? That holds in chase mine honour up and down?

BAST. My brother Robert? Old Sir Robert's son? Colbrand the giant, that same mighty man? Is it Sir Robert's son that you seek so?

LADY F. Sir Robert's son! Ay, thou unreverend boy, Sir Robert's son: why scorn'st thou at Sir Robert? He is Sir Robert's son, and so art thou.

BAST. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

GUR. Good leave, good Philip.

BAST. Philip!—Sparrow! James,

There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more. *Exit GURNEY.*  
The very *exit Gurney* is a stroke of James's character.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> "Travels through North and South Carolina, Georgia, East and

will be found to fall; that is, as you will often see it stated in my writings, especially in the "Aids to Reflection:"<sup>1</sup>—

	Prothesis.	
	1.	
Thesis.	Mesothesis.	Antithesis.
2.	4.	3.
	Synthesis.	
	5.	

Conceive it thus:—

1. Prothesis, the noun-verb, or verb-substantive, *I am*, which is the previous form, and implies identity of being and act.

2. Thesis, the noun.

3. Antithesis, the verb.

{ Note, each of these may be converted; that is, they are only opposed to each other.

4. Mesothesis, the infinitive mood, or the indifferance of the verb and noun, it being either the one or the other, or both at the same time, in different relations.

5. Synthesis, the participle, or the community of verb and noun; being an acting at once.

Now, modify the noun by the verb, that is, by an act, and you have—

6. The adnoun, or adjective.

Modify the verb by the noun, that is, by being, and you have—

7. The adverb.

Interjections are parts of sound, not of speech. Conjunctions are the same as propositions; but they are prefixed to a sentence, or to a member of a sentence, instead of to a single word.

The inflexions of nouns are modifications as to place; the inflexions of verbs, as to time.

The genitive case denotes dependence; the dative, trans-

West Florida, the Cherokee Country, the extensive territories of the Muscogulges, or Creek Confederacy, and the Country of the Chactaws, &c. By William Bartram." Philadelphia, 1791. London, 1792. 8vo. The expedition was made at the request of Dr Pothergill, the Quaker physician, in 1773, and was particularly directed to botanical discoveries.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> P. 170, 2nd edition.—H. N. C.

mission. It is absurd to talk of verbs governing. In Thucydides, I believe, every case has been found absolute.<sup>1</sup>

The inflexions of the tenses of a verb are formed by adjuncts of the verb substantive. In Greek it is obvious. The E is the prefix significative of a past time.

JUNE 15, 1827.

*Magnetism.—Electricity.—Galvanism.*

PERHAPS the attribution or analogy may seem fanciful at first sight, but I am in the habit of realizing to myself Magnetism as length; Electricity as breadth or surface; and Galvanism as depth.

JUNE 24, 1827.

*Spenser.—Character of Othello.—Hamlet.—Polonius.—Principles and Maxims.—Love.—Measure for Measure.—Ben Jonson.—Beaumont and Fletcher.—Version of the Bible.—Coleridge's Organ of Locality.\*—Craniology.—Spurzheim.—Silence and Wisdom.\*—Epithets.\**

SPENSER'S Epithalamion is truly sublime; and pray mark the swan-like movement of his exquisite Prothalamion.<sup>1</sup> His attention to metre and rhythm is some-

<sup>1</sup> Nominative absolute:—Θεῶν δὲ φόβος ἡ ἀνθρώπων νόμος οὐδεὶς ἀπείργε, τὸ μὲν κρίνοντες ἐν νοοίᾳ καὶ σέβει καὶ μὴ — τῶν δὲ ἀμαρτημάτων οὐδεὶς ἐλπίζων μέχρι τοῦ δικην γενέσθαι βιοῦς ἂν τὴν τιμωρίαν ἀντιδοῦναι.—Thuc. II. 53.

Dative:—εἰργομένοις αὐτοῖς τῆς θαλάσσης καὶ κατὰ γῆν πορθουμένοις ἐνεχείρησάν τινες πρὸς Ἀθηναίους ἀγαγεῖν τὴν πόλιν.—Thuc. VIII. 24.

This is the Latin usage.

Accusative.—I do not remember an instance of the proper accusative absolute in Thucydides; but it seems not uncommon in other authors:—

ὦ ξεῖνε, μὴ θαύμαζε πρὸς τὸ λιπαρὲς,  
τὲκν' εἰ φανέντ' ἄελπτα μηκύνω λόγον.

Soph. CEd. C. 1119.

Yet all such instances may be nominatives; for I cannot find an example of the accusative absolute in the masculine or feminine gender, where the difference of inflexion would show the case.—H. N. C

<sup>1</sup> How well I remember this Midsummer-day! I shall never pass such another. The sun was setting behind Caen Wood, and the calm of the evening was so exceedingly deep that it arrested Mr. Coleridge's attention. We were alone together in Mr. Gillman's drawing-room, and Mr. C. left off talking, and fell into an almost trance-like state for ten



times so extremely minute as to be painful even to my ear, and you know how highly I prize good versification.

I have often told you that I do not think there is any jealousy, properly so called, in the character of Othello. There is no predisposition to suspicion, which I take to be an essential term in the definition of the word. Desdemona very truly told Emilia that he was not jealous, that is, of a jealous habit, and he says so as truly of himself. Iago's suggestions, you see, are quite new to him; they do not correspond with anything of a like nature previously in his mind. If Desdemona had, in fact, been guilty, no one would have thought of calling Othello's conduct that of a jealous man. He could not act otherwise than he did with the lights he had; whereas jealousy can never be strictly right. See how utterly unlike Othello is to Leontes, in the "Winter's Tale," or even to Leonatus, in "Cymbeline!" The jealousy of the first proceeds from an evident trifle, and something like hatred is mingled with it; and the conduct of Leonatus in accepting the wager, and exposing his wife to the trial, denotes a jealous temper already formed.

minutes whilst contemplating the beautiful prospect before us. His eyes swam in tears, his head inclined a little forward, and there was a slight uplifting of the fingers, which seemed to tell me that he was in prayer. I was awe-stricken, and remained absorbed in looking at the man, in forgetfulness of external nature, when he recovered himself, and after a word or two, fell by some secret link of association upon Spenser's poetry. Upon my telling him that I did not very well recollect the Prothalamion: "Then I must read you a bit of it," said he; and fetching the book from the next room, he recited the whole of it in his finest and most musical manner. I particularly bear in mind the sensible diversity of tone and rhythm with which he gave:—

"Sweet Thames! run softly till I end my song,"

the concluding line of each of the ten strophes of the poem.

When I look upon the scanty memorial, which I have alone preserved of this afternoon's converse, I am tempted to burn these pages in despair. Mr. Coleridge talked a volume of criticism that day, which, printed *verbatim* as he spoke it, would have made the reputation of any other person but himself. He was, indeed, particularly brilliant and enchanting; and I left him at night so thoroughly *magnetized*, that I could not for two or three days afterwards reflect enough to put anything on paper.—H. N. C.

Hamlet's character is the prevalence of the abstracting and generalizing habit over the practical. He does not want courage, skill, will, or opportunity; but every incident sets him thinking; and it is curious, and at the same time strictly natural, that Hamlet, who all the play seems reason itself, should be impelled, at last, by mere accident to effect his object. I have a smack of Hamlet myself, if I may say so.

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A Maxim is a conclusion upon observation of matters of fact, and is merely retrospective: an Idea, or, if you like, a Principle, carries knowledge within itself, and is prospective. Polonius is a man of maxims. Whilst he is descanting on matters of past experience, as in that excellent speech to Laertes before he sets out on his travels,<sup>1</sup> he is admirable; but when he comes to advise or project, he is a mere dotard. You see Hamlet, as the man of ideas, despises him.

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A man of maxims only is like a Cyclops with one eye, and that eye placed in the back of his head.

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In the scene with Ophelia, in the third act,<sup>2</sup> Hamlet is beginning with great and unfeigned tenderness; but perceiving her reserve and coyness, fancies there are some listeners, and then, to sustain his part, breaks out into all that coarseness.

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Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. The man's courage is loved by the woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact. Can it be true what is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls?—I doubt it, I doubt it exceedingly.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Act i. sc. 3.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Sc. 1.—H. N. C.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Coleridge was a great master in the art of love, but he had not studied in Ovid's school. Hear his account of the matter:—

“Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world,

"Measure for Measure" is the single exception to the delightfulness of Shakspeare's plays. It is a hateful work, although Shaksperian throughout. Our feelings of justice are grossly wounded in Angelo's escape. Isabella herself contrives to be unamiable, and Claudio is detestable.

I am inclined to consider "The Fox" as the greatest of Ben Jonson's works. But his smaller works are full of poetry.

"Monsieur Thomas" and "The Little French Lawyer" are great favourites of mine amongst Beaumont and Fletcher's

and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, 'John Anderson, my Jo, John,' in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterance of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within,—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But, above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summer-tide of life, even in the lustiness of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which in all our lovings is *the* love; I mean, that willing sense of the unsufficiency of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own; that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momentarily finds, and, finding again, seeks on; lastly, when 'life's changeful orb has passed the full,' a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed, as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same, or the correspondent, excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind, which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call goodness its playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while, in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty." (Poetical Works, vol. ii. p. 120.)—H. N. C.

See Index, under "Love," to Coleridge's "Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare, &c." (Standard Library edition.)

plays. How those plays overflow with wit! And yet I scarcely know a more deeply tragic scene any where than that in "Rollo," in which Edith pleads for her father's life, and, then, when she cannot prevail, rises up and imprecates vengeance on his murderer.<sup>1</sup>

Our version of the Bible is to be loved and prized for this, as for a thousand other things,—that it has preserved a purity of meaning to many terms of natural objects. Without this holdfast, our vitiated imaginations would refine away language to mere abstractions. Hence the French have lost their poetical language; and Mr. Blanco White says the same thing has happened to the Spanish.

I have the perception of individual images very strong, but a dim one of the relation of place. I remember the man or the tree, but where I saw them I mostly forget.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Act iii. sc. 1.:—

"ROLLO. Hew off her hands!

HAMMOND.

Lady, hold off!

No! hew 'em;

EDITH.

Hew off my innocent hands, as he commands you!

They'll hang the faster on for death's convulsion.—

Thou seed of rocks, will nothing move thee, then?

Are all my tears lost, all my righteous prayers

Drown'd in thy drunken wrath? I stand up thus, then,

Thou boldly bloody tyrant,

And to thy face, in heaven's high name defy thee!

And may sweet mercy, when thy soul sighs for it,—

When under thy black mischiefs thy flesh trembles,

When neither strength, nor youth, nor friends, nor gold,

Can stay one hour; when thy most wretched conscience,

Waked from her dream of death, like fire shall melt thee,—

When all thy mother's tears, thy brother's wounds,

Thy people's fears, and curses, and my loss,

My aged father's loss, shall stand before thee—

ROLLO. Save him, I say; run, save him, save her father;

Fly and redeem his head!

EDITH.

May then that pity," &c.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> There was no man whose opinion in morals, or even in a matter of general conduct in life, if you furnished the pertinent circumstances, I would have sooner adopted than Mr. Coleridge's; but I would not take him as a guide through streets or fields or earthly roads. He had much of the geometrician about him; but he could not find his way. In this, as in many other peculiarities of more importance, he inherited strongly

Craniology is worth some consideration, although it is merely in its rudiments and guesses yet. But all the coincidences which have been observed could scarcely be by accident. The confusion and absurdity, however, will be endless until some names or proper terms are discovered for the organs, which are not taken from their mental application or significancy. The forepart of the head is generally given up to the higher intellectual powers; the hinder part to the sensual emotions.

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Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them, than he burst forth with—"Them's the jockies for me!" I wish Spurzheim could have examined the fellow's head.

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Some folks apply epithets as boys do in making Latin verses. When I first looked upon the Falls of the Clyde, I was unable to find a word to express my feelings. At last, a man, a stranger to me, who arrived about the same time, said:—"How majestic!"—(It was the precise term, and I turned round and was saying—"Thank you, Sir! that *is* the exact word for it"—when he added, *eadem flatu*)—"Yes! how very pretty!"<sup>1</sup>

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from his learned and excellent father, who deserves, and will, I trust, obtain, a separate notice for himself when his greater son's life comes to be written. I believe the beginning of Mr. C.'s liking for Dr. Spurzheim was the hearty good humour with which the Doctor bore the laughter of a party, in the presence of which he, unknowing of his man, denied any *Ideality*, and awarded an unusual share of *Locality*, to the majestic silver-haired head of my dear uncle and father-in-law. But Mr. Coleridge immediately shielded the craniologist under the distinction preserved in the text, and perhaps, since that time, there may be a couple of organs assigned to the latter faculty.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> See this anecdote, with slight variations, as related fifteen years earlier, in "Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare," &c., p. 41. It was in 1803, on a tour in Scotland, with Wordsworth and his sister, that Coleridge saw the falls of the Clyde. Dora Wordsworth, also, relates the anecdote in her diary of the tour.

JULY 8, 1827.

*Bull and Waterland.—The Trinity.—Athanasian Creed.\*—Cant.\**

BULL and Waterland are the classical writers on the Trinity.<sup>1</sup> In the Trinity there is, 1. Ipeity. 2. Alterity. 3. Community. You may express the formula thus:—

God, the absolute Will or Identity, = Prothesis.  
The Father = Thesis. The Son = Antithesis. The Spirit =  
Synthesis.

The author of the Athanasian Creed is unknown. It is, in my judgment, heretical in the omission, or implicit denial, of the Filial subordination in the Godhead, which is the doctrine of the Nicene Creed, and for which Bull and Waterland have so fervently and triumphantly contended; and by not holding to which, Sherlock staggered to and fro between Tritheism and Sabellianism. This creed is also tautological, and, if not persecuting, which I will not discuss, certainly containing harsh and ill-conceived language.

How much I regret that so many religious persons of the present day think it necessary to adopt a certain cant of manner and phraseology as a token to each other. They must *improve* this and that text, and they must do so and so in a *prayerful* way; and so on. Why not use common language? A young lady the other day urged upon me that such and such feelings were the *marrow* of all religion; upon which I recommended her to try to walk to London upon her marrow-bones only.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge's admiration of Bull and Waterland as high theologians, was very great. Bull he used to read in the Latin *Defensio Fidei Nicenæ*, using the Jesuit Zola's edition of 1784, which, I think, he bought at Rome. He told me once, that when he was reading a Protestant English Bishop's work on the Trinity, in a copy edited by an Italian Jesuit in Italy, he felt proud of the church of England, and in good humour with the church of Rome.—H. N. C.

JULY 9, 1827.

*Scale of Animal Being.*

IN the very lowest link in the vast and mysterious chain of Being, there is an effort, although scarcely apparent, at individualisation; but it is almost lost in the mere nature. A little higher up, the individual is apparent and separate, but subordinate to anything in man. At length, the animal rises to be on a par with the lowest power of the human nature. There are some of our natural desires which only remain in our most perfect state on earth as means of the higher powers' acting.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> These remarks seem to call for a citation of that wonderful passage, transcendent alike in eloquence and philosophic depth, which the readers of the "Aids to Reflection" have long since laid up in cedar:—

"Every rank of creatures, as it ascends in the scale of creation, leaves death behind it or under it. The metal at its height of being seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes. The blossom and flower, the acmé of vegetable life, divides into correspondent organs with reciprocal functions, and by instinctive motions and approximations seems impatient of that fixure, by which it is differenced in kind from the flower-shaped Psyche that flutters with free wing above it. And wonderfully in the insect realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensibility is subordinate thereto,—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect, and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and typically rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man. Let us carry ourselves back, in spirit, to the mysterious week, the teeming work-days of the Creator, as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian "of the generations of the heaven and earth, in the days that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." And who that hath watched their ways with an understanding heart, could, as the vision evolving still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee; the home-building, wedded, and divorceless swallow; and, above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealth and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband-folk, that fold in their tiny flocks on the honied leaf, and the virgin sisters with the holy instincts of maternal love, detached and in selfless purity, and not say to himself, Behold the shadow of approaching Humanity, the sun rising from behind, in the kindling morn of creation! Thus all lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, the reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it,

JULY 12, 1827.

*Popedom.*—*Scanderbeg.*—*Thomas à Becket.*—*Pure Ages of Greek, Latin,\* Italian, and English.*—*Luther.*—*Baxter.*—*The Surplice.\**—*Algernon Sidney's Style.*—*Burke.\**—*Ariosto and Tasso.*—*Prose and Poetry.*—*The Fathers.*—*Rhenferd.*—*Jacob Behmen.*

WHAT a grand subject for a history the Popedom is! The Pope ought never to have affected temporal sway, but to have lived retired within St. Angelo, and to have trusted to the superstitious awe inspired by his character and office. He spoiled his chance when he meddled in the petty Italian politics.

Scanderbeg would be a very fine subject for Walter Scott; and so would Thomas à Becket, if it is not rather too much for him. It involves in essence the conflict between arms, or force, and the men of letters.

Observe the superior truth of language, in Greek, to Theocritus inclusively; in Latin, to the Augustan age exclusively; in Italian, to Tasso exclusively; and in English, to Taylor and Barrow inclusively.

Luther is, in parts, the most evangelical writer I know, after the apostles and apostolic men.

Pray read with great attention Baxter's Life of himself. It is an inestimable work.<sup>1</sup> I may not unfrequently doubt

in neighbourhood with the slim water-weeds and oozy bottom-grass that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substance! No! it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labour for anything below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death. Well saith the moral poet:—

‘Unless above himself he can  
Erect himself, how mean a thing is man!’”

P. 105, 2nd ed.—H. N. C. “The moral poet” is Daniel. For “mean” read “poor.”

<sup>1</sup> This, a very thick folio of the old sort, was one of Mr. Coleridge's text books for English church history. He used to say that there was no substitute for it in a course of study for a clergyman or public man, and that the modern political Dissenters, who affected to glory in Baxter as a leader, would read a bitter lecture on themselves in every page of



Baxter's memory, or even his competence, in consequence of his particular modes of thinking; but I could almost as soon doubt the Gospel verity as his veracity.

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I am not enough read in Puritan divinity to know the particular objections to the surplice, over and above the general prejudice against the *retenta* of Popery. Perhaps that was the only ground,—a foolish one enough.

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In my judgment Bolingbroke's style is not in any respect equal to that of Cowley or Dryden. Read Algernon Sidney; his style reminds you as little of books as of blackguards. What a gentleman he was!

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Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful seems to me a poor thing; and what he says upon Taste is neither profound nor accurate.

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Well! I am for Ariosto against Tasso; though I would rather praise Ariosto's poetry than his poem.

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I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose = words in their best order;—poetry = the *best* words in the best order.

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I conceive Origen, Jerome, and Augustine to be the three great fathers in respect of theology, and Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, and Chrysostom in respect of rhetoric.

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Rhenferd possessed the immense learning and robust sense of Selden, with the acuteness and wit of Jortin.

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Jacob Behmen remarked, that it was not wonderful that there were separate languages for England, France, Ger-

it. In a marginal note I find Mr. C. writing thus: "Alas! in how many respects does my lot resemble Baxter's! But how much less have my bodily evils been, and yet how very much greater an impediment have I suffered them to be! But verily Baxter's labours seem miracles of supporting grace."—H. N. C.

many, &c.; but rather that there was not a different language for every degree of latitude. In confirmation of which, see the infinite variety of languages amongst the barbarous tribes of South America.

JULY 20, 1827.

*Non-perception of Colours.*

WHAT is said of some persons not being able to distinguish colours, I believe. It may proceed from general weakness, which will render the differences imperceptible, just as the dusk or twilight makes all colours one. This defect is most usual in the blue ray, the negative pole.

I conjecture that when finer experiments have been applied, the red, yellow, and orange rays will be found as capable of communicating magnetic action as the other rays, though, perhaps, under different circumstances. Remember this, if you are alive twenty years hence, and think of me.

JULY 21, 1827.

*Restoration.—Reformation.*

THE elements had been well shaken together during the civil wars and interregnum under the Long Parliament and Protectorate; and nothing but the cowardliness and impolicy of the Nonconformists at the Restoration, could have prevented a real reformation on a wider basis. But the truth is, by going over to Breda with their stiff flatteries to the hollow-hearted King, they put Sheldon and the bishops on the side of the constitution.

The Reformation in the sixteenth century narrowed Reform. As soon as men began to call themselves names, all hope of further amendment was lost.

JULY 23, 1827.

*William III.—Berkeley.—Spinoza.—Genius.—Envy.—Love.*

WILLIAM the Third was a greater and much honester man than any of his ministers. I believe every one

of them, except Shrewsbury, has now been detected in correspondence with James.

Berkeley can only be confuted, or answered, by one sentence. So it is with Spinoza. His premiss granted, the deduction is a chain of adamant.

Genius may co-exist with wildness, idleness, folly, even with crime; but not long, believe me, with selfishness, and the indulgence of an envious disposition. Envy is *κακίστος καὶ δικαιοτάτος θεός*, as I once saw it expressed somewhere in a page of Stobæus: it dwarfs and withers its worshippers.

The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man.<sup>1</sup>

AUGUST 29, 1827.

*Jeremy Taylor.—Hooker.—Ideas.—Knowledge.*

JEREMY TAYLOR is an excellent author for a young man to study, for the purpose of imbibing noble principles, and at the same time of learning to exercise caution and thought in detecting his numerous errors.

I must acknowledge, with some hesitation, that I think Hooker has been a little over-credited for his judgment.

Take as an instance of an idea,<sup>2</sup> the continuity and coin-

<sup>1</sup> "A woman's friendship," I find written by Mr. C. on a page dyed red with an imprisoned rose-leaf, "a woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts; whilst women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment."—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> The reader who has never studied Plato, Bacon, Kant, or Coleridge in their philosophic works will need to be told that the word *Idea* is not used in this passage in the sense adopted by "Dr. Holofernes, who, in a lecture on metaphysics, delivered at one of the Mechanics' Institutions, explodes all *ideas* but those of sensation; whilst his friend, deputy Costard, has no *idea* of a better-flavoured haunch of venison than he dined off at the London Tavern last week. He admits (for the deputy has travelled) that the French have an excellent *idea* of cooking in

cident distinctness of nature; or this—vegetable life is always striving to be something that it is not; animal life to be itself. Hence, in a plant the parts, as the root, the stem, the branches, leaves, &c., remain after they have each produced or contributed to produce a different *status* of the whole plant: in an animal nothing of the previous states remains distinct, but is incorporated into, and constitutes progressively, the very self.

To know anything for certain is to have a clear insight into the inseparability of the predicate from the subject (the matter from the form), and *vice versâ*. This is a verbal definition,—a *real* definition of a thing absolutely known is impossible. I *know* a circle, when I perceive that the equality of all possible radii from the centre to the circumference is inseparable from the idea of a circle.

AUGUST 30, 1827.

*Painting.*

PAINTING is the intermediate somewhat between a thought and a thing.

APRIL 13, 1830.

*Prophecies of the Old Testament.—Messiah.—Jews.—The Trinity.—Christianity.\**

IF the prophecies of the Old Testament are not rightly interpreted of Jesus our Christ, then there is no pre-

general; but holds that their most accomplished *maîtres de cuisine* have no more *idea* of dressing a turtle than the Parisian gourmands themselves have any *real idea* of the true *taste* and *colour* of the fat." "Church and State," p. 78. No! what Mr. Coleridge meant by an *idea* in this place may be expressed in various ways out of his own works. I subjoin a sufficient definition from the "Church and State," p. 6. "That which, contemplated *objectively* (that is, as existing *externally* to the mind), we call a law; the same contemplated *subjectively* (that is, as existing in a subject or mind), is an *idea*. Hence Plato often names Ideas, Laws; and Lord Bacon, the British Plato, describes the laws of the material universe as the ideas in nature. "Quod in Natura *naturata* Lex, in natura *naturante* Idea dicitur." A more subtle limitation of the word may be found in the last paragraph of Essay (E) in the Appendix to the "Statesman's Manual."—H. N. C.

diction whatever contained in it of that stupendous event—the rise and establishment of Christianity—in comparison with which all the preceding Jewish history is as nothing. With the exception of the book of Daniel, which the Jews themselves never classed among the prophecies, and an obscure text of Jeremiah, there is not a passage in all the Old Testament which favours the notion of a temporal Messiah. What moral object was there for which such a Messiah should come? What could he have been but a sort of virtuous Sesostris or Buonaparte?

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I know that some excellent men—Israelites without guile—do not, in fact, expect the advent of any Messiah; but believe, or suggest, that it may possibly have been God's will and meaning, that the Jews should remain a quiet light among the nations for the purpose of pointing at the doctrine of the unity of God. To which I say, that this truth of the essential unity of God has been preserved, and gloriously preached, by Christianity alone. The Romans never shut up their temples, nor ceased to worship a hundred or a thousand gods and goddesses, at the bidding of the Jews; the Persians, the Hindus, the Chinese, learned nothing of this great truth from the Jews. But from Christians they did learn it in various degrees, and are still learning it. The religion of the Jews is, indeed, a light; but it is as the light of the glow-worm, which gives no heat, and illumines nothing but itself.

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It has been objected to me, that the vulgar notions of the Trinity are at variance with this doctrine; and it was added, whether as flattery or sarcasm matters not, that few believers in the Trinity thought of it as I did. To which again humbly, yet confidently, I reply, that my superior light, if superior, consists in nothing more than this—that I more clearly see that the doctrine of Trinal Unity is an absolute truth transcending my human means of understanding it, or demonstrating it. I may or may not be able to utter the formula of my faith in this mystery in more logical terms than some others; but this I say, Go and ask the most ordinary man, a professed believer in this

doctrine, whether he believes in and worships a plurality of Gods, and he will start with horror at the bare suggestion. He may not be able to explain his creed in exact terms; but he will tell you that he *does* believe in one God, and in one God only—reason about it as you may.

What all the Churches of the East and West, what Romanist and Protestant believe in common, that I call Christianity. In no proper sense of the word can I call Unitarians and Socinians believers in Christ; at least, not in the only Christ of whom I have read or know anything.

APRIL 14, 1830.

*Conversion of the Jews.—Jews in Poland.*

THERE is no hope of converting the Jews in the way and with the spirit unhappily adopted by our church; and, indeed, by all other modern churches. In the first age, the Jewish Christians undoubtedly considered themselves as the seed of Abraham, to whom the promise had been made, and, as such, a superior order. Witness the account of St. Peter's conduct in the Acts,<sup>1</sup> and the Epistle to the Galatians.<sup>2</sup> St. Paul protested against this, so far as it went to make Jewish observances compulsory on Christians who were not of Jewish blood, and so far as it in any way led to bottom the religion on the Mosaic covenant of works; but he never denied the birthright of the chosen seed: on the contrary, he himself evidently believed that the Jews would ultimately be restored; and he says,—If the Gentiles have been so blest by the rejection of the Jews, how much rather shall they be blest by the conversion and restoration of Israel! Why do we expect the Jews to abandon their rational customs and distinctions? The Abyssinian Church said that they claimed a descent from Abraham; and that, in virtue of such ancestry, they observed circumcision: But declaring withal, that they rejected the covenant of works, and rested on the promise

<sup>1</sup> Chap. xv.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Chap. ii.—H. N. C.

fulfilled in Jesus Christ. In consequence of this appeal, the Abyssinians were permitted to retain their customs.

If Rhenferd's Essays were translated—if the Jews were made acquainted with the real argument—if they were addressed kindly, and were not required to abandon their distinctive customs and national type, but were invited to become Christians *as of the seed of Abraham*—I believe there would be a Christian synagogue in a year's time. As it is, the Jews of the lower orders are the very lowest of mankind; they have not a principle of honesty in them; to grasp and be getting money for ever is their single and exclusive occupation. A learned Jew once said to me, upon this subject:—"O Sir! make the inhabitants of Holywell Street and Duke's Place Israelites first, and then we may debate about making them Christians."<sup>1</sup>

In Poland, the Jews are great landholders, and are the worst of tyrants. They have no kind of sympathy with their labourers and dependents. They never meet them in common worship. Land, in the hand of a large number of Jews, instead of being, what it ought to be, the organ of permanence, would become the organ of rigidity, in a nation; by their intermarriages within their own pale, it would be, in fact, perpetually entailed. Then, again, if a popular tumult were to take place in Poland, who can doubt that the Jews would be the first objects of murder and spoliation?

APRIL 17, 1830.

*Mosaic Miracles.—Pantheism.*

**I**N the miracles of Moses, there is a remarkable intermingling of acts, which we should now-a-days call

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge had a very friendly acquaintance with several learned Jews in this country, and he told me that, whenever he had fallen in with a Jew of thorough education and literary habits, he had always found him possessed of a strong natural capacity for metaphysical disquisitions. I may mention here the best-known of his Jewish friends, one whom he deeply respected, Hyman Hurwitz.—H. N. C.

Hyman Hurwitz was Master of the Hebrew Academy at Highgate, and a neighbour of Coleridge's.

simply providential, with such as we should still call miraculous. The passing of the Jordan, in the 3rd chapter of the book of Joshua, is perhaps the purest and sheerest miracle recorded in the Bible; it seems to have been wrought for the miracle's sake, and so thereby to show to the Jews—the descendants of those who had come out of Egypt—that the *same* God who had appeared to their fathers, and who had by miracles, in many respects providential only, preserved them in the wilderness, was *their* God also. The manna and quails were ordinary provisions of Providence, rendered miraculous by certain laws and qualities annexed to them in the particular instance. The passage of the Red Sea was effected by a strong wind, which, we are told, drove back the waters; and so on. But then, again, the death of the first-born was purely miraculous. Hence, then, both Jews and Egyptians might take occasion to learn, that it was *one and the same God* who interfered specially, and who governed all generally.

Take away the first verse of the book of Genesis, and then what immediately follows is an exact history or sketch of Pantheism. Pantheism was taught in the mysteries of Greece; of which the Samothracian or Cabeiric were probably the purest and the most ancient.

APRIL 18, 1830.

*Poetic Promise.*

IN the present age it is next to impossible to predict from specimens, however favourable, that a young man will turn out a great poet, or rather a poet at all. Poetic taste, dexterity in composition, and ingenious imitation, often produce poems that are very promising in appearance. But genius, or the power of doing something new, is another thing. Mr. Tennyson's<sup>1</sup> sonnets, such as I have

<sup>1</sup> The allusion is to Charles Tennyson Turner, the elder brother of the laureate. His first acknowledged volume appeared in 1830, and a copy of it, with annotations by Coleridge, has been preserved. He was at the time twenty-two, so that the whole of the note applies to him. Observe that the date of the note is 1830.



seen, have many of the characteristic excellencies of those of Wordsworth and Southey.

APRIL 19, 1830.

*Patient and Doctor.\*—Death.\*—Appearances.\**

IT is a small thing that the patient knows of his own state; yet some things he *does* know better than his physician.

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I never had, and never could feel, any horror at death, simply as death.<sup>1</sup>

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Good and bad men are each less so than they seem.

APRIL 30, 1830.

*The World.\*—Nominalists and Realists.—British Schoolmen.—Spinoza.—Plato.\*—Animal Magnetism.\**

THE result of my system will be, to show, that, so far from the world being a goddess in petticoats, it is rather the Devil in a strait waistcoat.

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The controversy of the Nominalists and Realists was one of the greatest and most important that ever occupied the human mind. They were both right, and both wrong. They each maintained opposite poles of the same truth; which truth neither of them saw, for want of a higher premiss. Duns Scotus was the head of the Realists: Ockham,<sup>2</sup> his own disciple, of the Nominalists. Ockham,

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge remarks elsewhere that it was *dying* that he dreaded.

<sup>2</sup> John Duns Scotus was born in 1274, at Dunstone in the parish of Emildune, near Alnwick. He was a fellow of Merton College, and Professor of Divinity at Oxford. After acquiring an uncommon reputation at his own university, he went to Paris, and thence to Cologne, and there died in 1308, at the early age of thirty-four years. He was called the Subtle Doctor, and found time to compose works which now fill twelve volumes in folio. See the Lyons edition, by Luke Wadding, in 1639.

William Ockham was an Englishman, and died about 1347; but the

though certainly very prolix, is a most extraordinary writer.

It is remarkable, that two-thirds of the eminent schoolmen were of British birth. It was the schoolmen who made the languages of Europe what they now are. We laugh at the quiddities of those writers now, but, in truth, these quiddities are just the parts of their language which we have rejected; whilst we never think of the mass which we have adopted, and have in daily use.

One of the scholastic definitions of God is this,—*Deus est, cui omne quod est est esse omne quod est*: as long a sen-

place and year of his birth are not clearly ascertained. He was styled the Invincible Doctor, and wrote bitterly against Pope John XXII. We all remember Butler's account of these worthies:—

“He knew what's what, and that's as high  
As metaphysic wit can fly;  
In school divinity as able  
As he that hight Irrefragable,  
A second Thomas, or at once  
To name them all, another *Dunse*;  
Profound in all the Nominal  
And Real ways beyond them all;  
For he a rope of sand could twist  
As tough as learned Sorbonist.”

HUDIBRAS. Part I. Canto I. v. 149.

The Irrefragable Doctor was Alexander Hales, a native of Gloucestershire, who died in 1245. Amongst his pupils, at Paris, was Fidanza, better known by the name of Bonaventura, the Seraphic Doctor. The controversy of the Realists and the Nominalists cannot be explained in a note; but in substance the original point of dispute may be thus stated. The Realists held *generally* with Aristotle, that there were universal *ideas* or essences impressed upon matter, or coëval with, and inherent in, their objects. Plato held that these universal forms existed as exemplars in the divine mind previously to, and independently of, matter; but both maintained, under one shape or other, the real existence of universal forms. On the other hand, Zeno and the old Stoics denied the existence of these universals, and contended that they were no more than mere terms and nominal representatives of their particular objects. The Nominalists were the followers of Zeno, and held that universal forms are merely modes of conception, and exist solely in and for the mind. It does not require much reflection to see how great an influence these different systems might have upon the enunciation of the higher doctrines of Christianity.—H. N. C.

tence made up of as few words, and those as oligosyllabic, as any I remember. By the by, that *oligosyllabic* is a word happily illustrative of its own meaning, *ex opposito*.

Spinoza, at the very end of his life, seems to have gained a glimpse of the truth. In the last letter published in his works, it appears that he began to suspect his premiss. His *unica substantia* is, in fact, a mere notion,—a *subject* of the mind, and no *object* at all.

Plato's works are preparatory exercises for the mind. He leads you to see, that propositions involving in themselves contradictory conceptions, are nevertheless true; and which, therefore, must belong to a higher logic—that of ideas. They are contradictory only in the Aristotelian logic, which is the instrument of the understanding. I have read most of the works of Plato several times with profound attention, but not all his writings. In fact, I soon found that I had read Plato by anticipation. He was a consummate genius.<sup>1</sup>

My mind is in a state of philosophical doubt as to animal magnetism. Von Spix, the eminent naturalist, makes no doubt of the matter, and talks coolly of giving doses of it. The torpedo affects a third or external object, by an exertion of its own will: such a power is not properly electrical; for electricity acts invariably under the same circum-

<sup>1</sup> "This is the test and character of a truth so affirmed (—a truth of the reason, an Idea)—that in its own proper form it is *inconceivable*. For to *conceive*, is a function of the understanding, which can be exercised only on subjects subordinate thereto. And yet to the forms of the understanding all truth must be reduced, that is to be fixed as an object of reflection, and to be rendered *expressible*. And here we have a second test and sign of a truth so affirmed, that it can come forth out of the moulds of the understanding only in the disguise of two contradictory conceptions, each of which is partially true, and the conjunction of both conceptions becomes the representative or *expression* (—the *exponent*) of a truth *beyond* conception and inexpressible. Examples: *before Abraham was, I AM*. God is a circle, the centre of which is every where, and the circumference no where. The soul is all in every part."—*Aids to Reflection*, p. 224, n. See also *Church and State*, p. 12.—H. N. C.

stances. A steady gaze will make many persons of fair complexion blush deeply. Account for that.<sup>1</sup>

MAY 1, 1830.

*Fall of Man.—Madness.—Brown and Darwin.—Nitrous Oxide.*

A FALL of some sort or other—the creation, as it were, of the non-absolute—is the fundamental postulate of the moral history of Man. Without this hypothesis, Man is unintelligible; with it, every phenomenon is explicable. The mystery itself is too profound for human insight.

<sup>1</sup> I find the following remarkable passage in p. 301, vol. i., of the richly annotated copy of Mr. Southey's "Life of Wesley," which Mr. C. bequeathed as his "darling book and the favourite of his library" to its great and honoured author and donor:—

"The coincidence throughout of all these Methodist cases with those of the Magnetists makes me wish for a solution that would apply to all. Now this sense or appearance of a sense of the distant, both in time and space, is common to almost all the *magnetic* patients in Denmark, Germany, France, and North Italy, to many of whom the same or a similar solution could not apply. Likewise, many cases have been recorded at the same time, in different countries, by men who had never heard of each other's names, and where the simultaneity of publication proves the independence of the testimony. And among the Magnetisers and Attesters are to be found names of men, whose competence in respect of integrity and incapability of intentional falsehood is fully equal to that of Wesley, and their competence in respect of physio- and psycho-logical insight and attainments incomparably greater. Who would dream, indeed, of comparing Wesley with a Cuvier, Hufeland, Blumenbach, Eschenmeyer, Reil, &c.? Were I asked, what I think, my answer would be,—that the evidence enforces scepticism and a *non liquet*;—too strong and consentaneous for a candid mind to be satisfied of its falsehood, or its solvability on the supposition of imposture or casual coincidence;—too fugacious and unfixable to support any theory that supposes the always potential, and, under certain conditions and circumstances, occasionally active, existence of a correspondent faculty in the human soul. And nothing less than such an hypothesis would be adequate to the *satisfactory* explanation of the facts;—though that of a *metastasis* of specific functions of the nervous energy, taken in conjunction with extreme nervous excitement, *plus* some delusion, *plus* some illusion, *plus* some imposition, *plus* some chance and accidental coincidence, might determine the direction in which the scepticism should vibrate. Nine years has the subject of Zoo-magnetism been before me. I have traced it historically, collected a mass of documents in French, German, Italian, and the Latinists of the sixteenth century, have never

Madness is not simply a bodily disease. It is the sleep of the spirit with certain conditions of wakefulness; that is to say, lucid intervals. During this sleep, or recession of the spirit, the lower or bestial states of life rise up into action and prominence. It is an awful thing to be eternally tempted by the perverted senses. The reason may resist—it does resist—for a long time; but too often, at length, it yields for a moment, and the man is mad for ever. An act of the will is, in many instances, precedent to complete insanity. I think it was Bishop Butler who said, that he was all his life struggling against the devilish suggestions of his senses, which would have maddened him, if he had relaxed the stern wakefulness of his reason for a single moment.

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Brown's and Darwin's theories are both ingenious; but the first will not account for sleep, and the last will not account for death: considerable defects, you must allow.

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It is said that every excitation is followed by a commensurate exhaustion. That is not so. The excitation caused by inhaling nitrous oxide is an exception at least; it leaves no exhaustion on the bursting of the bubble. The operation of this gas is to prevent the decarbonating of the blood; and, consequently, if taken excessively, it would produce apoplexy. The blood becomes black as ink. The voluptuous sensation attending the inhalation is produced by the compression and resistance.

MAY 2, 1830.

*Plants.—Insects.—Men.—Dog.—Ant and Bee.*

PLANTS exist *in* themselves. Insects *by*, or by means of, themselves. Men, *for* themselves. The perfection of irrational animals is that which is best for *them*; the

neglected an opportunity of questioning eye-witnesses, *c. g.* Tieck, Treviranus, De Prati, Meyer, and others of literary or medical celebrity, and I remain where I was, and where the first perusal of King's works had left me, without having moved an inch backward or forward. The reply of Treviranus, the famous botanist, to me, when he was in London, is

perfection of man is that which is absolutely best. There is growth only in plants; but there is irritability, or, a better word, instinctivity, in insects.

You may understand by *insect*, life in sections—diffused generally over all the parts.

The dog alone, of all brute animals, has a *σρόρη*, or affection *upwards* to man.

The ant and the bee are, I think, much nearer man in the understanding or faculty of adapting means to proximate ends than the elephant.<sup>1</sup>

MAY 3, 1830.

*Black Colonel.*<sup>2</sup>—*Coleridge and the Church.*\*

WHAT an excellent character is the black Colonel in Mrs. Bennett's "Beggar Girl!"<sup>3</sup>

If an inscription be put upon my tomb, it may be that I was an enthusiastic lover of the church; and as enthusiastic a hater of those who have betrayed it, be they who they may.<sup>4</sup>

worth recording:—'Ich habe gesehen was (ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf *ihren* erzählung,' &c. 'I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on *your* telling; and in all reason, therefore, I can neither expect nor wish that you should believe on *mine*.'—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> I remember Mr. C. was accustomed to consider the ant as the most intellectual, and the dog as the most affectionate, of the irrational creatures, so far as our present acquaintance with the facts of natural history enables us to judge.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> A somewhat quaint heading.

<sup>3</sup> This character was frequently a subject of pleasant description and enlargement with Mr. Coleridge, and he generally passed from it to a high commendation of Miss Austen's novels, as being in their way perfectly genuine and individual productions.—H. N. C.

<sup>4</sup> This was a strong way of expressing a deep-rooted feeling. A better and a truer character would be, that Coleridge was a lover of the church, and a defender of the faith. This last expression is the utterance of a conviction so profound that it can patiently wait for time to prove its truth.—H. N. C.

MAY 4, 1830.

*Holland and the Dutch.*

HOLLAND and the Netherlands ought to be seen once, because no other country is like them. Everything is artificial. You will be struck with the combinations of vivid greenery, and water, and building; but everything is so distinct and rememberable, that you would not improve your conception by visiting the country a hundred times over. It is interesting to see a country and a nature *made*, as it were, by man, and to compare it with God's nature.<sup>1</sup>

If you go, remark (indeed you will be forced to do so in spite of yourself), remark, I say, the identity (for it is more than proximity) of a disgusting dirtiness in all that concerns the dignity of, and reverence for, the human person; and a persecuting painted cleanliness in everything connected with property. You must not walk in their gardens; nay, you must hardly look into them.

The Dutch seem very happy and comfortable, certainly; but it is the happiness of *animals*. In vain do you look for the sweet breath of hope and advancement among them.<sup>2</sup>

In fact, as to their villas and gardens, they are not to be compared to an ordinary London merchant's box.

MAY 5, 1830.

*Religion gentilisées.—Women and Men.—Biblical Commentators.—Walkerite Creed.*

YOU may depend upon it, religion is, in its essence, the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It will *alone*

<sup>1</sup> In the summer of 1828, Mr. Coleridge made an excursion with Mr. Wordsworth in Holland, Flanders, and up the Rhine, as far as Bergen. He came back delighted, especially with his stay near Bonn, but with an abiding disgust at the filthy habits of the people. Upon Cologne, in particular, he avenged himself in two epigrams. See *Poet. Works*, vol. ii., p. 144.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> "For every gift of noble origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath."

*Wordsworth.*—H. N. C.

gentilise, if unmixed with cant; and I know nothing else that will, *alone*. Certainly not the army, which is thought to be the grand embellisher of manners.

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A woman's head is usually over ears in her heart. Man seems to have been designed for the superior being of the two; but as things are, I think women are generally better creatures than men. They have, taken universally, weaker appetites and weaker intellects, but they have much stronger affections. A man with a bad heart has been sometimes saved by a strong head; but a corrupt woman is lost for ever.

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I never could get much information out of the biblical commentators. Cocceius has told me the most; but he, and all of them, have a notable trick of passing *siccissimis pedibus* over the parts which puzzle a man of reflection.

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The Walkerite creed, or doctrine of the New Church, as it is called, appears to be a miscellany of Calvinism and Quakerism; but it is hard to understand it.

MAY 7, 1830.

*Horne Tooke.*—"Diversions of Purley."—Harris's "*Hermes*."\*—*Gender of the Sun in German.*

**H**ORNE TOOKE was pre-eminently a ready-witted man. He had that clearness which is founded on shallowness. He doubted nothing; and, therefore, gave you all that he himself knew, or meant, with great completeness. His voice was very fine, and his tones exquisitely discriminating. His mind had no progression or development. All that is worth anything (and that is but little) in the "*Diversions of Purley*" is contained in a short pamphlet-letter which he addressed to Mr. Dunning; then it was enlarged to an octavo, but there was not a foot of progression beyond the pamphlet; at last, a quarto volume, I believe, came out; and yet, verily, excepting newspaper lampoons and political insinuations, there was no addition to the argument of the pamphlet. It shows a base and



unpoetical mind to convert so beautiful, so divine a subject as language into the vehicle or make-weight of political squibs. All that is true in Horne Tooke's book is taken from Lennep, who gave it for so much as it was worth, and never pretended to make a system of it. Tooke affects to explain the origin and whole philosophy of language by what is, in fact, only a mere accident of the history of one language, or one or two languages. His abuse of Harris is most shallow and unfair. Harris, in the "Hermes," was dealing—not very profoundly, it is true—with the philosophy of language, the moral, physical, and metaphysical causes and conditions of it, &c. Horne Tooke, in writing about the formation of words only, thought he was explaining the philosophy of language, which is a very different thing. In point of fact, he was very shallow in the Gothic dialects. I must say, all that *decantata fabula* about the genders of the sun and moon in German seems to me great stuff. Originally, I apprehend, in the *Platt-Deutsch* of the north of Germany there were only two definite articles—*die* for masculine and feminine, and *das* for neuter. Then it was *die sonne*, in a masculine sense, as we say with the same word as article, *the sun*. Luther, in constructing the *Hoch-Deutsch* (for really his miraculous and providential translation of the Bible was the fundamental act of construction of the literary German), took for his distinct masculine article the *der* of the *Ober-Deutsch*, and thus constituted the three articles of the present High German, *der, die, das*. Naturally, therefore, it would then have been, *der sonne*; but here the analogy of the Greek grammar prevailed, and as *sonne* had the arbitrary feminine termination of the Greek, it was left with its old article *die*, which, originally including masculine and feminine both, had grown to designate the feminine only. To the best of my recollection, the Minnesingers and all the old poets always use the sun as masculine; and, since Luther's time, the poets feel the awkwardness of the classical gender affixed to the sun so much that they more commonly introduce Phœbus or some other synonyme instead. I must acknowledge my doubts, whether, upon more accurate investigation, it can be shown that there ever was a nation that con-

sidered the sun in itself, and apart from language, as the feminine power.<sup>1</sup> The moon does not so clearly demand a feminine, as the sun does a masculine sex: it might be considered negatively or neuter;—yet if the reception of its light from the sun were known, that would have been a good reason for making her feminine, as being the recipient body.

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As our *the* was the German *die*, so I believe our *that* stood for *das*, and was used as a neuter definite article.

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The *Platt-Deutsch* was a compact language like the English, not admitting much agglutination. The *Ober-Deutsch* was fuller and fonder of agglutinating words together, although it was not so soft in its sounds.

MAY 8, 1830.

*Horne Tooke.—Jacobins.—Women.\*—Godwin.\**

HORNE TOOKE said that his friends might, if they pleased, go as far as Slough,—he should go no farther than Hounslow; but that was no reason why he should not keep them company so far as their roads were the same. The answer is easy. Suppose you know, or suspect, that a man is about to commit a robbery at Slough, though you do not mean to be his accomplice, have you a moral right to walk arm in arm with him to Hounslow, and, by thus giving him your countenance, prevent his being taken up? The history of all the world tells us, that immoral means will ever intercept good ends.

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Enlist the interests of stern morality and religious enthusiasm in the cause of political liberty, as in the time of the old Puritans, and it will be irresistible; but the Jacobins played the whole game of religion, and morals, and domestic happiness into the hands of the aristocrats. Thank God

<sup>1</sup> Among Coleridge's Poems will be found an epigram, "On the Curious Circumstance that in the German Language the Sun is feminine and the Moon masculine."

that they did so. England was saved from civil war by their enormous, their providential, blundering.

Can a politician, a statesman, slight the feelings and the convictions of the whole matronage of his country? The women are as influential upon such national interests as the men.

Horne Tooke was always making a butt of Mr. Godwin; who, nevertheless, had that in him which Tooke could never have understood. I saw a good deal of Tooke at one time: he left upon me the impression of his being a keen, iron man.

MAY 9, 1830.

*Poetry.\*—Persian and Arabic Poetry.—Book of Job.\*—Milesian Tales.—Ezekiel.\**

I MUST acknowledge I never could see much merit in the Persian poetry, which I have read in translation. There is not a ray of imagination in it, and but a glimmering of fancy. It is, in fact, so far as I know, deficient in truth. Poetry is something more than good sense, but it must be good sense, at all events; just as a palace is more than a house, but it must be a house, at least. The Arabian Nights' Tales are a different thing—they are delightful, but I cannot help surmising that there is a good deal of Greek fancy in them. No doubt we have had a great loss in the Milesian Tales.<sup>1</sup> The book of Job is pure Arab poetry of the highest and most antique cast.

<sup>1</sup> The Milesiacs were so called, because written or composed by Aristides of Miletus; and also because the scene of all or most of them was placed in that rich and luxurious city. Harpocration cites the sixth book of this collection. Nothing, I believe, is now known of the age or history of this Aristides, except what may be inferred from the fact that Lucius Cornelius Sisenna translated the tales into Latin, as we learn from Ovid:—

Junxit Aristides *Milesia crimina* secum—  
and afterwards,

Vertit Aristidem Sisenna, nec obfuit illi  
Historiæ turpes inseruisse jocos:—

*Trist.* ii. 412-43.

Think of the sublimity, I should rather say the profundity, of that passage in Ezekiel,<sup>1</sup> "Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest." I know nothing like it.

MAY 11, 1830.

*Sir T. Monro.—Sir S. Raffles.—Canning.*

SIR THOMAS MONRO and Sir Stamford Raffles were both great men; but I recognize more genius in the latter, though, I believe, the world says otherwise.

I never found what I call an idea in any speech or writing of ——'s. Those enormously prolix harangues are a proof of weakness in the higher intellectual grasp. Canning had a sense of the beautiful and the good; —— rarely speaks but to abuse, detract, and degrade. I confine myself to institutions, of course, and do not mean personal detraction. In my judgment, no man can rightly apprehend an abuse till he has first mastered the idea of the use of an institution. How fine, for example, is the idea of the unhired magistracy of England, taking in and linking together the duke to the country gentleman in the primary distribution of justice, or in the preservation of order and execution of law at least throughout the country! Yet some men never seem to have thought of it for one moment, but as connected with brewers, and barristers, and tyrannical Squire

and also from the incident mentioned in the *Plutarchian* life of Crassus, that after the defeat at Carrhæ, a copy of the *Milesiads* of Aristides was found in the baggage of a Roman officer, and that Surena (who, by the by, if history has not done him injustice, was not a man to be over scrupulous in such a case) caused the book to be brought into the senate house of Seleucia, and a portion of it read aloud, for the purpose of insulting the Romans, who, even during war, he said, could not abstain from the perusal of such *infamous compositions*,—c. 32. The immoral character of these tales, therefore, may be considered pretty clearly established; they were the *Decameron* and *Heptameron* of antiquity.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Chap. xxxvii. v. 3.—H. N. C.

Westerns! From what I saw of Horner, I thought him a superior man, in real intellectual greatness.

Canning flashed such a light around the constitution, that it was difficult to see the ruins of the fabric through it.

MAY 12, 1830.

*Shakspere.—Milton.—Homer.*

SHAKSPERE is the Spinozistic deity—an omnipresent creativeness. Milton is the deity of prescience; he stands *ab extra*, and drives a fiery chariot and four, making the horses feel the iron curb which holds them in. Shakspere's poetry is characterless; that is, it does not reflect the individual Shakspere; but John Milton himself is in every line of the "Paradise Lost." Shakspere's rhymed verses are excessively condensed,—epigrams with the point everywhere; but in his blank dramatic verse he is diffused, with a linked sweetness long drawn out. No one can understand Shakspere's superiority fully until he has ascertained, by comparison, all that which he possessed in common with several other great dramatists of his age, and has then calculated the surplus which is entirely Shakspere's own. His rhythm is so perfect, that you may be almost sure that you do not understand the real force of a line, if it does not run well as you read it. The necessary mental pause after every hemistich or imperfect line is always equal to the time that would have been taken in reading the complete verse.

I have no doubt whatever that *Homer* is a mere concrete name for the rhapsodies of the "Iliad."<sup>1</sup> Of course there

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge was a decided Wolfian in the Homeric question; but he had never read a word of the famous Prolegomena, and knew nothing of Wolf's reasoning but what I told him of it in conversation. Mr. C. informed me, that he adopted the conclusion contained in the text, upon the first perusal of Vico's "Scienza Nuova;" "not," he said, "that Vico has reasoned it out with such learning and accuracy as you report of Wolf, but Vico struck out all the leading hints, and I soon filled up the rest out of my own head."—H. N. C.

was a Homer, and twenty besides. I will engage to compile twelve books with characters just as distinct and consistent as those in the "Iliad," from the metrical ballads, and other chronicles of England, about Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. I say nothing about moral dignity, but the mere consistency of character. The different qualities were traditional. Tristram is always courteous, Lancelot invincible, and so on. The same might be done with the Spanish romances of the Cid. There is no subjectivity whatever in the Homeric poetry. There is a subjectivity of the poet, as of Milton, who is himself before himself in everything he writes; and there is a subjectivity of the *persona*, or dramatic character, as in all Shakspeare's great creations, Hamlet, Lear, &c.

MAY 14, 1830.

*Reason and Understanding.—Words and Names of Things.*

UNTIL you have mastered the fundamental difference, in kind, between the reason and the understanding as faculties of the human mind, you cannot escape a thousand difficulties in philosophy. It is pre-eminently the *Gradus ad Philosophiam*.

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The general harmony between the operations of the mind and heart, and the words which express them in almost all languages, is wonderful; whilst the endless discrepancies between the names of *things* is very well deserving notice. There are nearly a hundred names in the different German dialects for the alder-tree. I believe many more remarkable instances are to be found in Arabic. Indeed, you may take a very pregnant and useful distinction between *words* and mere arbitrary *names of things*.

MAY 15, 1830.

*The Trinity.—Irving.*

THE Trinity is,—1. the Will; 2. the Reason, or Word; 3. the Love, or Life. As we distinguish these three,

so we must unite them in one God. The union must be as transcendent as the distinction.

Mr. Irving's notion is tritheism,—nay, rather in terms, tri-dæmonism. His opinion about the sinfulness of the humanity of our Lord is absurd, if considered in one point of view; for body is not carcass. How can there be a sinful carcass? But what he says is capable of a sounder interpretation. Irving caught many things from me; but he would never attend to anything which he thought he could not use in the pulpit. I told him the certain consequence would be, that he would fall into grievous errors. Sometimes he has five or six pages together of the purest eloquence, and then an outbreak of almost madman's babble.<sup>1</sup>

MAY 16, 1830.

*Abraham.—Isaac.—Jacob.*

HOW wonderfully beautiful is the delineation of the characters of the three patriarchs in Genesis! To be sure, if ever man could, without impropriety, be called, or supposed to be, "the friend of God," Abraham was that man. We are not surprised that Abimelech and Ephron seem to reverence him so profoundly. He was peaceful, because of his conscious relation to God; in other respects, he takes fire, like an Arab sheikh, at the injuries suffered by Lot, and goes to war with the combined kinglings immediately.

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Isaac is, as it were, a faint shadow of his father Abraham. Born in possession of the power and wealth which his father had acquired, he is always peaceful and meditative; and it is curious to observe his timid and almost childish imitation

<sup>1</sup> The admiration and sympathy which Mr. Coleridge felt and expressed towards the late Mr. Irving, at his first appearance in London, were great and sincere; and his grief at the deplorable change which followed was in proportion. But, long after the tongues shall have failed and been forgotten, Irving's name will live in the splendid eulogies of his friend. See "Church and State," p. 180, n.—H. N. C.

of Abraham's stratagem about his wife.<sup>1</sup> Isaac does it beforehand, and without any apparent necessity.

Jacob is a regular Jew, and practises all sorts of tricks and wiles, which, according to our modern notions of honour, we cannot approve. But you will observe that all these tricks are confined to matters of prudential arrangement, to worldly success and prosperity (for such, in fact, was the essence of the birthright); and I think we must not exact from men of an imperfectly civilized age the same conduct as to mere temporal and bodily abstinence which we have a right to demand from Christians. Jacob is always careful not to commit any violence; he shudders at bloodshed. See his demeanour after the vengeance taken on the Shechemites.<sup>2</sup> He is the exact compound of the timidity and gentleness of Isaac, and of the underhand craftiness of his mother Rebecca. No man could be a bad man who loved as he loved Rachel. I dare say Laban thought none the worse of Jacob for his plan of making the ewes bring forth ring-streaked lambs.

MAY 17, 1830.

*Passion.\*<sup>3</sup>—Cure for Scepticism.\*—William Penn.\*—Love.*

IF a man's conduct cannot be ascribed to the angelic, nor to the bestial within him, what is there left for us to refer it to, but the fiendish? Passion without any appetite is fiendish.

The best way to bring a clever young man, who has become sceptical and unsettled, to reason, is to make him *feel* something in any way. Love, if sincere and unworldly, will, in nine instances out of ten, bring him to a sense and assurance of something real and actual; and that sense alone will make him *think* to a sound purpose, instead of dreaming that he is thinking.

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxvi. 6.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Gen. xxxiv.—H. N. C.

<sup>3</sup> We have substituted "passion" for the editor's heading, "Origin of Acts."



"Never marry but for love," says William Penn in his "Reflexions and Maxims;" "but see that thou lovest what is lovely."

MAY 18, 1830.

*Lord Eldon's Doctrine as to Grammar Schools.—Unpractical Worldlings.\*—Our Past Deeds.—Democracy.*

LORD ELDON'S doctrine, that grammar-schools, in the sense of the reign of Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth, must necessarily mean schools for teaching Latin and Greek, is, I think, founded on an insufficient knowledge of the history and literature of the sixteenth century. Ben Jonson uses the term "grammar" without any reference to the learned languages. —

It is intolerable when men, who have no other knowledge, have not even a competent understanding of that world in which they are always living, and to which they refer everything. —

Although contemporary events obscure past events in a living man's life, yet as soon as he is dead, and his whole life is a matter of history, one action stands out as conspicuously as another. —

A democracy, according to the prescript of pure reason, would, in fact, be a church. There would be focal points in it, but no superior.

MAY 20, 1830.

*The Eucharist.—Baptism.\*—St. John, xix. 11.—Divinity of Christ.—Genuineness of Books of Moses.—Mosaic Prophecies.*

NO doubt, Chrysostom, and the other rhetorical fathers, contributed a good deal, by their rash use of figurative language, to advance the superstitious notion of the eucharist;<sup>1</sup> but the beginning had been much earlier. In

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge made these remarks upon my quoting Selden's well-known saying (Table Talk), "that transubstantiation was nothing but rhetoric turned into logic."—H. N. C

Clement, indeed, the mystery is treated as it was treated by Saint John and Saint Paul; but in Hermas we see the seeds of the error, and more clearly in Irenæus; and so it went on till the idea was changed into an idol.

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The errors of the Sacramentaries, on the one hand, and of the Romanists on the other, are equally great. The first have volatilized the eucharist into a metaphor; the last have condensed it into an idol.

Jeremy Taylor, in his zeal against transubstantiation, contends that the latter part of the sixth chapter of St. John's Gospel has no reference to the eucharist. If so, St. John wholly passes over this sacred mystery; for he does not include it in his notice of the last supper. Would not a total silence of this great apostle and evangelist upon this mystery be strange? A mystery, I say; for it *is* a mystery; it is the only mystery in our religious worship. When many of the disciples left our Lord, and apparently on the very ground that this saying was hard, he does not attempt to detain them by any explanation, but simply adds the comment, that his words were spirit. If he had really meant that the eucharist should be a mere commemorative celebration of his death, is it conceivable that he would let these disciples go away from him upon such a gross misunderstanding? Would he not have said, "You need not make a difficulty; I only mean so and so?"

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Arnauld, and the other learned Romanists, are irresistible against the low sacramentary doctrine.

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The sacrament of baptism applies itself, and has reference to the faith or conviction, and is, therefore, only to be performed once;—it is the light of man. The sacrament of the eucharist is a symbol of *all* our religion;—it is the life of man. It is commensurate with our will, and we must, therefore, want it continually.

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The meaning of the expression, *εἰ μὴ ἦν σοι διδομένον ἄνωθεν*, "except it were given thee *from above*," in the 19th chapter of St. John, ver. 11, seems to me to have been

generally and grossly mistaken. It is commonly understood as importing that Pilate could have no power to deliver Jesus to the Jews, unless it had been given him *by God*, which, no doubt, is true; but if that is the meaning, where is the force or connexion of the following clause, *διὰ τοῦτο*, "*therefore* he that delivered me unto thee hath the greater sin?" In what respect were the Jews more sinful in delivering Jesus up, *because* Pilate could do nothing except by God's leave? The explanation of Erasmus and Clarke, and some others, is very dry-footed. I conceive the meaning of our Lord to have been simply this, that Pilate would have had no power or jurisdiction—*ἐξουσίαν*—over him, if it had not been given by the Sanhedrim, the *ἀνω βουλὴ*, and *therefore* it was that the Jews had the greater sin. There was also this further peculiar baseness and malignity in the conduct of the Jews. The mere assumption of Messiahship, as such, was no crime in the eyes of the Jews; they hated Jesus, because he would not be *their sort* of Messiah: on the other hand, the Romans cared not for his declaration that he was the Son of God; the crime in *their* eyes was his assuming to be a king. Now, here were the Jews accusing Jesus before the Roman governor of *that* which, in the first place, they knew that Jesus denied in the sense in which they urged it, and which, in the next place, had the charge been true, would have been so far from a crime in their eyes, that the very gospel history itself, as well as all the history to the destruction of Jerusalem, shows it would have been popular with the whole nation. They wished to destroy him, and for that purpose charge him falsely with a crime which yet was no crime in their own eyes, if it had been true; but only so as against the Roman domination, which they hated with all their souls, and against which they were themselves continually conspiring!

Observe, I pray, the manner and sense in which the high-priest understands the plain declaration of our Lord, that he was the Son of God.<sup>1</sup> "I adjure thee by the living

<sup>1</sup> Matt. xxvi. v. 63. Mark, xiv. 61.—H. N. C.

God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God," or "the Son of the Blessed," as it is in Mark. Jesus said, "I am,—and hereafter ye shall see the Son of man (or me) sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven." Does Caiaphas take this explicit answer as if Jesus meant that he was full of God's spirit, or was doing his commands, or walking in his ways, in which sense Moses, the prophets, nay, all good men, were and are the sons of God? No, no! He tears his robes in sunder, and cries out, "He hath spoken blasphemy. What further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now ye have heard his blasphemy." What blasphemy, I should like to know, unless the assuming to be the "Son of God" was assuming to be of the *divine nature*?

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One striking proof of the genuineness of the Mosaic books is this,—they contain precise prohibitions—by way of predicting the consequences of disobedience—of all those things which David and Solomon actually did, and gloried in doing,—raising cavalry, making a treaty with Egypt, laying up treasure, and polygamising. Now, would such prohibitions have been fabricated in those kings' reigns, or afterwards? Impossible.

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The manner of the predictions of Moses is very remarkable. He is like a man standing on an eminence, and addressing people below him, and pointing to things which he can, and they cannot, see. He does not say, You will act in such and such a way, and the consequences will be so and so; but, So and so will take place, *because* you will act in such a way!

MAY 21, 1830.

*Talent and Genius.—Motives and Impulses.*

**T**ALENT, lying in the understanding, is often inherited; genius, being the action of reason and imagination, rarely or never.

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Motives imply weakness, and the existence of evil and temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulse alone. A due mean of motive and impulse is the only practicable object of our moral philosophy.

MAY 23, 1830.

*Constitutional and Functional Life.—Hysteria.—Hydrophobia.\*—Hydro Carbonic Gas.—Bitters and Tonics.—Specific Medicines.*

IT is a great error in physiology not to distinguish between what may be called the general or fundamental life—the *principium vitæ*, and the functional life—the life in the functions. Organisation must presuppose life as anterior to it: without life, there could not be or remain any organisation; but then there is also a life in the organs, or functions, distinct from the other. Thus, a flute presupposes,—demands the existence of a musician as anterior to it, without whom no flute could ever have existed; and yet again, without the instrument there can be no music.

It often happens that, on the one hand, the *principium vitæ*, or constitutional life, may be affected without any, or the least imaginable, affection of the functions; as, in inoculation, where one pustule only has appeared, and no other perceptible symptom, and yet this has so entered into the constitution, as to indispose it to infection under the most accumulated and intense contagion, and, on the other hand, hysteria, hydrophobia, and gout, will disorder the functions to the most dreadful degree, and yet often leave the life untouched. In hydrophobia, the mind is quite sound; but the patient feels his muscular and cutaneous life forcibly removed from under the control of his will.

Hysteria may be fitly called *mimosa*, from its counterfeiting so many diseases,—even death itself.

Hydro-carbonic gas produces the most death-like exhaustion, without any previous excitement. I think this

gas should be inhaled by way of experiment in cases of hydrophobia.

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There is a great difference between bitters and tonics. Where weakness proceeds from excess of irritability, there bitters act beneficially; because all bitters are poisons, and operate by stilling, and depressing, and lethargizing the irritability. But where weakness proceeds from the opposite cause of relaxation, there tonics are good; because they brace up and tighten the loosened string. Bracing is a correct metaphor. Bark goes near to be a combination of a bitter and a tonic; but no perfect medical combination of the two properties is yet known.

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The study of specific medicines is too much disregarded now. No doubt the hunting after specifics is a mark of ignorance and weakness in medicine, yet the neglect of them is proof also of immaturity; for, in fact, all medicines will be found specific in the perfection of the science.

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MAY 25, 1830.

*Epistles to the Ephesians and Colossians.—Oaths.*

THE Epistles to the Ephesians is evidently a catholic epistle, addressed to the whole of what might be called St. Paul's diocese. It is one of the divinest compositions of man. It embraces every doctrine of Christianity;—first, those doctrines peculiar to Christianity, and then those precepts common to it with natural religion. The Epistle to the Colossians is the overflowing, as it were, of St. Paul's mind upon the same subject.

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The present system of taking oaths is horrible. It is awfully absurd to make a man invoke God's wrath upon himself, if he speaks false; it is, in my judgment, a sin to do so. The Jews' oath is an adjuration by the judge to the witness: "In the name of God, I ask you." There is an express instance of it in the high-priest's adjuring or exorcising Christ by the living God, in the twenty-sixth chapter

of Matthew, and you will observe that our Lord answered the appeal.<sup>1</sup>

You may depend upon it, the more oath-taking, the more lying, generally among the people.

MAY 27, 1890.

*Flogging.—Eloquence of Abuse.*

I HAD one just flogging. When I was about thirteen, I went to a shoemaker, and begged him to take me as his apprentice. He, being an honest man, immediately brought me to Bowyer,<sup>2</sup> who got into a great rage, knocked me down, and even pushed Crispin rudely out of the room. Bowyer asked me why I had made myself such a fool? to which I answered, that I had a great desire to be a shoemaker, and that I hated the thought of being a clergyman. "Why so?" said he. "Because, to tell you the truth, sir," said I, "I am an infidel!" For this, without more ado, Bowyer flogged me,—wisely, as I think,—soundly, as I know. Any whining or sermonizing would have gratified my vanity, and confirmed me in my absurdity; as it was, I was laughed at, and got heartily ashamed of my folly.

How rich the Aristophanic Greek is in the eloquence of abuse!—

ὦ βδελυρὲ, καὶ αἰσχυντε, καὶ τολμηρὲ σὺ,  
καὶ μαρὲ, καὶ παμμαρὲ, καὶ μαρώτατε.<sup>3</sup>

We are not behindhand in English. Fancy my calling you, upon a fitting occasion,—Fool, sot, silly, simpleton, dunce, blockhead, jolterhead, clumsy-pate, dullard, ninny, nincompoop, lackwit, numskull, ass, owl, loggerhead, coxcomb, monkey, shallow-brain, addlehead, tony, zany, fop, fop-doodle; a maggot-pated, hare-brained, muddle-pated, muddle-headed, Jackanapes! Why, I could go on for a minute more!

<sup>1</sup> See this instance cited, and the whole history and moral policy of the common system of judicial swearing examined with clearness and good feeling, in Mr. Tyler's late work on Oaths.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> The head-master of Christ's Hospital.

<sup>3</sup> In "The Frogs."—H. N. C.

MAY 28, 1830.

*The Americans.—Nationality.\**

I DEEPLY regret the anti-American articles of some of the leading reviews. The Americans regard what is said of them in England a thousand times more than they do anything said of them in any other country. The Americans are excessively pleased with any kind or favourable expressions, and never forgive or forget any slight or abuse. It would be better for them if they were a trifle thicker-skinned.

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The last American war was to us only something to talk or read about; but to the Americans it was the cause of misery in their own homes.

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I, for one, do not call the sod under my feet my country. But language, religion, laws, government, blood,—identity in these makes men of one country.

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MAY 29, 1830.

*Book of Job.*

THE Book of Job is an Arab poem, antecedent to the Mosaic dispensation. It represents the mind of a good man not enlightened by an actual revelation, but seeking about for one. In no other book is the desire and necessity for a Mediator so intensely expressed. The personality of God, the I AM of the Hebrews, is most vividly impressed on the book, in opposition to pantheism.

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I now think, after many doubts, that the passage,<sup>1</sup> "I know that my Redeemer liveth," &c., may fairly be taken as a burst of determination, a *quasi* prophecy. "I know not how this can be; but in spite of all my difficulties, this I do know, that I shall be recompensed."

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It should be observed, that all the imagery in the

<sup>1</sup> Chap. xix. 25, 26.—H. N. C.



speeches of the men is taken from the East, and is no more than a mere representation of the forms of material nature. But when God speaks the tone is exalted, and almost all the images are taken from Egypt, the crocodile, the war-horse, and so forth. Egypt was then the first monarchy that had a splendid court.

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Satan, in the prologue, does not mean the devil, our Diabolus. There is no calumny in his words. He is rather the *circulator*, the accusing spirit, a dramatic attorney-general. But after the prologue, which was necessary to bring the imagination into a proper state for the dialogue, we hear no more of this Satan.

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Warburton's notion, that the Book of Job was of so late a date as Ezra, is wholly groundless. His only reason is this appearance of Satan.

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MAY 30, 1830.

*Translation of the Psalms.*

I WISH the Psalms were translated afresh; or, rather, that the present version were revised. Scores of passages are utterly incoherent as they now stand. If the primary visual images had been oftener preserved, the connection and force of the sentences would have been better perceived.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge, like so many of the elder divines of the Christian church, had an *affectionate* reverence for the moral and evangelical portion of the Book of Psalms. He told me that after having studied every page of the Bible with the deepest attention, he had found no other part of Scripture come home so closely to his inmost yearnings and necessities. During many of his latter years he used to read ten or twelve verses every evening, ascertaining (for his knowledge of Hebrew was enough for that) the exact visual image or first radical meaning of every noun substantive; and he repeatedly expressed to me his surprise and pleasure at finding that in nine cases out of ten the bare primary sense, if literally rendered, threw great additional light on the text. He was not disposed to allow the prophetic or allusive character so largely as is done by Horne and others; but he acknowledged it in some instances in the fullest manner. In particular, he rejected the local and temporary

MAY 31, 1830.

*Ancient Mariner.—Undine.—Martin.—Pilgrim's Progress.*

MRS. BARBAULD once told me that she admired the "Ancient Mariner" very much, but that there were two faults in it,—it was improbable, and had no moral. As for the probability, I owned that that might admit some question; but as to the want of a moral, I told her that in my own judgment the poem had too much; and that the only, or chief fault, if I might say so, was the obtrusion of the moral sentiment so openly on the reader as a principle or cause of action in a work of such pure imagination. It ought to have had no more moral than the "Arabian Nights" tale of the merchant's sitting down to eat dates by the side of a well, and throwing the shells aside, and lo! a genie starts up, and says he *must* kill the aforesaid merchant, *because* one of the date shells had, it seems, put out the eye of the genie's son.<sup>1</sup>

reference which has been given to the 110th Psalm, and declared his belief in its deep mystical import with regard to the Messiah. Mr. C. once gave me the following note upon the 22nd Psalm, written by him, I believe, many years previously, but which, he said, he approved at that time. It will find as appropriate a niche here as anywhere else:—

"I am much delighted and instructed by the hypothesis, which I think probable, that our Lord in repeating *Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani*, really recited the whole or a large part of the 22d Psalm. It is impossible to read that psalm without the liveliest feelings of love, gratitude, and sympathy. It is, indeed, a wonderful prophecy, whatever might or might not have been David's notion when he composed it. Whether Christ did audibly repeat the whole or not, it is certain, I think, that he did it mentally, and said aloud what was sufficient to enable his followers to do the same. Even at this day, to repeat in the same manner but the first line of a common hymn, would be understood as a reference to the whole. Above all, I am thankful for the thought which suggested itself to my mind, whilst I was reading this beautiful psalm, namely, that we should not exclusively think of Christ as the Logos united to human nature, but likewise as a perfect man united to the Logos. This distinction is most important in order to conceive, much more, appropriately to *feel*, the conduct and exertions of Jesus."—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> "There he found, at the foot of a great walnut-tree, a fountain of a very clear running water, and alighting, tied his horse to a branch of a tree, and sitting down by the fountain, took some biscuits and dates out of his portmanteau, and, as he ate his dates, threw the shells about on both sides of him. When he had done eating, being a good Mussulman,

I took the thought of "*grinning for joy*," in that poem, from my companion's remark to me, when we had climbed to the top of Plinlimmon, and were nearly dead with thirst. We could not speak from the constriction, till we found a little puddle under a stone. He said to me,—“You grinned like an idiot!” He had done the same.

“Undine” is a most exquisite work. It shows the general want of any sense for the fine and the subtle in the public taste, that this romance made no deep impression. Undine's character, before she receives a soul, is marvelously beautiful.<sup>1</sup>

he washed his hands, his face, and his feet, and said his prayers. He had not made an end, but was still on his knees, when he saw a genie appear, all white with age, and of a monstrous bulk; who, advancing towards him with a cimeter in his hand, spoke to him in a terrible voice thus.—“Rise up, that I may kill thee with this cimeter as you have killed my son!” and accompanied these words with a frightful cry. The merchant, being as much frightened at the hideous shape of the monster as at these threatening words, answered him trembling:—“Alas! my good lord, of what crime can I be guilty towards you that you should take away my life?” “I will,” replies the genie, “kill thee, as thou hast killed my son!” “O heaven,” says the merchant, “how should I kill your son? I did not know him, nor ever saw him.” “Did not you sit down when you came hither?” replies the genie. “Did not you take dates out of your portmanteau, and as you ate them, did not you throw the shells about on both sides?” “I did all that you say,” answers the merchant, “I cannot deny it.” “If it be so,” replied the genie, “I tell thee that thou hast killed my son; and the way was thus: when you threw the nutshells about, my son was passing by, and you threw one of them into his eye, which killed him, *therefore* I must kill thee.” “Ah! my good lord, pardon me!” cried the merchant. “No pardon,” answers the genie, “no mercy! Is it not just to kill him that has killed another?” “I agree to it,” says the merchant, “but certainly I never killed your son, and if I have, it was unknown to me, and I did it innocently; therefore I beg you to pardon me, and suffer me to live.” “No, no,” says the genie, persisting in his resolution, “I must kill thee, since thou hast killed my son:” and then taking the merchant by the arm, threw him with his face upon the ground, and lifted up his cimeter to cut off his head!”—The Merchant and the Genie. First night.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge's admiration of this little romance was unbounded. He read it several times in German, and once in the English translation, made in America, I believe; the latter he thought inadequately done. Mr. C. said that there was something in “Undine” even beyond Scott, —that Scott's best characters and conceptions were *composed*; by which

It seems to me, that Martin never looks at nature except through bits of stained glass. He is never satisfied with any appearance that is not prodigious. He should endeavour to school his imagination into the apprehension of the true idea of the Beautiful.<sup>1</sup>

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The wood-cut of Slay-good<sup>2</sup> is admirable, to be sure; but this new edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress" is too fine a book for it. It should be much larger, and on sixpenny coarse paper.

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The "Pilgrim's Progress" is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.

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This wonderful work is one of the few books which may be read over repeatedly at different times, and each time with a new and different pleasure. I read it once as a theologian—and let me assure you, that there is great theological acumen in the work—once with devotional

I understood him to mean that Baillie Nicol Jarvie, for example, was made up of old particulars, and received its individuality from the author's power of fusion, being in the result an admirable product, as Corinthian brass was said to be the conflux of the spoils of a city. But "Undine," he said, was one and single in projection, and had presented to his imagination, what Scott had never done, an absolutely new idea.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge said this, after looking at the engravings of Mr. Martin's two pictures of the Valley of the Shadow of Death and the Celestial City, published in the beautiful edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," by Messrs. Murray and Major, in 1830. I wish Mr. Martin could have heard the poet's lecture: he would have been flattered, and at the same time, I believe, instructed; for in the philosophy of painting Coleridge was a master.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> P. 350, by S. Mosses from a design by Mr. W. Harvey. "When they came to the place where he was, they found him with one *Feeble-mind* in his hand, whom his servants had brought unto him, having taken him in the way. Now the giant was rifling him, with a purpose, after that, to pick his bones; for he was of the nature of flesh-eaters."—H. N. C.

feelings—and once as a poet. I could not have believed beforehand that Calvinism could be painted in such exquisitely delightful colours.<sup>1</sup>

JUNE 1, 1830.

*Prayer.—Church-singing.—Hooker.—The Bible.\*—Dreams.*

THERE are three sorts of prayer:—1. Public; 2. Domestic; 3. Solitary. Each has its peculiar uses and character. I think the church ought to publish and authorise a directory of forms for the latter two. Yet I fear the execution would be inadequate. There is a great decay of devotional unction in the numerous books of prayers put out now-a-days. I really think the hawker was very happy, who blundered New Form of Prayer into New *former* Prayers.<sup>2</sup>

I exceedingly regret that our church pays so little

<sup>1</sup> I find written on a blank leaf of my copy of this edition of the P.'s P., the following note by Mr. C.:—"I know of no book, the Bible excepted as above all comparison, which I, according to *my* judgment and experience, could so safely recommend as teaching and enforcing the whole saving truth according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus, as the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is, in my conviction, incomparably the best *summa theologia evangelica* ever produced by a writer not miraculously inspired." June 14, 1830.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> "I will add, at the risk of appearing to dwell too long on religious topics, that on this, my first introduction to Coleridge, he reverted with strong compunction to a sentiment which he had expressed in earlier days upon prayer. In one of his youthful poems, speaking of God, he had said,—

— 'Of whose all-seeing eye  
Aught to demand were impotence of mind.'

This sentiment he now so utterly condemned, that, on the contrary, he told me, as his own peculiar opinion, that the act of praying was the very highest energy of which the human heart was capable, praying, that is, with the total concentration of the faculties; and the great mass of worldly men and of learned men he pronounced absolutely incapable of prayer."—*Tait's Magazine*, September, 1834, p. 515.

Mr. Coleridge within two years of his death very solemnly declared to me his conviction upon the same subject. I was sitting by his bedside one afternoon, and he fell, an unusual thing for him, into a long account of many passages of his past life, lamenting some things, condemning others, but complaining withal, though very gently, of the way in which many of his most innocent acts had been cruelly misrepresented. "But

attention to the subject of congregational singing. See how it is! In that particular part of the public worship in which, more than in all the rest, the common people might, and ought to, join,—which, by its association with music, is meant to give a fitting vent and expression to the emotions,—in that part we all sing as Jews; or, at best, as mere men, in the abstract, without a Saviour. You know my veneration for the Book of Psalms, or most of it; but with some half-dozen exceptions, the Psalms are surely not adequate vehicles of Christian thanksgiving and joy! Upon this deficiency in our service, Wesley and Whitfield seized; and you know it is the hearty congregational singing of Christian hymns which keeps the humbler Methodists together. Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible. In Germany, the hymns are known by heart by every peasant: they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the church praises God, like a Christian, with words which are natural and yet sacred to his mind. No doubt this defect in our service proceeded from the dread which the English Reformers had of being charged with introducing anything into the worship of God but the text of Scripture.

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Hooker said,—That by looking for that in the Bible which it is impossible *any book* can have, we lose the benefits which we might reap from its being the *best* of all books.

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I have no difficulty," said he, "in forgiveness; indeed, I know not how to say with sincerity the clause in the Lord's Prayer, which asks forgiveness *as we forgive*. I feel nothing answering to it in my heart. Neither do I find, or reckon, the most solemn faith in God as a real object, the most arduous act of the reason and will. O no, my dear, it is *to pray*, *to pray* as God would have us; this is what at times makes me turn cold to my soul. Believe me, to pray with all your heart and strength, with the reason and the will, to believe vividly that God will listen to your voice through Christ, and verily do the thing he pleaseth thereupon—this is the last, the greatest achievement of the Christian's warfare upon earth. *Teach us to pray, O Lord!*" And then he burst into a flood of tears, and begged me to pray for him. O what a sight was there!—H. N. C.

The passage from *Tait's Magazine* was written by De Quincey, who formed Coleridge's acquaintance in 1807. The poem alluded to is the one entitled *To Charles Lamb*.

You will observe, that even in dreams nothing is fancied without an antecedent *quasi* cause. It could not be otherwise.

JUNE 4, 1830.

*Jeremy Taylor.—English Reformation.*

TAYLOR'S<sup>1</sup> was a great and lovely mind; yet how much and injuriously was it perverted by his being a favourite and follower of Laud, and by his intensely popish feelings of church authority. His "Liberty of Prophesying" is a work of wonderful eloquence and skill; but if we believe the argument, what do we come to? Why to nothing more or less than this, that—so much can be said for every opinion and sect,—so impossible is it to settle anything by reasoning or authority of Scripture,—we must appeal to some positive jurisdiction on earth, *ut sit finis controversiarum*. In fact, the whole book is the precise argument used by the Papists to induce men to admit the necessity of a supreme and infallible head of the church on earth. It is one of the works which pre-eminently gives countenance to the saying of Charles or James II., I forget which:—"When you of the Church of England contend with the Catholics, you use the arguments of the Puritans; when you contend with the Puritans, you immediately

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge placed Jeremy Taylor amongst the four great geniuses of old English literature. I think he used to reckon Shakspeare and Bacon, Milton and Taylor, four-square, each against each. In mere eloquence, he thought the Bishop without any fellow. He called him Chrysostom. Further, he loved the man, and was anxious to find excuses for some weak parts in his character. But Mr. Coleridge's assent to Taylor's views of many of the fundamental positions of Christianity was very limited; and, indeed, he considered him as the least sound in point of doctrine of any of the old divines, comprehending, within that designation, the writers to the middle of Charles II.'s reign. He speaks of Taylor in "The Friend" in the following terms:—"Among the numerous examples with which I might enforce this warning, I refer, not without reluctance, to the most eloquent, and one of the most learned, of our divines; a rigorist, indeed, concerning the authority of the church, but a latitudinarian in the articles of its faith; who stretched the latter almost to the advanced posts of Socinianism, and strained the former to a hazardous conformity with the assumptions of the Roman hierarchy." Vol. ii. p. 108.—H. N. C.

adopt all the weapons of the Catholics." Taylor never speaks with the slightest symptom of affection or respect of Luther, Calvin, or any other of the great Reformers—at least, not in any of his learned works; but he *saints* every trumpery monk and friar, down to the very latest canonizations by the modern popes. I fear you will think me harsh, when I say that I believe Taylor was, perhaps unconsciously, half a Socinian in heart. Such a strange inconsistency would not be impossible. The Romish Church has produced many such devout Socinians. The cross of Christ is dimly seen in Taylor's works. Compare him in this particular with Donne, and you will feel the difference in a moment. Why are not Donne's volumes of sermons reprinted at Oxford?<sup>1</sup>

In the reign of Edward VI., the Reformers feared to admit almost anything on human authority alone. They had seen and felt the abuses consequent on the popish theory of Christianity; and I doubt not they wished and intended to reconstruct the religion and the church, as far as was possible, upon the plan of the primitive ages. But the Puritans pushed this bias to an absolute bibliolatry. They would not put on a corn-plaster without scraping a text over it. Men of learning, however, soon felt that this was wrong in the other extreme, and indeed united itself to the very abuse it seemed to shun. They saw that a knowledge of the Fathers, and of early tradition, was absolutely necessary; and unhappily, in many instances, the excess of the Puritans drove the men of learning into the old popish extreme of denying the Scriptures to be capable of affording a rule of faith without the dogmas of

<sup>1</sup> Why not, indeed! It is really quite unaccountable that the sermons of this great divine of the English church should be so little known as they are, even to very literary clergymen of the present day. It might have been expected, that the sermons of the greatest preacher of his age, the admired of Ben Jonson, Selden, and all that splendid band of poets and scholars, would even as curiosities have been reprinted, when works, which are curious for nothing, are every year sent forth afresh under the most authoritative auspices. Dr. Donne was educated at both universities, at Hart Hall, Oxford, first, and afterwards at Cambridge, but at what College Walton does not mention.—H. N. C.



the church. Taylor is a striking instance how far a Protestant might be driven in this direction.

JUNE 6, 1830.

*Catholicity.—Gnosis.—Epistle of Barnabas.\*—Epistle to the Hebrews.\*—Tertullian.—St. John.*

IN the first century, catholicity was the test of a book or epistle—whether it were of the Evangelicon or Apostolicon—being canonical. This catholic spirit was opposed to the gnostic or peculiar spirit,—the humour of fantastical interpretation of the old Scriptures into Christian meanings. It is this gnosis, or *knowingness*, which the Apostle says puffeth up,—not *knowledge*, as we translate it. The Epistle of Barnabas, of the genuineness of which I have no sort of doubt, is an example of this gnostic spirit. The Epistle to the Hebrews is the only instance of gnosis in the canon: it was written evidently by some apostolical man<sup>1</sup> before the destruction of the Temple, and probably at Alexandria. For three hundred years, and more, it was not admitted into the canon, especially not by the Latin church, on account of this difference in it from the other Scriptures. But its merit was so great, and the gnosis in it is so kept within due bounds, that its admirers at last succeeded, especially by affixing St. Paul's name to it, to have it included in the canon; which was first done, I think, by the council of Laodicea in the middle of the fourth century. Fortunately for us it was so.

I beg Tertullian's pardon; but amongst his many *bravuras*, he says something about St. Paul's autograph. Origen expressly declares the reverse.

It is delightful to think, that the beloved apostle was born a Plato. To him was left the almost oracular utterance of the mysteries of the Christian religion; <sup>2</sup> while to St. Paul was committed the task of explanation, defence,

<sup>1</sup> See Jan. 6, 1823, where Coleridge agrees with Luther in attributing the Epistle to Apollos.

<sup>2</sup> "The imperative and oracular form of the inspired Scripture is the form of reason itself, in all things purely rational and moral."—*Statesman's Manual*, p. 22.—H. N. C.

and assertion of all the doctrines, and especially of those metaphysical ones touching the will and grace; for which purpose his active mind, his learned education, and his Greek logic, made him pre-eminently fit.

JUNE 7, 1830.

*Principles of a Review.—Party-spirit.—Truth and Error.\**

NOTWITHSTANDING what you say, I am persuaded that a review would amply succeed even now, which should be started upon a published code of principles, critical, moral, political, and religious; which should announce what sort of books it would review, namely, works of *literature* as contradistinguished from all that offspring of the press, which in the present age supplies food for the craving caused by the extended ability of reading without any correspondent education of the mind, and which formerly was done by conversation, and which should really give a fair account of what the author *intended* to do, and in his own words, if possible, and in addition, afford one or two fair specimens of the execution,—itself never descending for one moment to any personality. It should also be provided before the commencement with a dozen powerful articles upon fundamental topics to appear in succession. You see the great reviewers are now ashamed of reviewing works in the old style, and have taken up essay writing instead. Hence arose such publications as the “Literary Gazette” and others, which are set up for the purpose—not a useless one—of advertising new books of all sorts for the circulating libraries. A mean between the two extremes still remains to be taken.<sup>1</sup>

Party men always hate a slightly differing friend more than a downright enemy. I quite calculate on my being one day or other holden in worse repute by many Christians than the Unitarians and open infidels. It must be undergone by every one who loves the truth for its own sake beyond all other things.

<sup>1</sup> The 1st Ed. adds here:—“I profoundly revere Blanco White; his Doblado’s Letters are exquisite; but his Review . . . &c. &c.”

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.

JUNE 10, 1830.

*Southey's Life of Bunyan.—Laud.—Puritans and Cavaliers.—Presbyterians, Independents, and Bishops.*

SOUTHEY'S *Life of Bunyan* is beautiful. I wish he had illustrated that mood of mind which exaggerates, and still more, mistakes, the inward depravation, as in *Bunyan*, *Nelson*, and others, by extracts from *Baxter's Life of himself*. What genuine superstition is exemplified in that bandying of texts and half-texts, and demi-semi-texts, just as memory happened to suggest them, or chance brought them before *Bunyan's* mind! His tract, entitled, "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners,"<sup>1</sup> is a study for a philosopher. Is it not, however, an historical error to call the Puritans dissenters? Before *St. Bartholomew's-day*, they were essentially a part of the church, and had as determined opinions in favour of a church establishment as the bishops themselves.

Laud was not exactly a Papist, to be sure; but he was on the road with the church with him to a point where declared popery would have been inevitable. A wise and vigorous Papist king would very soon, and very justifiably too, in that case, have effected a reconciliation between the churches of Rome and England, when the line of demarcation had become so very faint.

The faults of the Puritans were many; but surely their morality will, in general, bear comparison with that of the Cavaliers after the Restoration.

The Presbyterians hated the Independents much more than they did the bishops, which induced them to co-operate in effecting the Restoration.

<sup>1</sup> "Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners, in a faithful Account of the Life and Death of John Bunyan," &c.—H. N. C.

The conduct of the bishops towards Charles, whilst at Breda, was wise and constitutional. They knew, however, that when the forms of the constitution were once restored, all their power would revive again as of course.

JUNE 14, 1830.

*Study of the Bible.*

INTENSE study of the Bible will keep any writer from being *vulgar*, in point of style.

JUNE 15, 1830.

*Rabelais.—Swift.—Bentley.—Burnet.*

RABELAIS is a most wonderful writer. Pantagruel is the Reason; Panurge the Understanding,—the polarded man, the man with every faculty except the reason. I scarcely know an example more illustrative of the distinction between the two. Rabelais had no mode of speaking the truth in those days but in such a form as this; as it was, he was indebted to the King's protection for his life. Some of the commentators talk about his book being all political; there are contemporary politics in it, of course, but the real scope is much higher and more philosophical. It is in vain to look about for a hidden meaning in all that he has written; you will observe that, after any particularly deep thrust, as the Papimania,<sup>1</sup> for example, Rabelais, as if to break the blow, and to appear unconscious of what he has done, writes a chapter or two of pure buffoonery. He, every now and then, flashes you a glimpse of a real face from his magic lantern, and then buries the whole scene in mist. The morality of the work is of the most refined and exalted kind; as for the manners, to be sure, I cannot say much.

Swift was *anima Rabelaisii habitans in sicco*,—the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.

<sup>1</sup> B. iv. c. 48. "Comment Pantagruel descendit en l'Isle de Papi-manes." See the five following chapters, especially c. 50; and note also c. 9 of the fifth book; "Comment nous fut monstré Papegaut à grande difficulté."—H. N. C.

Yet Swift was rare. Can anything beat his remark on King William's motto,—*Recepit, non rapuit*,—"that the receiver was as bad as the thief?"

The effect of the Tory wits attacking Bentley with such acrimony has been to make them appear a set of shallow and incompetent scholars. Neither Bentley nor Burnet suffered from the hostility of the wits. Burnet's "History of his own Times" is a truly valuable book. His credulity is great, but his simplicity is equally great; and he never deceives you for a moment.

JUNE 25, 1830.

*Giotto.—Painting.—Raffael.\**

THE fresco paintings by Giotto<sup>1</sup> and others, in the cemetery at Pisa, are most noble. Giotto was a contemporary of Dante: and it is a curious question, whether the painters borrowed from the poet, or *vice versâ*. Certainly M. Angelo and Raffael fed their imaginations highly with these grand drawings, especially M. Angelo, who took from them his bold yet graceful lines.

People may say what they please about the gradual improvement of the Arts. It is not true of the substance. The Arts and the Muses both spring forth in the youth of nations, like Minerva from the front of Jupiter, all armed: manual dexterity may, indeed, be improved by practice.

<sup>1</sup> Giotto, or Angiolotto's birth is fixed by Vasari in 1276, but there is some reason to think that he was born a little earlier. Dante, who was his friend, was born in 1265. Giotto was the pupil of Cimabue, whom he entirely eclipsed, as Dante testifies in the well-known lines in the "Purgatorio:"—

"O vana gloria dell' umane posse !  
Com' poco verde in sù la cima dura,  
Se non è giunta dall' etati grosse !  
Credette Cimabue nella pintura  
Tener lo campo: ed ora ha Giotto il grido,  
Si che la fama di colui oscura."—C. xi. v. 91.

His six great frescoes in the cemetery at Pisa are upon the sufferings and patience of Job.—H. N. C.

Painting went on in power till, in Raffael, it attained the zenith, and in him too it showed signs of a tendency downwards by another path. The painter began to think of overcoming difficulties. After this the descent was rapid, till sculptors began to work inveterate likenesses of perriwigs in marble,—as see Algarotti's tomb in the cemetery at Pisa,—and painters did nothing but copy, as well as they could, the external face of nature. Now, in this age, we have a sort of reviviscence,—not, I fear, of the power, but of a taste for the power, of the early times.<sup>1</sup>

JUNE 26, 1830.

*Seneca.*

YOU may get a motto for every sect in religion, or line of thought in morals or philosophy, from Seneca; but nothing is ever thought *out* by him.

JULY 2, 1830.

*Plato.—Aristotle.*

EVERY man is born an Aristotelian, or a Platonist. I do not think it possible that any one born an Aristotelian can become a Platonist; and I am sure no born Platonist can ever change into an Aristotelian. They are the two classes of men, beside which it is next to impossible to conceive a third. The one considers reason a quality, or attribute; the other considers it a power. I believe that Aristotle never could get to understand what Plato meant by an idea. There is a passage, indeed, in the Eudemian Ethics which looks like an exception; but I doubt not of its being spurious, as that whole work is supposed by some to be. With Plato ideas are constitutive in themselves.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Compare the notes of July 24, 1831.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Coleridge said the Eudemian Ethics; but I half suspect he must have meant the Metaphysics, although I do not know that *all* the fourteen books under that title have been considered non-genuine. The *Ἠθικά Εὐδημεία* are not Aristotle's. To what passage in particular allusion is here made, I cannot exactly say; many might be alleged,

Aristotle was, and still is, the sovereign lord of the understanding; the faculty judging by the senses. He was a conceptualist, and never could raise himself into that higher state, which was natural to Plato, and has been so to others, in which the understanding is distinctly contemplated, and, as it were, looked down upon from the throne of actual ideas, or living, inborn, essential truths.

Yet what a mind was Aristotle's—only not the greatest that ever animated the human form!—the parent of science, properly so called, the master of criticism, and the founder or editor of logic! But he confounded science with philosophy, which is an error. Philosophy is the middle state between science, or knowledge, and sophia, or wisdom.

JULY 4, 1830.

*Duke of Wellington.—Moneyed Interest.—Canning.*

**I** SOMETIMES fear the Duke of Wellington is too much disposed to imagine, that he can govern a great nation by word of command, in the same way in which he governed a highly disciplined army. He seems to be unaccustomed to, and to despise, the inconsistencies, the weaknesses, the bursts of heroism followed by prostration and cowardice, which invariably characterize all popular efforts. He forgets that, after all, it is from such efforts that all the great and noble institutions of the world have come; and that, on the other hand, the discipline and organization of armies have been only like the flight of the cannon-ball, the object of which is destruction.<sup>1</sup>

but not one seems to express the true Platonic idea, as Mr. Coleridge used to understand it; and as, I believe, he ultimately considered ideas in his own philosophy. Fourteen or fifteen years previously, he seems to have been undecided upon this point. "Whether," he says, "ideas are regulative only, according to Aristotle and Kant, or likewise *constitutive*, and one with the power and life of nature, according to Plato and Plotinus (*—ἐν λόγῳ ζωὴ ἦν, καὶ ἡ ζωὴ ἦν το φῶς τῶν ἀνθρώπων—*), is the highest problem of philosophy, and not part of its nomenclature." Essay (E) in the Appendix to the "Statesman's Manual," 1816.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> "Straight forward goes  
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path

The stock-jobbing and moneyed interest is so strong in this country, that it has more than once prevailed in our foreign councils over national honour and national justice. The country gentlemen are not slow to join in this influence. Canning felt this very keenly, and said he was unable to contend against the city trained-bands.

JULY 6, 1830.

*Bourrienne.—Buonaparte and Charlemagne.\**

**B**OURRIENNE is admirable. He is the French Pepys, —a man with right feelings, but always wishing to participate in what is going on, be it what it may. He has one remark, when comparing Buonaparte with Charlemagne, the substance of which I have attempted to express in "The Friend,"<sup>1</sup> but which Bourrienne has condensed into a sentence worthy of Tacitus, or Machiavel, or Bacon. It is this; that Charlemagne was above his age, whilst Buonaparte was only above his competitors, but under his age! Bourrienne has done more than any one else to show Buonaparte to the world as he really was,—always contemptible, except when acting a part, and that part not his own.

JULY 8, 1830.

*Jews.*

**T**HE other day I was what you would call *floored* by a Jew. He passed me several times crying out for old clothes in the most nasal and extraordinary tone I ever heard. At last I was so provoked, that I said to him, "Pray, why can't you say 'old clothes' in a plain way as I do now?" The Jew stopped, and looking very gravely at me, said in a clear and even fine accent, "Sir, I can say 'old clothes' as well as you can; but if you had to say so

Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,  
Shattering that it may reach, and shattering what it reaches."

*Wallenstein*, Part I. act i. sc. 4.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. i. Essay 12, p. 133.—H. N. C.



ten times a minute, for an hour together, you would say *Ogh Clo* as I do now;" and so he marched off. I was so confounded with the justice of his retort, that I followed and gave him a shilling, the only one I had.

I have had a good deal to do with Jews in the course of my life, although I never borrowed any money of them. Once I sat in a coach opposite a Jew—a symbol of old clothes' bags—an Isaiah of Holywell Street. He would close the window; I opened it. He closed it again; upon which, in a very solemn tone, I said to him, "Son of Abraham! thou smelllest; son of Isaac! thou art offensive; son of Jacob! thou stinkest foully. See the man in the moon! he is holding his nose at thee at that distance; dost thou think that I, sitting here, can endure it any longer?" My Jew was astounded, opened the window forthwith himself, and said, "he was sorry he did not know before I was so great a gentleman."

JULY 24, 1830.

*The Papacy and the Reformation.—Leo X.*

DURING the early part of the middle ages, the papacy was nothing, in fact, but a confederation of the learned men in the west of Europe against the barbarism and ignorance of the times. The Pope was chief of this confederacy; and so long as he retained that character exclusively, his power was just and irresistible. It was the principal mean of preserving for us and for our posterity all that we now have of the illumination of past ages. But as soon as the Pope made a separation between his character as premier clerk in Christendom and as a secular prince; as soon as he began to squabble for towns and castles, then he at once broke the charm, and gave birth to a revolution. From that moment, those who remained firm to the cause of truth and knowledge became necessary enemies to the Roman See. The great British schoolmen led the way; then Wicliffe rose, Huss, Jerome, and others; in short, everywhere, but especially throughout the north of Europe, the breach of feeling and sympathy went on

widening,—so that all Germany, England, Scotland, and other countries, started like giants out of their sleep at the first blast of Luther's trumpet. In France, one half of the people—and that the most wealthy and enlightened—embraced the Reformation. The seeds of it were deeply and widely spread in Spain and in Italy; and as to the latter, if James I. had been an Elizabeth, I have no doubt at all that Venice would have publicly declared itself against Rome. It is a profound question to answer, why it is, that since the middle of the sixteenth century the Reformation has not advanced one step in Europe.

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In the time of Leo X. atheism, or infidelity of some sort, was almost universal in Italy amongst the high dignitaries of the Romish church.

JULY 26, 1830.

*Thelwall.—Swift.—Stella.*

JOHN THELWALL had something very good about him. We were once sitting in a beautiful recess in the Quantocks, when I said to him, "Citizen John, this is a fine place to talk treason in!"—"Nay! Citizen Samuel," replied he, "it is rather a place to make a man forget that there is any necessity for treason!"

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Thelwall thought it very unfair to influence a child's mind by inculcating any opinions before it should have come to years of discretion, and be able to choose for itself. I showed him my garden, and told him it was my botanical garden. "How so?" said he, "it is covered with weeds."—"Oh," I replied, "*that* is only because it has not yet come to its age of discretion and choice. The weeds, you see, have taken the liberty to grow, and I thought it unfair in me to prejudice the soil towards roses and strawberries."

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I think Swift adopted the name of Stella, which is a man's name, with a feminine termination, to denote the mysterious epicene relation in which poor Miss Johnston stood to him.

JULY 28, 1830.

*Iniquitous Legislation.*

THAT legislation is iniquitous which sets law in conflict with the common and unsophisticated feelings of our nature. If I were a clergyman in a smuggling town, I would *not* preach against smuggling. I would not be made a sort of clerical revenue officer. Let the government, which by absurd duties fosters smuggling, prevent it itself, if it can. How could I show my hearers the immorality of going twenty miles in a boat, and honestly buying with their money a keg of brandy, except by a long deduction which they could not understand? But were I in a place where wrecking went on, see if I would preach on anything else!

JULY 29, 1830.

*Spurzheim and Craniology.*

SPURZHEIM is a good man, and I like him; but he is dense, and the most ignorant German I ever knew. If he had been content with stating certain remarkable coincidences between the moral qualities and the configuration of the skull, it would have been well; but when he began to map out the cranium dogmatically, he fell into infinite absurdities. You know that every intellectual act, however you may distinguish it by name in respect of the originating faculties, is truly the act of the entire man; the notion of distinct material organs, therefore, in the brain itself, is plainly absurd. Pressed by this, Spurzheim has, at length, been guilty of some sheer quackery; and ventures to say that he has actually discovered a different material in the different parts or organs of the brain, so that he can tell a piece of benevolence from a bit of destructiveness, and so forth. Observe, also, that it is constantly found, that so far from there being a concavity in the interior surface of the cranium answering to the convexity apparent on the exterior—the interior is convex too. Dr. Baillie thought there was something in the system, because the notion of the brain being an extendible net helped

to explain those cases where the intellect remained after the solid substance of the brain was dissolved in water.<sup>1</sup>

That a greater or less development of the forepart of the head is generally coincident with more or less of reasoning power, is certain. The line across the forehead, also, denoting musical power, is very common.

AUGUST 20, 1830.

*French Revolution, 1830.—Captain B. Hall and the Americans.—The King's Person.\**

THE French must have greatly improved under the influence of a free and regular government (for such it, in general, has been since the restoration), to have conducted themselves with so much moderation in success as they seem to have done, and to be disposed to do.

I must say I cannot see much in Captain B. Hall's account of the Americans, but weaknesses—some of which make me like the Yankees all the better. How much more amiable is the American fidgettiness and anxiety about the opinion of other nations, and especially of the English, than the John Bullism which affects to despise the sentiments of the rest of the world.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The very marked, *positive* as well as comparative, magnitude and prominence of the bump, entitled *benevolence* (see Spurzheim's *map of the human skull*) on the head of the late Mr. John Thurtell, has wonderfully unsettled the faith of many ardent phrenologists, and strengthened the previous doubts of a still greater number into utter disbelief. On my mind this fact (for a *fact* it is) produced the directly contrary effect; and inclined me to suspect, for the first time, that there may be some truth in the Spurzheimian scheme. Whether future craniologists may not see cause to *re-name* this and one or two others of these convex gnomons, is quite a different question. At present, and according to the present use of words, any such change would be premature; and we must be content to say, that Mr. Thurtell's benevolence was insufficiently modified by the unprotrusive and unindicated convolutes of the brain, that secrete honesty and common sense. The organ of destructiveness was indirectly *potentiated* by the absence or imperfect development of the glands of reason and conscience in this '*unfortunate gentleman*.'"—*Aids to Reflection*, p. 143, n.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> "There exists in England a *gentlemanly* character, a *gentlemanly*

As to what Captain Hall says about the English loyalty to the person of the King—I can only say, I feel none of it. I respect the man while, and only while, the king is translucent through him: I reverence the glass case for the Saint's sake within; except for that, it is to me mere glazier's work,—putty, and glass, and wood.

SEPTEMBER 8, 1830.

*English Reformation.*

THE fatal error into which the peculiar character of the English Reformation threw our church, has borne bitter fruit ever since,—I mean that of its clinging to court and state, instead of cultivating the people. The church ought to be a mediator between the people and the government, between the poor and the rich. As it is, I fear the church has let the hearts of the common people be stolen from it. See how differently the Church of Rome—wiser in its generation—has always acted in this particular. For a long time past the Church of England seems to me to

feeling, very different even from that which is the most like it,—the character of a well-born Spaniard; and unexampled in the rest of Europe. This feeling *originated* in the fortunate circumstance, that the titles of our English nobility follow the law of their property, and are inherited by the eldest sons only. From this source, under the influences of our constitution and of our astonishing trade, it has diffused itself in different modifications through the whole country. The uniformity of our dress among all classes above that of the day labourer, while it has authorized all ranks to assume the appearance of gentlemen, has at the same time inspired the wish to conform their manners, and still more their ordinary actions in social intercourse, to their notions of the gentlemanly; the most commonly received attribute of which character is a certain generosity in trifles. On the other hand, the encroachments of the lower classes on the higher, occasioned and favoured by this resemblance in exteriors, by this absence of any cognizable marks of distinction, have rendered each class more reserved and jealous in their general communion; and, far more than our climate or natural temper, have caused that haughtiness and reserve in our outward demeanour, which is so generally complained of among foreigners. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of this gentlemanly feeling: I respect it under all its forms and varieties, from the House of Commons<sup>1</sup> to the gentleman in the one-shilling gal-

<sup>1</sup> This was written long before the Reform Act.—H. N. C.

have been blighted with prudence, as it is called. I wish with all my heart we had a little zealous imprudence.

SEPTEMBER 19, 1830.

*Democracy—Idea of a State.—Church.*

IT has never yet been seen, or clearly announced, that democracy, as such, is no proper element in the constitution of a state. The idea of a state is undoubtedly a government *ἐκ τῶν ἀρίστων*—an aristocracy. Democracy is the healthful life-blood which circulates through the veins and arteries, which supports the system, but which ought never to appear externally, and as the mere blood itself.

A state, in idea, is the opposite of a church. A state regards classes, and not individuals; and it estimates classes, not by internal merit, but external accidents, as property, birth, &c. But a church does the reverse of this, and disregards all external accidents, and looks at men as individual persons, allowing no gradation of ranks, but such as greater or less wisdom, learning, and holiness ought to confer. A church is, therefore, in idea, the only pure democracy.<sup>1</sup> The church, so considered, and the state, ex-

lery. It is always the ornament of virtue, and oftentimes a support; but it is a wretched substitute for it. Its *worth*, as a moral good, is by no means in proportion to its *value* as a social advantage. These observations are not irrelevant: for to the want of reflection that this diffusion of gentlemanly feeling among us is not the growth of our moral excellence, but the effect of various accidental advantages peculiar to England; to our not considering that it is unreasonable and uncharitable to expect the same consequences, where the same causes have not existed to produce them; and lastly, to our proneness to regard the absence of this character (which, as I have before said, does, for the greater part, and in the common apprehension, consist in a certain frankness and generosity in the detail of action) as decisive against the sum total of personal or national worth; we must, I am convinced, attribute a large portion of that conduct, which in many instances has left the inhabitants of countries conquered or appropriated by Great Britain doubtful whether the various solid advantages which they have derived from our protection and just government were not bought dearly by the wounds inflicted on their feelings and prejudices, by the contemptuous and insolent demeanour of the English, as individuals."—*Friend*, vol. iii. p. 322.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> See Dec. 28, 1831.

clusively of the church, constitute together the idea of a state in its largest sense.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1830.

*Government.—French Gend'armerie.*

ALL temporal government must rest on a compromise of interests and abstract rights. Who would listen to the county of Bedford, if it were to declare itself disannexed from the British empire, and to set up for itself?

The most desirable thing that can happen to France, with her immense army of gend'armes, is, that the service may at first become very irksome to the men themselves, and ultimately, by not being called into real service, fall into general ridicule, like our trained bands. The evil in France, and throughout Europe, seems now especially to be, the subordination of the legislative power to the direct physical force of the people. The French legislature was weak enough before the late revolution; now it is absolutely powerless, and manifestly depends even for its existence on the will of a popular commander of an irresistible army. There is now in France a daily tendency to reduce the legislative body to a mere deputation from the provinces and towns.

SEPTEMBER 21, 1830.

*Philosophy of Young Men at the Present Day.*

I DO not know whether I deceive myself, but it seems to me that the young men, who were my contemporaries, fixed certain principles in their minds, and followed them out to their legitimate consequences, in a way which I rarely witness now. No one seems to have any distinct convictions, right or wrong; the mind is completely at sea, rolling and pitching on the waves of facts and personal experiences. Mr. — is, I suppose, one of the rising young men of the day; yet he went on talking, the other evening, and making remarks with great earnestness, some of which were palpably irreconcilable with each other. He told me

that facts gave birth to, and were the absolute ground of, principles; to which I said, that unless he had a principle of selection, he would not have taken notice of those facts upon which he grounded his principle. You must have a lantern in your hand to give light, otherwise all the materials in the world are useless, for you cannot find them; and if you could, you could not arrange them. "But then," said Mr. —, "*that* principle of selection came from facts!"—"To be sure!" I replied; "but there must have been again an antecedent light to see those antecedent facts. The relapse may be carried in imagination backwards for ever,—but go back as you may, you cannot come to a man without a previous aim or principle." He then asked me what I had to say to Bacon's induction: I told him I had a good deal to say, if need were; but that it was perhaps enough for the occasion to remark, that what he was evidently taking for the Baconian induction was mere *deduction*—a very different thing.<sup>1</sup>

SEPTEMBER 22, 1830.

*Thucydides and Tacitus.—Poetry.—Modern Metre.—Lamb.\**

THE object of Thucydides was to show the ills resulting to Greece from the separation and conflict of the spirits or elements of democracy and oligarchy. The object of Tacitus was to demonstrate the desperate consequences of the loss of liberty on the minds and hearts of men.

A poet ought not to pick nature's pocket; let him borrow, and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection: and trust more to your imagination than to your memory.

Really the metre of some of the modern poems I have read, bears about the same relation to metre properly under-

<sup>1</sup> As far as I can judge, the most complete and masterly thing ever done by Mr. Coleridge in prose, is the analysis and reconciliation of the Platonic and Baconian methods of philosophy, contained in the third volume of the "*Friend*," from p. 176 to 216. No edition of the "*Novum Organum*" should ever be published without a transcript of it.—H. N. C



stood, that dumb bells do to music; both are for exercise, and pretty severe too, I think.

Nothing ever left a stain on that gentle creature's mind, which looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution. All things are shadows to him, except those which move his affections.<sup>1</sup>

SEPTEMBER 23, 1830.

*Logic.—Rhetoric.\*—Grammar.\**

THERE are two kinds of logic: 1. Syllogistic. 2. Criterional. How any one can by any spinning make out more than ten or a dozen pages about the first, is inconceivable to me; all those absurd forms of syllogisms are one half pure sophisms, and the other half mere forms of rhetoric.

All syllogistic logic is—1. *Seclusion*; 2. *Inclusion*; 3. *Conclusion*; which answer to the understanding, the experience, and the reason. The first says, this *ought* to be; the second adds, this *is*; and the last pronounces, this *must* be so. The criterional logic, or logic of premisses, is, of course, much the most important; and it has never yet been treated.

The object of rhetoric is persuasion,—of logic, conviction,—of grammar, significancy. A fourth term is wanting, the rhematic, or logic of sentences.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1830.

*Varro.—Socrates.—Greek Philosophy.—Plotinus.—Tertullian.*

WHAT a loss we have had in Varro's mythological and critical works! It is said that the works of Epicurus are probably amongst the Herculanean manuscripts. I do not feel much interest about them, because, by the consent

<sup>1</sup> We have ventured to surmise that this paragraph refers to Charles Lamb,—“the gentle-hearted Charles,” as Coleridge calls him in his poem, “This Lime-tree Bower my Prison.”

of all antiquity, Lucretius has preserved a complete view of his system. But I regret the loss of the works of the old Stoics, Zeno and others, exceedingly.

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Socrates, as such, was only a poetical character to Plato, who worked upon his own ground. The several disciples of Socrates caught some particular points from him, and made systems of philosophy upon them according to their own views. Socrates himself had no system.

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I hold all claims set up for Egypt having given birth to the Greek philosophy, to be groundless. It sprang up in Greece itself, and began with physics only. Then it took in the idea of a living cause, and made pantheism out of the two. Socrates introduced ethics, and taught duties; and then, finally, Plato asserted or re-asserted the idea of a God the maker of the world. The measure of human philosophy was thus full, when Christianity came to add what before was wanting—assurance. After this again, the Neo-Platonists joined theurgy with philosophy, which ultimately degenerated into magic and mere mysticism.

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Plotinus was a man of wonderful ability, and some of the sublimest passages I ever read are in his works.

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I was amused the other day with reading in Tertullian, that spirits or demons dilate and contract themselves, and wriggle about like worms—*lumbricis similes*.

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SEPTEMBER 26, 1830.

*Scotch and English Lakes.—Devon.\**

THE five finest things in Scotland are—1. Edinburgh; 2. The antechamber of the Fall of Foyers; 3. The view of Loch Lomond from Inch Tavannach, the highest of the islands; 4. The Trosachs; 5. The view of the Hebrides from a point, the name of which I forget. But the intervals between the fine things in Scotland are very dreary;—whereas in Cumberland and Westmoreland there is a cabinet of beauties,—each thing being beautiful in

itself, and the very passage from one lake, mountain, or valley, to another, is itself a beautiful thing again. The Scotch lakes are so like one another, from their great size, that in a picture you are obliged to read their names; but the English lakes, especially Derwent Water, or rather the whole vale of Keswick, is<sup>1</sup> so rememberable, that, after having been once seen, no one ever requires to be told what it is when drawn. This vale is about as large a basin as Loch Lomond; the latter is covered with water; but in the former instance, we have two lakes, with a charming river to connect them, and lovely villages at the foot of the mountain, and other habitations, which give an air of life and cheerfulness to the whole place.

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The land imagery of the north of Devon is most delightful.

SEPTEMBER 27, 1830.

*Love and Friendship opposed.—Luther.\*—Marriage.—Characterlessness of Women.*

A PERSON once said to me, that he could make nothing of love, except that it was friendship accidentally combined with desire. Whence I concluded that he had never been in love. For what shall we say of the feeling<sup>2</sup> which a man of sensibility has towards his wife with her baby at her breast! How pure from sensual desire! yet how different from friendship!

Sympathy constitutes friendship; but in love there is a sort of antipathy, or opposing passion. Each strives to be the other, and both together make up one whole.

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<sup>1</sup> The construction becomes slightly involved here.

<sup>2</sup> Compare notes of June 24, 1827, and Coleridge's sonnet,—“To a Friend who asked how I felt when the nurse first presented my infant to me:”—

—“When I saw it on its mother's arm,  
And hanging at her bosom, . . .  
. . . For the mother's sake the child was dear,  
And dearer was the mother for the child.”

Luther has sketched the most beautiful picture of the nature, and ends, and duties of the wedded life I ever read. St. Paul says it is a great symbol, not mystery, as we translate it.<sup>1</sup>

“Most women have no character at all,” said Pope,<sup>2</sup> and meant it for satire. Shakspeare, who knew man and woman much better, saw that it, in fact, was the perfection of woman to be characterless. Every one wishes a Desdemona or Ophelia for a wife,—creatures who, though they may not always understand you, do always feel you, and feel with you.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1830.

*Mental Anarchy.*

WHY need we talk of a fiery hell? If the will, which is the law of our nature, were withdrawn from our memory, fancy, understanding, and reason, no other hell could equal, for a spiritual being, what we should then feel, from the anarchy of our powers. It would be conscious madness—a horrid thought!

OCTOBER 5, 1830.

*Politics.\*—Ear and Taste for Music Different.—English Liturgy.—  
Walking Advertisements.\*—Belgian Revolution.*

IN politics, what begins in fear usually ends in folly.

An ear for music is a very different thing from a taste for music. I have no ear whatever; I could not sing an air to save my life; but I have the intensest delight in

<sup>1</sup> Καὶ ἔσονται οἱ δύο εἰς σάρκα μίαν. τὸ μυστήριον τοῦτο μέγα ἐστίν· ἐγὼ δὲ λέγω εἰς Χριστὸν καὶ εἰς τὴν ἐκκλησίαν. Ephes., c. v. 31, 32.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> “Nothing so true as what you once let fall—

‘Most women have no character at all,’—

Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,

And best distinguish’d by black, brown, and fair.”

*Epist. to a Lady*, v. 1.—H. N. C.

music, and can detect good from bad. Naldi, a good fellow, remarked to me once at a concert, that I did not seem much interested with a piece of Rossini's which had just been performed. I said, it sounded to me like nonsense verses. But I could scarcely contain myself when a thing of Beethoven's followed.

I never distinctly felt the heavenly superiority of the prayers in the English liturgy, till I had attended some kirks in the country parts of Scotland.

I call these strings of school boys or girls which we meet near London—walking advertisements.

The Brussels riot—I cannot bring myself to dignify it with a higher name—is a wretched parody on the last French revolution. Were I King William, I would banish the Belgians, as Coriolanus banishes the Romans in *Shakspere*.<sup>1</sup> It is a wicked rebellion, without one just cause.

OCTOBER 8, 1830.

*Galileo, Newton, Kepler, Bacon.—Observation and Experiment.\**

GALILEO was a great genius, and so was Newton; but it would take two or three Galileos and Newtons to make one Kepler.<sup>2</sup> It is in the order of Providence, that the inventive, generative, constitutive mind—the Kepler—should come first; and then that the patient and collective mind—the Newton—should follow, and elaborate the pregnant queries and illumining guesses of the former. The laws of the planetary system are, in fact, due to Kepler. There is not a more glorious achievement of scientific

<sup>1</sup> "You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate  
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize  
As the dead carcases of unburied men  
That do corrupt my air, I banish you;  
And here remain *with your uncertainty!*"

Act iii. sc. 3.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Galileo Galilei was born at Pisa, on the 15th of February, 1564. John Kepler was born at Weil, in the duchy of Wirtemberg, on the 21st of December, 1571.—H. N. C.

genius upon record, than Kepler's guesses, prophecies, and ultimate apprehension of the law<sup>1</sup> of the mean distances of the planets as connected with the periods of their revolutions round the sun. Gravitation, too, he had fully conceived; but, because it seemed inconsistent with some received observations on light, he gave it up, in allegiance, as he says, to Nature. Yet the idea vexed and haunted his mind; "*Vexat me et lacessit*," are his words, I believe.

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We praise Newton's clearness and steadiness. He *was* clear and steady, no doubt, whilst working out, by the help of an admirable geometry, the idea brought forth by another. Newton had his ether, and could not rest in—he could not conceive—the idea of a law. He thought it a physical thing after all. As for his chronology, I believe those who are most competent to judge, rely on it less and less every day. His lucubrations on Daniel and the Revelations seem to me little less than mere raving.

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Personal experiment is necessary, in order to correct our own observation of the experiments which Nature herself makes for us—I mean, the phenomena of the universe. But then observation is, in turn, wanted to direct and substantiate the course of experiment. Experiments alone cannot advance knowledge, without observation; they amuse for a time, and then pass off the scene and leave no trace behind them.

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Bacon, when like himself—for no man was ever more inconsistent—says, *Prudens quæstio—dimidium scientiæ est.*"

OCTOBER 20, 1830.

*The Reformation.*

AT the Reformation, the first reformers were beset with an almost morbid anxiety not to be considered heretical in point of doctrine. They knew that the Romanists were

<sup>1</sup> Namely, that the squares of their times vary as the cubes of their distances.—H. N. C.

on the watch to fasten the brand of heresy upon them whenever a fair pretext could be found; and I have no doubt it was the excess of this fear which at once led to the burning of Servetus, and also to the thanks offered by all the Protestant Churches, to Calvin and the Church of Geneva, for burning him.

NOVEMBER 21, 1830.

*House of Commons.*

— never makes a figure in quietude. He astounds the vulgar with a certain enormity of exertion; he takes an acre of canvass, on which he scrawls everything. He thinks aloud; everything in his mind, good, bad, or indifferent, out it comes; he is like the Newgate gutter, flowing with garbage, dead dogs, and mud. He is pre-eminently a man of many thoughts, with no ideas: hence he is always so lengthy, because he must go through everything to see anything.

It is a melancholy thing to live when there is no vision in the land. Where are our statesmen to meet this emergency? I see no reformer who asks himself the question, *What is it that I propose to myself to effect in the result?*

Is the House of Commons to be re-constructed on the principle of a representation of interests, or of a delegation of men? If on the former, we may, perhaps, see our way; if on the latter, you can never, in reason, stop short of universal suffrage; and in that case, I am sure that women have as good a right to vote as men.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In Mr. Coleridge's masterly analysis and confutation of the physiocratic system of the early French revolutionists, in the "Friend," he has the following passage in the nature of a *reductio ad absurdum*. "Rousseau, indeed, asserts that there is an inalienable sovereignty inherent in every human being possessed of reason; and from this the framers of the Constitution of 1791 deduce, that the people itself is its own sole rightful legislator, and at most dare only recede so far from its right as to delegate to chosen deputies the power of representing and declaring the general will. But this is wholly without proof; for it has been already fully shown, that, according to the principle out of which this consequence is attempted to be drawn, it is not the actual man, but the

MARCH 20, 1831.

*Government.—Earl Grey.*

GOVERNMENT is not founded on property, taken merely as such, in the abstract; it is founded on *unequal* property; the inequality is an essential term in the position. The phrases—higher, middle, and lower classes, with reference to this point of representation—are delusive; no such divisions as classes actually exist in society. There is an indissoluble blending and interfusion of persons from top to bottom; and no man can trace a line of separation through them, except such a confessedly un-

abstract reason alone, that is the sovereign and rightful lawgiver. The confusion of two things so different is so gross an error, that the Constituent Assembly could scarce proceed a step in their declaration of rights, without some glaring inconsistency. Children are excluded from all political power; are they not human beings in whom the faculty of reason resides? Yes! but in *them* the faculty is not yet adequately developed. But are not gross ignorance, inveterate superstition, and the habitual tyranny of passion and sensuality, equally preventives of the development, equally impediments to the rightful exercise, of the reason, as childhood and early youth? Who would not rely on the judgment of a well-educated English lad, bred in a virtuous and enlightened family, in preference to that of a brutal Russian, who believes that he can scourge his wooden idol into good humour, or attributes to himself the merit of perpetual prayer, when he has fastened the petitions, which his priest has written for him, on the wings of a windmill? Again: women are likewise excluded; a full half, and that assuredly the most innocent, the most amiable half, of the whole human race is excluded, and this too by a Constitution which boasts to have no other foundations but those of universal reason! Is reason, then, an affair of sex? No! but women are commonly in a state of *dependence*, and are not likely to exercise their reason with freedom. Well! and does not this ground of exclusion apply with equal or greater force to the poor, to the infirm, to men in embarrassed circumstances, to all, in short, whose maintenance, be it scanty, or be it ample, depends on the will of others? How far are we to go? Where must we stop? What classes should we admit? Whom must we disfranchise? The objects concerning whom we are to determine these questions, are all human beings, and differenced from each other by *degrees* only, these degrees, too, oftentimes changing. Yet the principle on which the whole system rests, is that reason is not susceptible of degree. Nothing, therefore, which subsists wholly in degrees, the changes of which do not obey any necessary law, can be the object of pure science, or determinable by mere reason." Vol. i. p. 341.—H. N. C.



meaning and unjustifiable line of political empiricism as £10 householders. I cannot discover a ray of principle in the government plan,—not a hint of the effect of the change upon the balance of the estates of the realm,—not a remark on the nature of the constitution of England, and the character of the property of so many millions of its inhabitants. Half the wealth of this country is purely artificial,—existing only in and on the credit given to it by the integrity and honesty of the nation. This property appears, in many instances, a heavy burthen to the numerical majority of the people; and they believe that it causes all their distress: and they are now to have the maintenance of this property committed to their good faith—the lamb to the wolves!

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Necker, you remember, asked the people to come and help him against the aristocracy. The people came fast enough at his bidding; but, somehow or other, they would not go away again when they had done their work. I hope Lord Grey will not see himself or his friends in the woeful case of the conjuror, who, with infinite zeal and pains, called up the devils to do something for him. They came at the word, thronging about him, grinning, and howling, and dancing, and whisking their long tails in diabolic glee; but when they asked him what he wanted of them, the poor wretch, frightened out of his wits, could only stammer forth,—“I pray you, my friends, be gone down again!” At which the devils, with one voice, replied,—

“Yes! yes! we’ll go down! we’ll go down!  
But we’ll take *you* with us to swim or to drown!”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge must have been thinking of that “very pithy and profitable” ballad by the Laureate, wherein is shown how a young man “would read unlawful books, and how he was punished:”—

“The *young* man, he began to read  
He knew not what, but he would proceed,  
When there was heard a sound at the door,  
Which as he read on grew more and more.

“And more and more the knocking grew,  
The young man knew not what to do:  
But trembling in fear he sat within,  
*Till the door was broke, and the devil came in.*”

JUNE 25, 1931.

*Government.—Popular Representation.—Newspapers.\**

THE three great ends which a statesman ought to propose to himself in the government of a nation are,—  
1. Security to possessors; 2. Facility to acquirers; and, 3. Hope to all.

A nation is the unity of a people. King and Parliament are the unity made visible. The King and the Peers are as integral portions of this manifested unity as the Commons.<sup>1</sup>

In that imperfect state of society in which our system of representation began, the interests of the country were pretty exactly commensurate with its municipal divisions. The counties, the towns, and the seaports, accurately enough represented the only interests then existing; that

“ ‘What would'st thou with me?’ the wicked one cried;  
But not a word the young man replied;  
Every hair on his head was standing upright,  
And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright.

“ ‘What would'st thou with me?’ cried the author of ill;  
But the wretched young man was silent still,” &c.

The catastrophe is very terrible, and the moral, though addressed by the poet to young men only, is quite as applicable to old men, as the times show.

“Henceforth let all young men take heed  
How in a conjuror's books they read!”

*Southey's Minor Poems*, vol. iii. p. 92.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge was very fond of quoting George Withers's fine lines:—

“Let not your king and parliament in *one*,  
Much less apart, mistake themselves for that  
Which is most worthy to be thought upon:  
Nor think *they* are, essentially, *THE STATE*.  
Let them not fancy that th' authority  
And privileges upon them bestowed,  
Conferr'd are to set up a majesty,  
A power, or a glory, of their own!  
But let them know, 'twas for a deeper life,  
Which they but *represent*—  
That there's on earth a yet auguster thing,  
Veil'd though it be, than parliament and king!”

—H. N. C.

is to say,—the landed, the shop-keeping or manufacturing, and the mercantile. But for a century past, at least, this division has become notoriously imperfect, some of the most vital interests of the empire being now totally unconnected with any English localities. Yet now, when the evil and the want are known, we are to abandon the accommodations which the necessity of the case had worked out for itself, and begin again with a rigidly territorial plan of representation! The miserable tendency of all is to destroy our nationality, which consists, in a principal degree, in our representative government, and to convert it into a degrading delegation of the populace. There is no unity for a people but in a representation of national interests; a delegation from the passions or wishes of the individuals themselves is a rope of sand.

Undoubtedly it is a great evil, that there should be such an evident discrepancy between the law and the practice of the constitution in the matter of the representation. Such a direct, yet clandestine, contravention of solemn resolutions and established laws is immoral, and greatly injurious to the cause of legal loyalty and general subordination in the minds of the people. But then a statesman should consider that these very contraventions of law in practice point out to him the places in the body politic which need a remodelling of the law. You acknowledge a certain necessity for indirect representation in the present day, and that such representation has been instinctively obtained by means contrary to law; why then do you not approximate the useless law to the useful practice, instead of abandoning both law and practice for a completely new system of your own?

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The malignant duplicity and unprincipled tergiversations of the specific Whig newspapers are to me detestable. I prefer the open endeavours of those publications which seek to destroy the church, and introduce a republic in effect: there is a sort of honesty in *that* which I approve, though I would with joy lay down my life to save my country from the consummation which is so evidently desired by that section of the periodical press.

JUNE 26, 1831.

*Napier.—Buonaparte.—Southey.*

I HAVE been exceedingly impressed with the evil precedent of Colonel Napier's "History of the Peninsular War." It is a specimen of the true French military school; not a thought for the justice of the war,—not a consideration of the damnable and damning iniquity of the French invasion. All is looked at as a mere game of exquisite skill, and the praise is regularly awarded to the most successful player. How perfectly ridiculous is the prostration of Napier's mind, apparently a powerful one, before the name of Buonaparte! I declare I know no book more likely to undermine the national sense of right and wrong in matters of foreign interference than this work of Napier's.

If A. has a hundred means of doing a certain thing, and B. has only one or two, is it very wonderful, or does it argue very transcendent superiority, if A. surpasses B.? Buonaparte was the child of circumstances, which he neither originated nor controlled. He had no chance of preserving his power but by continual warfare. No thought of a wise tranquillisation of the shaken elements of France seems ever to have passed through his mind; and I believe that at no part of his reign could he have survived one year's continued peace. He never had but one obstacle to contend with—physical force; commonly the least difficult enemy a general, subject to courts-martial and courts of conscience, has to overcome.

Southey's History<sup>1</sup> is on the right side, and starts from the right point; but he is personally fond of the Spaniards, and in bringing forward their nationality in the prominent manner it deserves, he does not, in my judgment, state with sufficient clearness the truth, that the nationality of the Spaniards was not founded on any just ground of good government or wise laws, but was, in fact, very little more than a rooted antipathy to all strangers as such. In this

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge said that the conclusion of this great work was the finest specimen of historic eulogy he had ever read in English; that it was more than a campaign to the duke's fame.—H. N. C.

sense everything is national in Spain. Even their so-called Catholic religion is exclusively national in a genuine Spaniard's mind; he does not regard the religious professions of the Frenchman or Italian at all in the same light with his own.

JULY 7, 1831.

*Patronage of the Fine Arts.—Old Women.*

THE darkest despotisms on the Continent have done more for the growth and elevation of the fine arts than the English government. A great musical composer in Germany and Italy is a great man in society, and a real dignity and rank are universally conceded to him. So it is with a sculptor, or painter, or architect. Without this sort of encouragement and patronage such arts as music and painting will never come into great eminence. In this country there is no general reverence for the fine arts; and the sordid spirit of a money-amassing philosophy would meet any proposition for the fostering of art, in a genial and extended sense, with the commercial maxim,—*Laissez faire*. Paganini, indeed, will make a fortune, because he can actually sell the tones of his fiddle at so much a scrape; but Mozart himself might have languished in a garret for anything that would have been done for him here.

There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided:—1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.

JULY 24, 1831.

*Pictures.<sup>1</sup>*

OBSERVE the remarkable difference between Claude and Teniers in their power of painting vacant space.

<sup>1</sup> All the following remarks in this section were made at the exhibition of ancient masters at the British Gallery in Pall Mall. The recollection of those two hours has made the rooms of that Institution a melancholy place for me. Mr. Coleridge was in high spirits, and seemed

Claude makes his whole landscape a *plenum*: the air is quite as substantial as any other part of the scene. Hence there are no true distances, and everything presses at once and equally upon the eye. There is something close and almost suffocating in the atmosphere of some of Claude's sunsets. Never did any one paint air, the thin air, the absolutely apparent vacancy between object and object, so admirably as Teniers. That picture of the Archers<sup>1</sup> exemplifies this excellence. See the distances between those ugly louts! how perfectly true to the fact!

But oh! what a wonderful picture is that "Triumph of Silenus!"<sup>1</sup> It is the very revelry of hell. Every evil passion is there that could in any way be forced into juxtaposition with joyance. Mark the lust, and, hard by, the hate. Every part is pregnant with libidinous nature without one spark of the grace of Heaven. The animal is triumphing—not over, but—in the absence, in the non-

to kindle in his mind at the contemplation of the splendid pictures before him. He did not examine them all by the catalogue, but anchored himself before some three or four great works, telling me that he saw the rest of the Gallery *potentially*. I can yet distinctly recall him, half leaning on his old simple stick, and his hat off in one hand, whilst with the fingers of the other he went on, as was his constant wont, figuring in the air a commentary of small diagrams, wherewith, as he fancied, he could translate to the eye those relations of form and space which his words might fail to convey with clearness to the ear. His admiration for Rubens showed itself in a sort of joy and brotherly fondness; he looked as if he would shake hands with his pictures. What the company, which by degrees formed itself round this silver-haired, bright-eyed, music-breathing old man, took him for, I cannot guess; there was probably not one there who knew him to be that Ancient Mariner, who held people with his glittering eye, and constrained them, like three years' children, to hear his tale. In the midst of his speech, he turned to the right hand, where stood a very lovely young woman, whose attention he had involuntarily arrested; to her, without apparently any consciousness of her being a stranger to him, he addressed many remarks, although I must acknowledge they were couched in a somewhat softer tone, as if he were soliciting her sympathy. He was, verily, a gentle-hearted man at all times; but I never was in company with him in my life, when the entry of a woman, it mattered not who, did not provoke a dim gush of emotion, which passed like an infant's breath over the mirror of his intellect.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> "Figures shooting at a Target," belonging, I believe, to Lord Bandon.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> This belongs to Sir Robert Peel.—H. N. C.

existence, of the spiritual part of man. I could fancy that Rubens had seen in a vision—

“All the souls that damned be  
Leap up at once in anarchy,  
Clap their hands and dance for glee!”

That landscape<sup>1</sup> on the other side is only less magnificent than dear<sup>2</sup> Sir George Beaumont's, now in the National Gallery. It has the same charm. Rubens does not take for his subjects grand or novel conformations of objects; he has, you see, no precipices, no forests, no frowning castles,—nothing that a poet would take at all times, and a painter take in these times. No; he gets some little ponds, old tumble-down cottages, that ruinous château, two or three peasants, a hay-rick, and other such humble images, which looked at in and by themselves convey no pleasure and excite no surprise; but he—and he Peter Paul Rubens alone—handles these every-day ingredients of all common landscapes as they are handled in nature; he throws them into a vast and magnificent whole, consisting of heaven and earth and all things therein. He extracts the latent poetry out of these common objects,—that poetry and harmony which every man of genius perceives in the face of nature, and which many men of no genius are taught to perceive and feel after examining such a picture as this. In other landscape painters the scene is confined and as it were imprisoned;—in Rubens the landscape dies a natural death; it fades away into the apparent infinity of space.

So long as Rubens confines himself to space and outward figure—to the mere animal man with animal passions—he is, I may say, a god amongst painters. His satyrs, Silenuses, lions, tigers, and dogs, are almost godlike; but the moment he attempts anything involving or presuming the spiritual, his gods and goddesses, his nymphs and heroes, become beasts, absolute, unmitigated beasts.

The Italian masters differ from the Dutch in this—that

<sup>1</sup> “Landscape with setting Sun,”—Lord Farnborough's picture—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Sir George Beaumont resided for some time with Coleridge at Greta Hall, Keswick.

in their pictures ages are perfectly ideal. The infant that Raffael's Madonna holds in her arms cannot be guessed of any particular age; it is Humanity in infancy. The babe in the manger in a Dutch painting is a fac-simile of some real new-born bantling; it is just like the little rabbits we fathers have all seen with some dismay at first burst.

Carlo Dolce's representations of our Saviour are pretty, to be sure; but they are too smooth to please me. His Christs are always in sugar-candy.

That is a very odd and funny picture of the Connoisseurs at Rome,<sup>1</sup> by Reynolds.

The more I see of modern pictures, the more I am convinced that the ancient art of painting is gone,<sup>2</sup> and something substituted for it,—very pleasing, but different, and different in kind and not in degree only. Portraits by the old masters,—take for example the pock-fritten lady by Cuyp,<sup>3</sup>—are pictures of men and women: they fill, not merely occupy, a space; they represent individuals, but individuals as types of a species. Modern portraits—a few by Jackson and Owen, perhaps, excepted—give you not the man, not the inward humanity, but merely the external mark, that in which Tom is different from Bill. There is something affected and meretricious in the "Snake in the Grass,"<sup>4</sup> and such pictures, by Reynolds.

JULY 25, 1831.

*Chillingworth.*—Hooker.\*—*Superstition of Maltese, Sicilians, and Italians.*

IT is now twenty years since I read Chillingworth's book;<sup>5</sup> but certainly it seemed to me that his main position,

<sup>1</sup> "Portraits of distinguished Connoisseurs painted at Rome,"—belonging to Lord Burlington.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Compare the notes of June 25, 1830.

<sup>3</sup> I almost forget, but have some recollection that the allusion is to Mr. Henage Finch's picture of a Lady with a Fan.—H. N. C.

<sup>4</sup> Sir Robert Peel's.—H. N. C.

<sup>5</sup> "The Religion of Protestants a safe Way to Salvation; or, an



that the mere text of the Bible is the sole and exclusive ground of Christian faith and practice, is quite untenable against the Romanists. It entirely destroys the conditions of a church, of an authority residing in a religious community, and all that holy sense of brotherhood which is so sublime and consolatory to a meditative Christian. Had I been a Papist, I should not have wished for a more vanquishable opponent in controversy. I certainly believe Chillingworth to have been in some sense a Socinian. Lord Falkland, his friend, said so in substance. I do not deny his skill in dialectics; he was more than a match for Knott<sup>1</sup> to be sure.

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I must be bold enough to say, that I do not think that even Hooker puts the idea of a church on the true foundation.

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The superstition of the peasantry and lower orders generally in Malta, Sicily, and Italy exceeds common belief. It is unlike the superstition of Spain, which is a jealous fanaticism, having reference to the catholicism, and always glancing on heresy. The popular superstition of Italy is the offspring of the climate, the old associations,

Answer to a Booke entitled 'Mercy and Truth; or, Charity maintained by Catholicks,' which pretends to prove the contrary."—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Socinianism, or some inclination that way, is an old and clinging charge against Chillingworth. On the one hand, it is well known that he subscribed the articles of the Church of England, in the usual form, on the 20th of July, 1638; and on the other, it is equally certain that within two years immediately previous, he wrote the letter to some unnamed correspondent, beginning with "Dear Harry," and printed in all the Lives of Chillingworth, in which letter he sums up his arguments upon the Arian doctrine in this passage:—"In a word, whosoever shall freely and impartially consider of this thing, and how on the other side the ancient fathers' weapons against the Arrians are in a manner only places of Scripture (and these now for the most part discarded as importunate and unconcluding), and how in the argument drawne from the authority of the ancient fathers, they are almost always defendants, and scarce ever opponents, *he shall not choose but confesse, or at least be very inclinable to beleieve, that the doctrine of Arrius is eyther a truth, or at least no damnable heresy.*" The truth is, however, that the Socinianism of Chillingworth, such as it may have been, had more reference to the doctrine of the redemption of man than of the being of God.

Edward Knott's real name was Matthias Wilson.—H. N. C.

the manners, and the very names of the places. It is pure paganism, undisturbed by any anxiety about orthodoxy, or animosity against heretics. Hence, it is much more good-natured and pleasing to a traveller's feelings, and certainly not a whit less like the true religion of our dear Lord than the gloomy idolatry of the Spaniards.

I well remember, when in Valetta in 1805, asking a boy who waited on me, what a certain procession, then passing, was, and his answering with great quickness, that it was Jesus Christ, *who lives here (sta di casa qui)*, and when he comes out, it is in the shape of a wafer. But "Eccellenza," said he, smiling and correcting himself, "non è Cristiano."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The following anecdote related by Mr. Coleridge, in April, 1811, was preserved and communicated to me by Mr. Justice Coleridge:—

"As I was descending from Mount *Ætna* with a very lively talkative guide, we passed through a village (I think called) Nicolozzi, when the host happened to be passing through the street. Everyone was prostrate; my guide became so; and, not to be singular, I went down also. After resuming our journey, I observed in my guide an unusual seriousness and long silence, which, after many *hums* and *hahs*, was interrupted by a low bow, and leave requested to ask a question. This was of course granted, and the ensuing dialogue took place. Guide. "Signor, are you then a Christian?" Coleridge. "I hope so." G. "What! are all Englishmen Christians?" C. "I hope and trust they are." G. "What! are you not Turks? Are you not damned eternally?" C. "I trust not, through Christ." G. "What! you believe in Christ then?" C. "Certainly." This answer produced another long silence. At length my guide again spoke, still doubting the grand point of my Christianity. G. "I'm thinking, Signor, what is the difference between you and us, that you are to be certainly damned?" C. "Nothing very material; nothing that can prevent our both going to heaven, I hope. We believe in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." G. (interrupting me) "Oh those damned priests! what liars they are! But (pausing) we can't do without them; we can't go to heaven without them. But tell me, Signor, what *are* the differences?" C. "Why, for instance, we do not worship the Virgin." G. "And why not, Signor?" C. "Because, though holy and pure, we think her still a woman, and, therefore, do not pay her the honour due to God." G. "But do you not worship Jesus, who sits on the right hand of God?" C. "We do." G. "Then why not worship the Virgin, who sits on the left?" C. I did not know she did. If you can show it me in the Scriptures, I shall readily agree to worship her." "Oh," said my man, with uncommon triumph, and cracking his fingers, "Sicuro, signor! sicuro, Signor!"—H. N. C.

JULY 30, 1831.

*Asgill.—The French.*

ASGILL was an extraordinary man, and his pamphlet<sup>1</sup> is invaluable. He undertook to prove that man is literally immortal; or, rather, that any given living man might probably never die. He complains of the cowardly practice of dying. He was expelled from two Houses of Commons for blasphemy and atheism, as was pretended;—really I suspect because he was a staunch Hanoverian. I expected to find the ravings of an enthusiast, or the sullen snarlings of an infidel; whereas I found the very soul of Swift—an intense half self-deceived humorism. I scarcely remember elsewhere such uncommon skill in logic, such lawyer-like acuteness, and yet such a grasp of common sense. Each of his paragraphs is in itself a whole, and yet a link between the preceding and following; so that the entire series forms one argument, and yet each is a diamond in itself.

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Was there ever such a miserable scene as that of the exhibition of the Austrian standards in the French house of peers the other day?<sup>2</sup> Every other nation but the French would see that it was an exhibition of their own

<sup>1</sup> "An argument proving, that, according to the covenant of eternal life, revealed in the Scriptures, man may be translated from hence, without passing through death, although the human nature of Christ himself could not be thus translated, till he had passed through death." Asgill died in the year 1738, in the King's Bench prison, where he had been a prisoner for debt thirty years.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> When the allies were in Paris in 1815, all the Austrian standards were reclaimed. The answer was that they had been burnt by the soldiers at the Hôtel des Invalides. This was untrue. The Marquis de Semonville confessed with pride that he, knowing of the fraud, had concealed these standards, taken from Mack at Ulm in 1805, in a vault under the Luxemburg palace. "An inviolable asylum," said the Marquis in his speech to the peers, "formed in the vault of this hall, has protected this treasure from every search. Vainly, during this long space of time, have the most authoritative researches endeavoured to penetrate the secret. It would have been culpable to reveal it, as long as we were liable to the demands of haughty foreigners. No one in this atmosphere of honour is capable of so great a weakness," &c.—H. N. C.

falsehood and cowardice. A man swears that the property intrusted to him is burnt, and then, when he is no longer afraid, produces it, and boasts of the atmosphere of "honour," through which the lie did not transpire.

Frenchmen are like grains of gunpowder,—each by itself smutty and contemptible, but mass them together and they are terrible indeed.

AUGUST 1, 1831.

*Mixed Nature of Man.\*—St. Simonism.\**

AS there is much beast and some devil in man; so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.

I will defy any one to answer the arguments of a St. Simonist, except on the ground of Christianity—its precepts and its assurances.

AUGUST 6, 1831.

*The Good and the True.—Romish Religion.*

THERE is the love of the good for the good's sake, and the love of the truth for the truth's sake. I have known many, especially women, love the good for the good's sake; but very few, indeed, and scarcely one woman, love the truth for the truth's sake. Yet without the latter, the former may become, as it has a thousand times been, the source of persecution of the truth,—the pretext and motive of inquisitorial cruelty and party zealotry. To see clearly that the love of the good and the true is<sup>1</sup> ultimately identical—is given only to those who love both sincerely and without any foreign ends.

Look through the whole history of countries professing the Romish religion, and you will uniformly find the leaven of this besetting and accursed principle of action—that the end will sanction any means.

<sup>1</sup> Read "are," in default of a more lucid construction.

AUGUST 8, 1831.

*England and Holland.*

THE conduct of this country to King William of Holland has been, in my judgment, base and unprincipled beyond anything in our history since the times of Charles the Second. Certainly, Holland is one of the most important allies that England has; and we are doing our utmost to subject it, and Portugal, to French influence, or even dominion! Upon my word, the English people, at this moment, are like a man palsied in every part of his body but one, in which one part he is so morbidly sensitive that he cannot bear to have it so much as breathed upon, whilst you may pinch him with a hot forceps elsewhere without his taking any notice of it.

AUGUST 8,<sup>1</sup> 1831.*Iron.—Galvanism.—Heat.*

IRON is the most ductile of all hard metals, and the hardest of all ductile metals. With the exception of nickel, in which it is dimly seen, iron is the only metal in which the magnetic power is visible. Indeed, it is almost impossible to purify nickel of iron.

Galvanism is the union of electricity and magnetism, and, by being continuous, it exhibits an image of life;—I say, an image only: it is life in death.

Heat is the mesothesis or indifference of light and matter.

AUGUST 14, 1831.

*National Colonial Character, and Naval Discipline.*

THE character of most nations in their colonial dependencies is in an inverse ratio of excellence to their character at home. The best people in the mother-country will generally be the worst in the colonies; the worst at home will be the best abroad. Or, perhaps, I may state it

<sup>1</sup> This 8, though in all the editions, is probably an error.

less offensively thus:—The colonists of a well-governed country will degenerate; those of an ill-governed country will improve. I am now considering the natural tendency of such colonists if left to themselves; of course, a direct act of the legislature of the mother-country will break in upon this. Where this tendency is exemplified, the cause is obvious. In countries well governed and happily conditioned, none, or very few, but those who are desperate through vice or folly, or who are mere trading adventurers, will be willing to leave their homes and settle in another hemisphere; and of those who do go, the best and worthiest are always striving to acquire the means of leaving the colony, and of returning to their native land. In ill-governed and ill-conditioned countries, on the contrary, the most respectable of the people are willing and anxious to emigrate for the chance of greater security and enlarged freedom: and if they succeed in obtaining these blessings in almost any degree, they have little inducement, on the average, to wish to abandon their second and better country. Hence, in the former case, the colonists consider themselves as mere strangers, sojourners, birds of passage, and shift to live from hand to mouth, with little regard to lasting improvement of the place of their temporary commerce; whilst, in the latter case, men feel attached to a community to which they are individually indebted for otherwise unattainable benefits, and for the most part learn to regard it as their abode, and to make themselves as happy and comfortable in it as possible. I believe that the internal condition and character of the English and French West India islands of the last century amply verified this distinction; the Dutch colonists most certainly did, and have always done.

Analogous to this, though not founded on precisely the same principle, is the fact that the severest naval discipline is always found in the ships of the freest nations, and the most lax discipline in the ships of the most oppressed. Hence, the naval discipline of the Americans is the sharpest; then that of the English;<sup>1</sup> then that of the French (I

<sup>1</sup> This expression needs explanation. It looks as if Mr. Coleridge

speak as it used to be) : and on board a Spanish ship, there is no discipline at all.

At Genoa, the word "Liberty" is, or used to be, engraved on the chains of the galley-slaves, and the doors of the dungeons.

rated the degree of liberty enjoyed by the English *after* that of the citizens of the United States; but he meant no such thing. His meaning was, that the form of government of the latter was more democratic, and formally assigned more power to each individual. The Americans, as a nation, had no better friend in England than Coleridge; he contemplated their growth with interest, and prophesied highly of their destiny, whether under their present or other governments. But he well knew their besetting faults and their peculiar difficulties, and was most deliberately of opinion that the English had, for 130 years last past, possessed a measure of individual freedom and social dignity which had never been equalled, much less surpassed, in any other country ancient or modern. There is a passage in Mr. Coleridge's latest publication ("Church and State"), which clearly expresses his opinion upon this subject:—"It has been frequently and truly observed that in England, where the ground-plan, the skeleton, as it were, of the government is a monarchy, at once buttressed and limited by the aristocracy (the assertions of its popular character finding a better support in the harangues and theories of popular men, than in state documents, and the records of clear history), a far greater degree of liberty is, and long has been, enjoyed, than ever existed in the ostensibly freest, that is, most democratic, commonwealths of ancient or modern times; greater, indeed, and with a more decisive predominance of the spirit of freedom, than the wisest and most philanthropic statesmen of antiquity, or than the great commonwealth's men,—the stars of that narrow interspace of blue sky between the black clouds of the first and second Charles's reigns—believed compatible, the one with the safety of the state, the other with the interests of morality. Yes! for little less than a century and a-half, Englishmen have, collectively and individually, lived and acted with fewer restraints on their free agency, than the citizens of any known republic, past or present." (p. 120.) Upon which he subjoins the following note:—"It will be thought, perhaps, that the United States of North America should have been excepted. But the identity of stock, language, customs, manners, and laws scarcely allows us to consider this an exception, even though it were quite certain both that it is and that it will continue such. It was at all events a remark worth remembering, which I once heard from a traveller (a prejudiced one, I must admit), that where every man may take liberties, there is little liberty for any man; or, that where every man takes liberties, no man can enjoy any." (p. 121.) See also a passage to the like effect in the "Friend," vol. i. p. 129.—H. N. C.

AUGUST 15, 1831.

*England.—Holland and Belgium.*

I CANNOT contain my indignation at the conduct of our government towards Holland. They have undoubtedly forgotten the true and well-recognised policy of this country in regard to Portugal in permitting the war faction in France to take possession of the Tagus, and to bully the Portuguese upon so flimsy—indeed, false, a pretext;<sup>1</sup> yet, in this instance, something may be said for them. Miguel is such a wretch, that I acknowledge a sort of morality in leaving him to be cuffed and insulted; though, of course, this is a poor answer to a statesman who alleges the interest and policy of the country. But, as to the Dutch and King William: the first, as a nation, the most ancient ally, the *alter idem* of England, the best deserving of the cause of freedom and religion and morality of any people in Europe; and the second, the very best sovereign now in Christendom, with, perhaps, the single exception of the excellent King of Sweden;<sup>2</sup>—was ever anything so mean and cowardly as the behaviour of England! The Five Powers have, throughout this conference, been actuated exclusively by a selfish desire to preserve peace—I should rather say, to smother war—at the expense of a most valuable but inferior power. They have over and over again acknowledged the justice of the Dutch claims, and the absurdity of the Belgian pretences; but as the Belgians were also as impudent as they were iniquitous,—as they would not yield *their* point, why then—that peace may be preserved—the Dutch must yield theirs! A foreign prince comes into Belgium, pending these negotiations, and takes an unqualified oath to maintain the Belgian demands:—

<sup>1</sup> Meaning, principally, the whipping, so richly deserved, inflicted on a Frenchman called Bonhomme, for committing a disgusting breach of common decency in the cathedral of Coimbra, during divine service in Passion Week.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> "Everything that I have heard or read of this sovereign has contributed to the impression on my mind, that he is a good and a wise man, and worthy to be the king of a virtuous people, the purest specimen of the Gothic race."—*Church and State*, p. 125, n.—H. N. C.



what could King William or the Dutch do, if they ever thereafter meant to call themselves independent, but resist and resent this outrage to the uttermost? It was a crisis in which every consideration of state became inferior to the strong sense and duty of national honour. When, indeed, the French appear in the field, King William retires. "I now see," he may say, "that the powers of Europe are determined to abet the Belgians. The justice of such a proceeding I leave to their conscience and the decision of history. It is now no longer a question whether I am tamely to submit to rebels and an usurper; it is no longer a quarrel between Holland and Belgium: it is an alliance of all Europe against Holland,—in which case I yield. I have no desire to sacrifice my people."

When Leopold said that he was called to "*reign over* four millions of noble Belgians," I thought the phrase would have been more germane to the matter if he had said that he was called to "*rein in* four million restive asses."

AUGUST 20, 1831.

*Greatest Happiness Principle.—Hobbism.—Conscience.\**

O. P. Q. in the "Morning Chronicle" is a clever fellow. He is for the greatest possible happiness for the greatest possible number, and for the longest possible time! So am I; so are you, and every one of us, I will venture to say, round the tea-table. First, however, what does O. P. Q. mean by the word *happiness*? and, secondly, how does he propose to make other persons agree in *his* definition of the term? Don't you see the ridiculous absurdity of setting up *that* as a principle or motive of action, which is, in fact, a necessary and essential instinct of our very nature—an inborn and inextinguishable desire? How can creatures susceptible of pleasure and pain do otherwise than desire happiness? But, *what* happiness? That is the question. The American savage, in scalping his fallen enemy, pursues *his* happiness naturally and adequately. A Chickasaw, or Pawnee Bentham, or O. P. Q., would necessarily hope for the most frequent opportunities pos-

sible of scalping the greatest possible number of savages, for the longest possible time. There is no escaping this absurdity, unless you come back to a standard of reason and duty, imperative upon our merely pleasurable sensations. Oh! but, says O. P. Q., I am for the happiness of *others*! Of *others*! Are you, indeed? Well, I happen to be one of those *others*, and, so far as I can judge from what you show me of your habits and views, I would rather be excused from your banquet of happiness. *Your* mode of happiness would make *me* miserable. To go about doing as much *good* as possible to as many men as possible, is, indeed, an excellent object for a man to propose to himself; but then, in order that you may not sacrifice the real good and happiness of others to your particular views, which may be quite different from your neighbour's, you must do *that* good to others which the reason, common to all, pronounces to be good for all. In this sense your fine maxim is so very true as to be a mere truism.

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So you object, with old Hobbes, that I do good actions *for* the pleasure of a good conscience; and so, after all, I am only a refined sensualist! Heaven bless you, and mend your logic! Don't you see that if conscience, which is in its nature a consequence, were thus anticipated and made an antecedent—a party instead of a judge—it would dishonour your draft upon it—it would not pay on demand? Don't you see that, in truth, the very fact of acting with this motive properly and logically destroys all claim upon conscience to give you any pleasure at all?

AUGUST 22, 1831.

*The Two Modes of Political Action.*

THERE are many able and patriotic members in the House of Commons—Sir Robert Inglis, Sir Robert Peel, and some others. But I grieve that they never have the courage or the wisdom—I know not in which the failure is—to take their stand upon duty, and to appeal to all men as men,—to the Good and the True, which exist for *all*, and of which *all* have an apprehension. They always

set to work—especially, his great eminence considered, Sir Robert Peel—by addressing themselves to individual interests; the measure will be injurious to the linen-draper, or to the bricklayers; or this clause will bear hard on bobbin-net or poplins, and so forth. Whereas their adversaries—the demagogues—always work on the opposite principle: they always appeal to men as men; and, as you know, the most terrible convulsions in society have been wrought by such phrases as *Rights of Man*, *Sovereignty of the People*, &c., which no one understands, which apply to no one in particular, but to all in general.<sup>1</sup> The devil works precisely in the same way. He is a very clever fellow; I have no acquaintance with him, but I respect his evident talents. Consistent truth and goodness will assuredly in the end overcome everything; but inconsistent good can never be a match for consistent evil. Alas! I look in vain for some wise and vigorous man to sound the word Duty in the ears of this generation.

AUGUST 24, 1831.

*Truths and Maxims.—Are Four and Five Nine?\**

THE English public is not yet ripe to comprehend the essential difference between the reason and the understanding—between a principle and a maxim—an eternal

<sup>1</sup> "It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite *practical*; facts only, and cool common sense, are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalize, to connect by remotest analogies, to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy; in short, to feel particular truths and mere facts as poor, cold, narrow, and incommensurate with their feelings."—*Statesman's Manual*, p. 18.

"It seems a paradox only to the unthinking, and it is a fact that none but the unread in history will deny, that, in periods of popular tumult and innovation, the more abstract a notion is, the more readily has it been found to combine, the closer has appeared its affinity, with the feelings of a people, and with all their immediate impulses to action. At the commencement of the French Revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. The public roads were crowded with armed enthusiasts, disputing on the

truth and a mere conclusion generalized from a great number of facts. A man, having seen a million moss roses all red, concludes from his own experience and that of others that all moss roses are red. That is a maxim with him—the *greatest* amount of his knowledge upon the subject. But it is only true until some gardener has produced a white moss rose,—after which the maxim is good for nothing. Again, suppose Adam watching the sun sinking under the western horizon for the first time; he is seized with gloom and terror, relieved by scarce a ray of hope that he shall ever see the glorious light again. The next evening, when it declines, his hopes are stronger, but still mixed with fear; and even at the end of a thousand years, all that a man can feel is a hope and an expectation so strong as to preclude anxiety. Now compare this in its highest degree with the assurance which you have that the two sides of any triangle are together greater than the third. This, demonstrated of one triangle, is seen to be eternally true of all imaginable triangles. This is a truth perceived at once by the intuitive reason, independently of experience. It is and ever must be so, multiply and vary the shapes and sizes of triangles as you may.

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It used to be said that four and five *make* nine. Locke says, that four and five *are* nine. Now I say, that four and five *are not* nine, but that they will *make* nine. When I see four objects which will form a square, and five which will form a pentagon, I see that they are two different things; when combined, they will form a third different figure, which we call nine. When separate they *are not* it, but will *make* it.

SEPTEMBER 11, 1831.

*Drayton and Daniel.*

DRAYTON is a sweet poet, and Selden's notes to the early part of the "Polyolbion" are well worth your

inalienable sovereignty of the people, the imprescriptible laws of the pure reason, and the universal constitution, which, as rising out of the nature and rights of man as man, all nations alike were under the obligation of adopting."—*Statesman's Manual*.—H. N. C.

perusal. Daniel is a superior man ; his diction is pre-eminently pure—of that quality which I believe has always existed somewhere in society. It is just such English,<sup>1</sup> without any alteration, as Wordsworth or Sir George Beaumont might have spoken or written in the present day.

Yet there are instances of sublimity in Drayton. When deploring the cutting down of some of our old forests, he says, in language which reminds the reader of “Lear,” written subsequently, and also of several of Mr. Wordsworth’s poems:—

—— “our trees so hack’d above the ground,  
That where their lofty tops the neighbouring countries crown’d,  
Their trunks (like aged folks) now bare and naked stand,  
*As for revenge to heaven each held a wither’d hand.”*<sup>2</sup>

That is very fine.

SEPTEMBER 12, 1831.

*Mr. Coleridge’s System of Philosophy.—Dread of Death.\*—Illness and Mental Activity.\**

MY system, if I may venture to give it so fine a name, is the only attempt I know, ever made to reduce all knowledges into harmony. It opposes no other system, but shows what was true in each ; and how that which was true in the particular, in each of them became error, *because* it was only half the truth. I have endeavoured to unite the

<sup>1</sup> Compare the similar remarks of March 15, 1834, and the extract from the “*Biographia Literaria*” in H. N. Coleridge’s note.

<sup>2</sup> “*Polyol.*” VII.

“He (Drayton) was a poet by nature, and carefully improved his talent ; one who sedulously laboured to deserve the approbation of such as were capable of appreciating and cared nothing for the censures which others might pass upon him. ‘Like me that list,’ he says,

—— ‘my honest rhymes  
Nor care for critics, nor regard the times.’

And though he is not a poet *virum volitare per ora*, nor one of those whose better fortune it is to live in the hearts of their devoted admirers, —yet what he deemed his greatest work will be preserved by its subject ; some of his minor poems have merit enough in their execution to ensure their preservation ; and no one who studies poetry as an art will think his time misspent in perusing the whole, if he have any real love for the art he is pursuing. The youth who enters upon that pursuit without a feeling of respect and gratitude for those elder poets, who by

insulated fragments of truth, and therewith to frame a perfect mirror. I show to each system that I fully understand and rightfully appreciate what that system means; but then I lift up that system to a higher point of view, from which I enable it to see its former position, where it was, indeed, but under another light and with different relations; so that the fragment of truth is not only acknowledged, but explained. Thus the old astronomers discovered and maintained much that was true; but, because they were placed on a false ground, and looked from a wrong point of view, they never did, they never could, discover the truth—that is, the whole truth. As soon as they left the earth, their false centre, and took their stand in the sun, immediately they saw the whole system in its true light, and their former station remaining, but remaining as a part of the prospect. I wish, in short, to connect by a moral *copula* natural history with political history; or, in other words, to make history scientific, and science historical—to take from history its accidentality, and from science its fatalism.

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I never from a boy could, under any circumstances, feel the slightest dread of death as such.<sup>1</sup> In all my illnesses I have ever had the most intense desire to be released from this life, unchecked by any but one wish, namely, to be able to finish<sup>2</sup> my work on Philosophy. Not that I have their labours have prepared the way for him, is not likely to produce any thing himself that will be held in remembrance by posterity.”—*The Doctor*, &c., c. 36, P. I.

I heartily trust that the author or authors, as the case may be, of this singularly thoughtful and diverting book will in due time continue it. Let some people say what they please, there has not been the fellow of it published for many a long day.—H. N. C.

The first volume of the “Doctor” was published anonymously in 1833. Keeping the secret of its authorship, and discussing the claims of various writers to whom it was assigned, afforded Southey much amusement. But our editor was behind the age, to be so in the dark in 1836.

<sup>1</sup> The same remark occurs under April 19, 1830, and in the margin of a copy of Charles Tennyson-Turner’s earliest volume of Sonnets (which Coleridge discussed, as we have seen, on the previous day,—April 18), we find written,—“It is constitutional to me that I cannot, I never could, sympathise with the fear of death, as death.”

<sup>2</sup> There is usually something one would like to finish. See July 10, 1834.

any author's vanity on the subject: God knows that I should be absolutely glad, if I could hear that the thing had already been done before me.

Illness never in the smallest degree affects my intellectual powers. I can *think* with all my ordinary vigour in the midst of pain: but I am beset with the most wretched and unmanning reluctance and shrinking from action.<sup>1</sup> I could not upon such occasions take the pen in hand to write down my thoughts for all the wide world.

OCTOBER 26, 1831.

*Keeness and Subtlety.*

FEW men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keenness and subtlety, I answer that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas, to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

OCTOBER 27, 1831.

*Duties and Needs of an Advocate.*

THERE is undoubtedly a limit to the exertions of an advocate for his client. He has a right, it is his bounden duty, to do everything which his client might honestly do, and to do it with all the effect which any exercise of skill, talent, or knowledge of his own may be able to produce. But the advocate has no right, nor is it his duty, to do that for his client which his client *in foro conscientie*

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge lectured badly when ill. We may appropriately quote here Wordsworth's statement,—“Of all men I have ever known, Coleridge had the most of passive courage in bodily trial, but no one was so easily cowed when moral firmness was required in miscellaneous conversation or in the daily intercourse of social life.”—*Wordsworth's Prose Works*, v. iii. 87. Wordsworth himself was not so easily cowed. He would calmly produce from his pocket, at a public dinner, a contrivance to protect his eyes from the light, and set it up on the table, in front of him.

has no right to do for himself; as, for a gross example, to put in evidence a forged deed or will, knowing it to be so forged. As to mere confounding of witnesses by skilful cross-examination, I own I am not disposed to be very strict. The whole thing is perfectly well understood on all hands, and it is little more in general than a sort of cudgel-playing between the counsel and the witness, in which, I speak with submission to you, I think I have seen the witness have the best of it as often as his assailant. It is of the utmost importance in the administration of justice that knowledge and intellectual power should be as far as possible equalised between the Crown and the prisoner, or plaintiff and defendant. Hence especially arises the necessity for an order of advocates,—men whose duty it ought to be to know what the law allows and disallows; but whose interests should be wholly indifferent as to the persons or characters of their clients. If a certain latitude in examining witnesses is, as experience seems to have shown, a necessary mean towards the evisceration of the truth of matters of fact, I have no doubt, as a moralist, in saying, that such latitude within the bounds now existing is justifiable. We must be content with a certain quantum in this life, especially in matters of public cognisance; the necessities of society demand it; we must not be righteous overmuch, or wise overmuch; and, as an old father says, in what vein may there not be a plethora, when the Scripture tells us that there may under circumstances be too much of virtue and of wisdom?

Still I think that, upon the whole, the advocate is placed in a position unfavourable to his moral being, and, indeed, to his intellect also, in its higher powers. Therefore I would recommend an advocate to devote a part of his leisure time to some study of the metaphysics of the mind, or metaphysics of theology; something, I mean, which shall call forth all his powers, and centre his wishes in the investigation of truth alone, without reference to a side to be supported. No studies give such a power of distinguishing as metaphysical, and in their natural and unperverted tendency they are ennobling and exalting. Some such studies are wanted to counteract the operation of legal



studies and practice, which sharpen, indeed, but, like a grinding-stone, narrow whilst they sharpen.

NOVEMBER 19, 1831.

*Abolition of the French Hereditary Peerage.*

I CANNOT say what the French peers *will* do; but I can tell you what they *ought* to do. "So far," they might say, "as our feelings and interests, as individuals, are concerned in this matter—if it really be the prevailing wish of our fellow-countrymen to destroy the hereditary peerage—we shall, without regret, retire into the ranks of private citizens: but we are bound by the provisions of the existing constitution to consider ourselves collectively as essential to the well-being of France: we have been placed here to defend what France, a short time ago at least, thought a vital part of its government; and, if we did not defend it, what answer could we make hereafter to France itself, if she should come to see, what we think to be an error, in the light in which we view it? We should be justly branded as traitors and cowards, who had deserted the posts which we were specially appointed to maintain. As a House of Peers, therefore,—as one substantive branch of the legislature, we can never, in honour or in conscience, consent to a measure of the impolicy and dangerous consequences of which we are convinced.

"If, therefore, this measure is demanded by the country, let the king and the deputies form themselves into a constituent assembly; and then, assuming to act in the name of the total nation, let them decree the abolition. In that case we yield to a just, perhaps, but revolutionary, act, in which we do not participate, and against which we are, upon the supposition, quite powerless. If the deputies, however, consider themselves so completely in the character of delegates as to be at present absolutely pledged to vote without freedom of deliberation, let a concise, but perspicuous, summary of the ablest arguments that can be adduced on either side be drawn up, and printed, and circulated throughout the country; and then, after two months, let the deputies demand fresh instructions upon

this point. One thing, as men of honour, we declare beforehand—that, come what will, none of us who are now peers will ever accept a peerage created *de novo* for life.”

NOVEMBER 20, 1831.

*Conduct of Ministers on the Reform Bill.—The Multitude.*

THE present ministers have, in my judgment, been guilty of two things pre-eminently wicked, *sensu politico*, in their conduct upon this Reform Bill. First, they have endeavoured to carry a fundamental change in the material and mode of action of the government of the country by so exciting the passions, and playing upon the necessary ignorance of the numerical majority of the nation, that all freedom and utility of discussion, by competent heads, in the proper place, should be precluded. In doing this they have used, or sanctioned the use of, arguments which may be applied with equal or even greater force to the carrying of any measure whatever, no matter how atrocious in its character or destructive in its consequences. They have appealed directly to the argument of the greater number of voices, no matter whether the utterers were drunk or sober, competent or not competent; and they have done the utmost in their power to rase out the sacred principle in politics of a representation of interests, and to introduce the mad and barbarising scheme of a delegation of individuals. And they have done all this without one word of thankfulness to God for the manifold blessings of which the constitution, as settled at the Revolution, imperfect as it may be, has been the source or vehicle or condition to this great nation,—without one honest statement of the manner in which the anomalies in the practice grew up, or any manly declaration of the inevitable necessities of government which those anomalies have met. With no humility, nor fear, nor reverence, like Ham the accursed, they have beckoned, with grinning faces, to a vulgar mob, to come and insult over the nakedness of a parent; when it had become them, if one spark of filial patriotism had burnt within their breasts, to have marched with silent steps and averted faces to lay their robes upon his destitution!

Secondly, they have made the *king* the prime mover in all this political wickedness: they have made the *king* tell his people that they were deprived of their rights, and, by direct and necessary implication, that they and their ancestors for a century past had been slaves; they have made the king vilify the memory of his own brother and father. Rights! There are no rights whatever without corresponding duties. Look at the history of the growth of our constitution, and you will see that our ancestors never upon any occasion stated, as a ground for claiming any of their privileges, an abstract right inherent in themselves; you will nowhere in our parliamentary records find the miserable sophism of the Rights of Man. No! they were too wise for that. They took good care to refer their claims to custom and prescription, and boldly—sometimes very impudently—asserted them upon traditionary and constitutional grounds. The Bill is bad enough, God knows; but the arguments of its advocates, and the manner of their advocacy, are a thousand times worse than the Bill itself; and you will live to think so.

I am far, very far, from wishing to indulge in any vulgar abuse of the vulgar. I believe that the feeling of the multitude will, in most cases, be in favour of something good; but this it is which I perceive, that they are always under the domination of some one feeling or view;—whereas truth, and above all, practical wisdom, must be the result of a wide comprehension of the more and the less, the balance and the counterbalance.

DECEMBER 3, 1831.

*Religion.*

A RELIGION, that is, a true religion, must consist of ideas and facts both: not of ideas alone without facts, for then it would be mere Philosophy;—nor of facts alone without ideas, of which those facts are the symbols, or out of which they arise, or upon which they are grounded: for then it would be mere History.

DECEMBER 17, 1831.

*Union with Ireland.—Irish Church.*

I AM quite sure that no dangers are to be feared by England from the disannexing and independence of Ireland at all comparable with the evils which have been, and will yet be, caused to England by the Union.<sup>1</sup> We have never received one particle of advantage from our association with Ireland, whilst we have in many most vital particulars violated the principles of the British constitution solely for the purpose of conciliating the Irish agitators, and of endeavouring—a vain endeavour—to find room for them under the same government. Mr. Pitt has received great credit for effecting the Union; but I believe it will sooner or later be discovered that the manner in which, and the terms upon which, he effected it, made it the most fatal blow that ever was levelled against the peace and prosperity of England. From it came the Catholic Bill. From the Catholic Bill has come this Reform Bill! And what next?

The case of the Irish Church is certainly anomalous, and full of practical difficulties. On the one hand, it is the only church which the constitution can admit; on the other, such are the circumstances, it is a church that cannot act as a church towards five-sixths of the persons nominally and legally within its care.

DECEMBER 18, 1831.

*A State.—Persons and Things.—History.*

THE difference between an inorganic and an organic body lies in this:—In the first—a sheaf of corn—the whole is nothing more than a collection of the individual parts or phenomena. In the second—a man—the whole is the effect of, or results from, the parts; it—the whole—is everything, and the parts are nothing.

A State is an idea intermediate between the two—the

<sup>1</sup> See Feb. 5, 1833.

whole being a result from, and not a mere total of, the parts, and yet not so merging the constituent parts in the result, but that the individual exists integrally within it. Extremes, especially in politics, meet. In Athens each individual Athenian was of no value; but taken altogether, as Demus, they were everything in such a sense that no individual citizen was anything. In Turkey there is the sign of unity put for unity. The Sultan seems himself the State; but it is an illusion; there is in fact in Turkey no State at all: the whole consists of nothing but a vast collection of neighbourhoods.

When the government and the aristocracy of this country had subordinated *persons* to *things*, and treated the one like the other—the poor, with some reason, and almost in self-defence, learned to set up *rights* above *duties*. The code of a Christian society is, *Debeo, et tu debes*—of Heathens or Barbarians, *Teneo, teneto et tu, si potes*.<sup>1</sup>

If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines only on the waves behind us!

DECEMBER 27, 1831.

*Beauty.—Genius.—Facts.\**

THE old definition of beauty in the Roman school of painting was, *il più nell' uno*—multitude in unity; and there is no doubt that such is the principle of beauty. And as one of the most characteristic and infallible criteria of

<sup>1</sup> "And this, again, is evolved out of the yet higher idea of *person* in contradistinction from *thing*, all social law and justice being grounded on the principle that a person can never, but by his own fault, become a thing, or, without grievous wrong, be treated as such; and the distinction consisting in this, that a thing may be used altogether, and merely as the *means* to an end; but the person must always be included in the *end*; his interest must always form a part of the object,—a *mean* to which he, by consent, that is, by his own act, makes himself. We plant a tree, and we fell it; we breed the sheep, and we shear, or we

the different ranks of men's intellects, observe the instinctive habit which all superior minds have of endeavouring to bring, and of never resting till they have brought, into unity the scattered facts which occur in conversation, or in the statements of men of business. To attempt to argue any great question upon facts only, is absurd; you cannot state any fact before a mixed audience, which an opponent as clever as yourself cannot with ease twist towards another bearing, or at least meet by a contrary fact, as it is called. I wonder why facts were ever called stubborn things: I am sure they have been found pliable enough lately in the House of Commons and elsewhere. Facts, you know, are not truths; they are not conclusions; they are not even premisses, but in the nature and parts of premisses. The truth depends on, and is only arrived at, by a legitimate deduction from *all* the facts which are truly material.

DECEMBER 28, 1831.

*Church.—State.—Dissenters.*

**E**VEN to a church,—the only pure democracy, because in it persons are alone considered, and one person *à priori* is equal to another person,—even to a church, discipline is an essential condition. But a state regards classes,<sup>1</sup> and classes as they represent classified property; and to introduce a system of representation which must inevitably render all discipline impossible, what is it but madness—the madness of ignorant vanity, and reckless obstinacy?

I have known, and still know, many Dissenters, who

kill it,—in both cases wholly as means to *our* ends: for trees and animals are *things*. The woodcutter and the hind are likewise employed as *means*; but on agreement, and that too an agreement of reciprocal advantage, which includes them as well as their employer in the *end*, for they are *persons*. And the government under which the contrary takes place is not worthy to be called a *state*, if, as in the kingdom of Dahomey, it be unprogressive; or only by anticipation, where, as in Russia, it is in advance to a better and more *man-worthy* order of things."—*Church and State*, p. 10.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> See Sept. 10, 1830.

profess to have a zeal for Christianity ; and I dare say they have. But I have known very few Dissenters indeed, whose hatred to the Church of England was not a much more active principle of action with them than their love for Christianity. The Wesleyans, in uncorrupted parts of the country, are nearly the only exceptions. There never was an age since the days of the apostles, in which the catholic spirit of religion was so dead, and put aside for love of sects and parties, as at present.

JANUARY 1, 1832.

*Gracefulness of Children.—Dogs.*

HOW inimitably graceful children are in general before they learn to dance !

There seems a sort of sympathy between the more generous dogs and little children. I believe an instance of a little child being attacked by a large dog is very rare indeed.

JANUARY 28, 1832.

*Ideal Tory and Whig.*

THE ideal Tory and the ideal Whig (and some such there have really been) agreed in the necessity and benefit of an exact balance of the three estates : but the Tory was more jealous of the balance being deranged by the people ; the Whig, of its being deranged by the Crown. But this was a habit, a jealousy only ; they both agreed in the ultimate preservation of the balance ; and accordingly they might each, under certain circumstances, without the slightest inconsistency, pass from one side to the other, as the ultimate object required it. This the Tories did at the Revolution, but remained Tories as before.

I have half a mind to write a critical and philosophical essay on Whiggism, from Dryden's Achitophel (Shaftesbury), the first Whig (for, with Dr. Johnson's leave, the devil is no such cattle), down to —, who I trust, in

God's mercy to the interests of peace, union, and liberty in this nation, will be the last. In it I would take the last years of Queen Anne's reign as the zenith, or palmy state, of Whiggism in its divinest *avatar* of common sense, or of the understanding, vigorously exerted in the right direction on the right and proper objects of the understanding; and would then trace the rise, the occasion, the progress, and the necessary degeneration of the Whig spirit of compromise, even down to the profound ineptitudes of their party in these days. A clever fellow might make something of this hint. How Asgill<sup>1</sup> would have done it!

FEBRUARY 22, 1832.

*The Church.*

THE church is the last relic of our nationality. Would to God that the bishops and the clergy in general could once fully understand that the Christian church and the national church are as little to be confounded as divided! I think the fate of the Reform Bill, in itself, of comparatively minor importance; the fate of the national church occupies my mind with greater intensity.

FEBRUARY 24, 1832.

*Ministers and the Reform Bill.*

I COULD not help smiling, in reading the report of Lord Grey's speech in the House of Lords, the other night, when he asked Lord Wicklow whether he seriously believed that he, Lord Grey, or any of the ministers, intended to subvert the institutions of the country. Had I been in Lord Wicklow's place, I should have been tempted to answer this question something in the following way:—"Waiving the charge in an offensive sense of personal consciousness against the noble earl, and all but one or two of his colleagues, upon my honour, and in the presence of Almighty God, I answer, Yes! You have destroyed the freedom of Parliament; you have done your best to shut

<sup>1</sup> See July 30, 1831.



the door of the House of Commons to the property, the birth, the rank, the wisdom of the people, and have flung it open to their passions and their follies. You have disfranchised the gentry, and the real patriotism of the nation: you have agitated and exasperated the mob, and thrown the balance of political power into the hands of that class (the shopkeepers) which, in all countries and in all ages, has been, is now, and ever will be, the least patriotic and the least conservative of any. You are now preparing to destroy for ever the constitutional independence of the House of Lords; you are for ever displacing it from its supremacy as a co-ordinate estate of the realm; and whether you succeed in passing your bill by actually swamping our votes by a batch of new peers, or by frightening a sufficient number of us out of our opinions by the threat of one—equally you will have superseded the triple assent which the constitution requires to the enactment of a valid law, and have left the king alone with the delegates of the populace!"

MARCH 3, 1832.

*Disfranchisement.*

I AM afraid the Conservative party see but one-half of the truth. The mere extension of the franchise is not the evil: I should be glad to see it greatly extended;—there is no harm in that *per se*; the mischief is that the franchise is nominally extended, but to such classes, and in such a manner, that a practical disfranchisement of all above, and a discontending of all below, a favoured class are the unavoidable results.

MARCH 17, 1832.

*Genius Feminine.*<sup>1</sup>—*Pirates.*

—'S face is almost the only exception I know to the observation, that something feminine—not *effeminate*, mind

"Genius Feminine" is a somewhat unhappy attempt at indicating the contents of the paragraph.

—is discoverable in the countenances of all men of genius. Look at that face of old Dampier, a rough sailor, but a man of exquisite mind. How soft is the air of his countenance, how delicate the shape of his temples!

I think it very absurd and misplaced to call Raleigh and Drake, and others of our naval heroes of Elizabeth's age, pirates. No man is a *pirate*, unless his contemporaries agree to call him so. Drake said,—“The subjects of the king of Spain have done their best to ruin my country; *ergo*, I will try to ruin the king of Spain's country.” Would it not be silly to call the Argonauts pirates in our sense of the word?

MARCH 18, 1832.

*Astrology.—Alchemy.*

IT is curious to mark how instinctively the reason has always pointed out to men the ultimate end of the various sciences, and how immediately afterwards they have set to work, like children, to realise that end by inadequate means. Now they applied to their appetites, now to their passions, now to their fancy, now to the understanding, and lastly, to the intuitive reason again. There is no doubt but that astrology of some sort or other would be the last achievement of astronomy: there must be chemical relations between the planets; the difference of their magnitudes compared with that of their distances is not explicable otherwise; but this, though, as it were, blindly and unconsciously seen, led immediately to fortune-telling and other nonsense. So alchemy is the theoretic end of chemistry: there must be a common law, upon which all can become each, and each all; but then the idea was turned to the coining of gold and silver.

MARCH 20, 1832.

*Reform Bill.—Crisis.*

I HAVE heard but two arguments of any weight adduced in favour of passing this Reform Bill, and they are in

substance these:—1. We will blow your brains out if you don't pass it. 2. We will drag you through a horsepond if you don't pass it; and there is a good deal of force in both.

Talk to me of your pretended crisis! Stuff! A vigorous government would in one month change all the data for your reasoning. Would you have me believe that the events of this world are fastened to a revolving cycle with God at one end and the Devil at the other, and that the Devil is now uppermost! Are you a Christian, and talk about a crisis in that fatalistic sense!

MARCH 31, 1832.

*John, chap. iii. ver. 4.—Dictation and Inspiration.—Revelation.\*—The Bible.\*—Gnosis.—Barnabas.\*—Hermas.\*—Hebrews.\*—New Testament Canon.*

I CERTAINLY understand the *τί ἔμοι καὶ σοὶ γύναι*, in the second chapter<sup>1</sup> of St. John's Gospel, as having *aliquid increpationis* in it—a mild reproof from Jesus to Mary for interfering in his ministerial acts by requests on her own account. I do not think that *γύναι* was ever used by child to parent as a common mode of address: between husband and wife it was; but I cannot think that *μητέρα* and *γύναι* were equivalent terms in the mouth of a son speaking to his mother. No part of the Christopædia is found in John or Paul; and after the baptism there is no recognition of any maternal authority in Mary. See the two passages where she endeavours to get access to him when he is preaching:—"Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and my mother:"<sup>2</sup> and also the recommendation of her to the care of John at the crucifixion.

There may be dictation without inspiration, and inspiration without dictation; they have been and continue to be grievously confounded. Baalam and his ass were the passive organs of dictation; but no one, I suppose, will venture to call either of those worthies inspired. It is my

<sup>1</sup> Verse 4.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Mark, ch. iii. ver. 35.—H. N. C.

profound conviction that St. John and St. Paul were divinely inspired; but I totally disbelieve the dictation of any one word, sentence, or argument throughout their writings. Observe, there was revelation. All religion is revealed;—*revealed* religion is, in my judgment, a mere pleonasm. Revelations of facts were undoubtedly made to the prophets; revelations of doctrines were as undoubtedly made to John and Paul;—but is it not a mere matter of our very senses that John and Paul each dealt with those revelations, expounded them, insisted on them, just exactly according to his own natural strength of intellect, habit of reasoning, moral, and even physical temperament? We receive the books ascribed to John and Paul as their books on the judgment of men, for whom no miraculous discernment is pretended; nay, whom, in their admission and rejection of other books, we believe to have erred. Shall we give less credence to John and Paul themselves? Surely the heart and soul of every Christian give him sufficient assurance that, in all things that concern him as a *man*, the words that he reads are spirit and truth, and could only proceed from Him who made both heart and soul.—Understand the matter so, and all difficulty vanishes: you read without fear, lest your faith meet with some shock from a passage here and there which you cannot reconcile with immediate dictation, by the Holy Spirit of God, without an absurd violence offered to the text. You read the Bible as the best of all books, but still as a book; and make use of all the means and appliances which learning and skill, under the blessing of God, can afford towards rightly apprehending the general sense of it—not solicitous to find out doctrine in mere epistolary familiarity, or facts in clear *ad hominem et pro tempore* allusions to national traditions.

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Tertullian, I think, says he had seen the autograph copies of some of the apostles' writings. The truth is, the ancient Church was not guided by the mere fact of the genuineness of a writing in pronouncing it canonical;—its catholicity was the test applied to it. I have not the smallest doubt that the Epistle of Barnabas is genuine; but it is not

catholic; it is full of the *γνώσις*, though of the most simple and pleasing sort. I think the same of Hermas. The Church would never admit either into the canon, although the Alexandrians always read the Epistle of Barnabas in their churches for three hundred years together. It was upwards of three centuries before the Epistle to the Hebrews was admitted, and this on account of its *γνώσις*: at length, by help of the venerable prefix of St. Paul's name, its admirers, happily for us, succeeded.

So little did the early bishops and preachers think their Christian faith wrapped up in, and solely to be learned from, the New Testament,—indeed, can it be said that there was any such collection for three hundred years?—that I remember a letter from ——<sup>1</sup> to a friend of his, a bishop in the East, in which he most evidently speaks of the *Christian* Scriptures as of works of which the bishop knew little or nothing.

APRIL 4, 1832.

*Unitarianism.—Moral Philosophy.—Paley.\**

I MAKE the greatest difference between *ans* and *isms*. I should deal insincerely with you, if I said that I thought Unitarianism was Christianity. No; as I believe and have faith in the doctrine, it is not the truth in Jesus Christ; but God forbid that I should doubt that you, and many other Unitarians, as you call yourselves, are, in a practical sense, very good Christians.<sup>2</sup> We do not win heaven by logic.

By the by, what do you mean by exclusively assuming the title of Unitarians? As if Tri-Unitarians were not necessarily Unitarians, as much (pardon the illustration) as an apple-pie must of course be a pie! The schoolmen would, perhaps, have called you Unicists; but your proper

<sup>1</sup> I have lost the name which Mr. Coleridge mentioned.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Coleridge often dwells on this distinction, which Mrs. Barbauld told him she could not understand. Compare, for instance, the concluding pages of the "*Biographia Literaria*."

name is Psilanthropists—believers in the mere human nature of Christ.

Upon my word, if I may say so without offence, I really think many forms of Pantheistic Atheism more agreeable to an imaginative mind than Unitarianism as it is professed in terms: in particular, I prefer the Spinozistic scheme infinitely. The early Socinians were, to be sure, most unaccountable logicians; but, when you had swallowed their bad reasoning, you came to a doctrine on which the *heart*, at least, might rest for some support. They adored Jesus Christ. Both Lælius and Faustus Socinus laid down the adorability of Jesus in strong terms. I have nothing, you know, to do with their logic. But Unitarianism is, in effect, the worst of one kind of Atheism, joined to the worst of one kind of Calvinism, like two asses tied tail to tail. It has no covenant with God; and looks upon prayer as a sort of self-magnetizing—a getting of the body and temper into a certain *status*, desirable *per se*,<sup>1</sup> but having no covenanted reference to the Being to whom the prayer is addressed.

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The sum total of moral philosophy is found in this one question, Is *Good* a superfluous word,—or mere lazy synonyme for the pleasurable, and its causes;—at most, a mere modification to express degree, and comparative duration of pleasure?—Or the question may be more unanswerably stated thus, Is *good* superfluous as a word exponent of a *kind*?—If it be, then moral philosophy is but a subdivision of physics. If not, then the writings of Paley and all his predecessors and disciples are false and *most* pernicious; and there is an emphatic propriety in the superlative, and in a sense which of itself would supply and exemplify the difference between *most* and *very*.

APRIL 5, 1832.

*Moral Law of Polarity.*

IT is curious to trace the operation of the moral law of polarity in the history of politics, religion, &c. When

<sup>1</sup> See Coleridge's Poem, "The Pains of Sleep."

the maximum of one tendency has been attained, there is no gradual decrease, but a direct transition to its minimum, till the opposite tendency has attained its maximum; and then you see another corresponding revulsion. With the Restoration came in all at once the mechanico-corpuscular philosophy, which, with the increase of manufactures, trade, and arts, made everything in philosophy, religion, and poetry objective; till, at length, attachment to mere external worldliness and forms got to its maximum,—when out burst the French revolution: and with it everything became immediately subjective, without any object at all. The Rights of Man, the Sovereignty of the People, were subject and object both. We are now, I think, on the turning point again. This Reform seems the *ne plus ultra* of that tendency of the public mind, which substitutes its own undefined notions or passions for real objects and historical actualities. There is not one of the ministers—except the one or two revolutionists among them—who has ever given us a hint, throughout this long struggle, as to *what* he really does believe will be the product of the bill; what sort of House of Commons it will make for the purpose of governing this empire soberly and safely. No; they have actualized for a moment a wish, a fear, a passion, but not an idea.

APRIL 7, 1832.

*Epidemic Disease.—Quarantine.*

THERE are two grand divisions under which all contagious diseases may be classed:—1. Those which spring from organized living beings, and from the life in them, and which enter, as it were, into the life of those in whom they reproduce themselves—such as small-pox and measles. These become so domesticated with the habit and system, that they are rarely received twice. 2. Those which spring from dead organized, or unorganized matter, and which may be comprehended under the wide term *malaria*.

You may have passed a stagnant pond a hundred times without injury: you happen to pass it again, in low spirits

and chilled, precisely at the moment of the explosion of the gas: the malaria strikes on the cutaneous or veno-glandular system, and drives the blood from the surface; the shivering fit comes on, till the musculo-arterial irritability re-acts, and then the hot fit succeeds: and, unless bark or arsenic—particularly bark, because it is a bitter as well as a tonic—be applied to strengthen the veno-glandular, and to moderate the musculo-arterial, system, a man may have the ague for thirty years together.

But if, instead of being exposed to the solitary malaria of a pond, a man, travelling through the Pontine Marshes, permits his animal energies to flag, and surrenders himself to the drowsiness which generally attacks him, then blast upon blast strikes upon the cutaneous system, and passes through it to the musculo-arterial, and so completely overpowers the latter that it cannot re-act, and the man dies at once, instead of only catching an ague.

There are three factors of the operation of an epidemic or atmospheric disease. The first and principal one is the predisposed state of the body; secondly, the specific *virus* in the atmosphere; and, thirdly, the accidental circumstances of weather, locality, food, occupation, &c. Against the second of these we are powerless: its nature, causes, and sympathies are too subtle for our senses to find data to go upon. Against the first, medicine may act profitably. Against the third, a wise and sagacious medical police ought to be adopted; but, above all, let every man act like a Christian, in all charity, and love, and brotherly kindness, and sincere reliance on God's merciful providence.

Quarantine cannot keep out an atmospheric disease; but it can, and does always, increase the predisposing causes of its reception.

APRIL 10, 1832

*Harmony.*

ALL harmony is founded on a relation to rest—on relative rest. Take a metallic plate, and strew sand on it; sound an harmonic chord over the sand, and the grains will whirl about in circles, and other geometrical figures,



all, as it were, depending on some point of sand relatively at rest. Sound a discord, and every grain will whisk about without any order at all, in no figures, and with no points of rest.

The clerisy of a nation, that is, its learned men, whether poets, or philosophers, or scholars, are these points of relative rest. There could be no order, no harmony of the whole, without them.

APRIL 21, 1832.

*Intellectual Revolutions.—Modern Style.—Journalism.\**

THERE have been three silent revolutions in England:—first, when the professions fell off from the church; secondly, when literature fell off from the professions; and, thirdly, when the press fell off from literature.

Common phrases are, as it were, so stereotyped now by conventional use, that it is really much easier to write on the ordinary politics of the day in the common newspaper style, than it is to make a good pair of shoes. An apprentice has as much to learn now to be a shoemaker as ever he had; but an ignorant coxcomb, with a competent want of honesty, may very effectively wield a pen in a newspaper office, with infinitely less pains and preparation than were necessary formerly.

APRIL 23, 1832.

*Genius of the Spanish and Italians.—Vico.—Spinoza.*

THE genius of the Spanish people is exquisitely subtle, without being at all acute; hence there is so much humour and so little wit in their literature. The genius of the Italians, on the contrary, is acute, profound, and sensual, but not subtle; hence what they think to be humorous, is merely witty.

To estimate a man like Vico, or any great man who has made discoveries and committed errors, you ought to say to yourself—"He did so and so in the year 1720, a Papist,

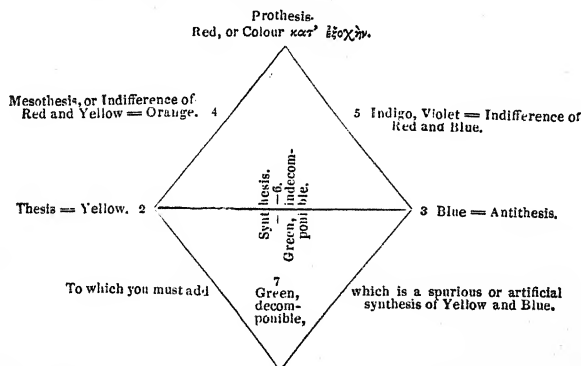
at Naples. Now, what would he not have done if he had lived now, and could have availed himself of all our vast acquisitions in physical science ? ”

After the *Scienza Nuova*<sup>1</sup> read Spinoza, *De Monarchia ex rationis præscripto*.<sup>2</sup> They differed—Vico in thinking that society tended to monarchy ; Spinoza in thinking it tended to democracy. Now, Spinoza's ideal democracy was realised by a contemporary—not in a nation, for that is impossible, but in a sect—I mean by George Fox and his Quakers.<sup>3</sup>

APRIL 24, 1832.

*Colours.*

COLOURS may best be expressed by a heptad, the largest possible formula for things finite, as the pentad is the smallest possible form. Indeed, the heptad of things finite is in all cases reducible to the pentad. The adorable tetractys, or tetrad, is the formula of God ; which, again, is reducible into, and is, in reality, the same with, the Trinity. Take colours thus :—



<sup>1</sup> See Michelet's *Principes de la Philosophie de l'Histoire*, &c. Paris, 1827. An admirable analysis of Vico.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> *Tractatus Politici*, c. vi.—H. N. C.

<sup>3</sup> Spinoza died in 1677 ; Fox in 1681.—H. N. C.

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APRIL 28, 1832.

*Destruction of Jerusalem.—Epic Poem.*

THE destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now remaining for an epic poem; a subject which, like Milton's Fall of Man, should interest all Christendom, as the Homeric War of Troy interested all Greece. There would be difficulties, as there are in all subjects; and they must be mitigated and thrown into the shade, as Milton has done with the numerous difficulties in the *Paradise Lost*. But there would be a greater assemblage of grandeur and splendour than can now be found in any other theme. As for the old mythology, *incredulus odi*; and yet there must be a mythology, or a quasi-mythology, for an epic poem. Here there would be the completion of the prophecies—the termination of the first revealed national religion under the violent assault of Paganism, itself the immediate forerunner and condition of the spread of a revealed mundane religion; and then you would have the character of the Roman and the Jew, and the awfulness, the completeness, the justice. I schemed it at twenty-five; but, alas! *venturum expectat*.

APRIL 29, 1832.

*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.—Black.—Identity.\**

I NEVER said that the *vox populi* was of course the *vox Dei*. It may be; but it may be, and with equal probability, *a priori*, *vox Diaboli*. That the voice of ten millions of men calling for the same thing, is a spirit, I believe; but whether that be a spirit of Heaven or Hell, I can only know by trying the thing called for by the prescript of reason and God's will.

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Black is the negation of colour in its greatest energy. Without lustre, it indicates or represents vacuity, as, for instance, in the dark mouth of a cavern; add lustre, and it will represent the highest degree of solidity, as in a polished ebony box.

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In finite forms there is no real and absolute identity. God alone is identity. In the former, the prothesis is a bastard prothesis, a *quasi* identity only.

APRIL 30, 1832.

*Asgill and Defoe.*

I KNOW no genuine Saxon English superior to Asgill's. I think his and Defoe's irony often finer than Swift's.

MAY 1, 1832.

*Horne Tooke.—Fox and Pitt.*

HORNE TOOKE'S advice to the Friends of the People was profound:—'If you wish to be powerful, pretend to be powerful.'

Fox and Pitt constantly played into each other's hands. Mr. Stuart, of the Courier, who was very knowing in the politics of the day, soon found out the gross lies and impostures of that club<sup>1</sup> as to its numbers and told Fox so. Yet, instead of disclaiming them and exposing the pretence, as he ought to have done, Fox absolutely exaggerated their numbers and sinister intentions; and Pitt, who also knew the lie, took him at his word, and argued against him triumphantly on his own premisses.<sup>1</sup>

Fox's Gallicism, too, was a treasury of weapons to Pitt. He could never conceive the French right without making the English wrong. Ah! I remember—

— it vex'd my soul to see  
So grand a cause, so proud a realm  
With Goose and Goody at the helm;  
Who long ago had fallen asunder  
But for their rivals' baser blunder,  
The coward whine and Frenchified  
Slaver and slang of the other side!

<sup>1</sup> See June 8, 1833.

MAY 2, 1832.

*Horner.*

I CANNOT say that I thought Mr. Horner a man of genius. He seemed to me to be one of those men who have not very extended minds, but who know what they know very well—shallow streams, and clear because they are shallow. There was great goodness about him.

MAY 3, 1832.

*Adiaphori.—Citizens and Christians.*

— is one of those men who go far to shake my faith in a future state of existence; I mean, on account of the difficulty of knowing where to place him. I could not bear to roast him; he is not so bad as all that comes to: but then, on the other hand, to have to sit down with such a fellow in the very lowest pot-house of heaven is utterly inconsistent with the belief of that place being a place of happiness for me.

In two points of view I reverence man; first, as a citizen, a part of, or in order to, a nation; and, secondly, as a Christian. If men are neither the one nor the other, but a mere aggregation of individual bipeds, who acknowledge no national unity, nor believe with me in Christ, I have no more personal sympathy with them than with the dust beneath my feet.<sup>1</sup>

MAY 21, 1832.

*Professor Park.—English Constitution.—Democracy.—Milton and Sidney.*

PROFESSOR PARK talks<sup>2</sup> about its being very doubtful whether the constitution described by Blackstone ever in fact existed. In the same manner, I suppose, it is

<sup>1</sup> Do not believe it.

<sup>2</sup> In his "Dogmas of the Constitution, four Lectures on the Theory and Practice of the Constitution, delivered at the King's College, London," 1832. Lecture I. There was a stiffness, and an occasional uncouthness in Professor Park's style; but his two works, the one just

doubtful whether the moon is made of green cheese, or whether the souls of Welchmen do, in point of fact, go to heaven on the backs of mites. Blackstone's was the age of shallow law. Monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy, as *such*, exclude each the other: but if the elements are to interpenetrate, how absurd to call a lump of sugar hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon! nay, to take three lumps, and call the first hydrogen; the second, oxygen; and the third, carbon! Don't you see that each is in all, and all in each?

The democracy of England, before the Reform Bill, was, where it ought to be, in the corporations, the vestries, the joint-stock companies, &c. The power, in a democracy, is in focal points, without a centre; and in proportion as such democratical power is strong, the strength of the central government ought to be intense—otherwise the nation will fall to pieces.

We have just now incalculably increased the democratical action of the people, and, at the same time, weakened the executive power of the government.

It was the error of Milton, Sidney, and others of that age, to think it possible to construct a purely aristocratical government, defecated of all passion, and ignorance, and sordid motive. The truth is, such a government would be weak from its utter want of sympathy with the people to be governed by it.

MAY 25, 1832.

*De Vi Minimorum.—Hahnemann.—Luther.*

MERCURY strongly illustrates the theory *de vi minimorum*. Divide five grains into fifty doses, and they may poison you irretrievably. I don't believe in all that Hahnemann says; but he is a fine fellow, and, like most

mentioned, and his "Contre-Projet to the Humphreysian Code," are full of original views and vigorous reasonings. To those who wished to see the profession of the law assume a more scientific character than for the most part it has hitherto done in England, the early death of John James Park was a very great loss.—H. N. C.

Germans, is not altogether wrong, and like them also, is never altogether right.

Six volumes of translated selections from Luther's works, two being from his Letters, would be a delightful work. The translator should be a man deeply imbued with his Bible, with the English writers from Henry the Seventh to Edward the Sixth, the Scotch divines of the 16th century, and with the old racy German.<sup>1</sup>

Hugo de Saint Victor,<sup>2</sup> Luther's favourite divine, was a wonderful man, who, in the 12th century, the jubilant age of papal dominion, nursed the lamp of Platonic mysticism in the spirit of the most refined Christianity.

JUNE 9, 1832.

*Sympathy of Old Greek and Latin with English.*—*Ennius.*\*—*Roman Mind.*—*The United States.*\*—*War.*

IF you take Sophocles, Catullus, Lucretius, the better parts of Cicero, and so on, you may, just with two or three exceptions arising out of the different idioms as to cases, translate page after page into good mother English, word by word, without altering the order; but you cannot do so with Virgil or Tibullus: if you attempt it, you will make nonsense.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge was fond of pressing this proposed publication:—"I can scarcely conceive," he says in *The Friend*, "a more delightful volume than might be made from Luther's letters, especially those that were written from the Wartburg, if they were translated in the simple, sinewy, idiomatic, hearty mother tongue of the original. A difficult task I admit, and scarcely possible for any man, however great his talents in other respects, whose favourite reading has not lain among the English writers from Edward the Sixth to Charles the First." Vol. i. p. 235, n.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> This celebrated man was a Fleming, and a member of the Augustinian society of St. Victor. He died at Paris in 1142, aged forty-four. His age considered, it is sufficient praise for him that Protestants and Romanists both claim him for their own on the subject of transubstantiation.—H. N. C.

There is a remarkable power of the picturesque in the fragments we have of Ennius, Actius, and other very old Roman writers. This vivid manner was lost in the Augustan age.

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Much as the Romans owed to Greece in the beginning, whilst their mind was, as it were, tuning itself to an after-effort of its own music, it suffered more in proportion by the influence of Greek literature subsequently, when it was already mature and ought to have worked for itself. It then became a superfetation upon, and not an ingredient in, the national character. With the exception of the stern pragmatic historian and the moral satirist, it left nothing original to the Latin Muse.<sup>1</sup>

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A nation, to be great, ought to be compressed in its increment by nations more civilized than itself—as Greece by Persia; and Rome by Etruria, the Italian states, and Carthage. I remember Commodore Decatur saying to me at Malta, that he deplored the occupation of Louisiana by the United States, and wished that province had been possessed by England. He thought that if the United States got hold of Canada by conquest or cession, the last chance of his country becoming a great compact nation would be lost.

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War in republican Rome was the offspring of its intense aristocracy of spirit, and stood to the state in lieu of trade. As long as there was anything *ab extra* to conquer, the state advanced: when nothing remained but what was Roman, then, as a matter of course, civil war began.

JUNE 10, 1832.

*Charm for Cramp.*

WHEN I was a little boy at the Blue-coat School, there was a charm for one's feet when asleep; and I believe it had been in the school since its foundation, in the time

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps it left letter-writing also. Even if the Platonic epistles are taken as genuine, which Mr. Coleridge, to my surprise, was inclined



of Edward the Sixth. The march of intellect has probably now exploded it. It ran thus :—

Foot! foot! foot! is fast asleep!  
Thumb! thumb! thumb! in spittle we steep:  
Crosses three we make to ease us,  
Two for the thieves, and one for Christ Jesus!

And the same charm served for a cramp in the leg, with the following substitution :—

The devil is tying a knot in my leg!  
Mark, Luke, and John, unloose it I beg!—  
Crosses three, &c.

And really upon getting out of bed, where the cramp most frequently occurred, pressing the sole of the foot on the cold floor, and then repeating this charm with the acts configurative thereupon prescribed, I can safely affirm that I do not remember an instance in which the cramp did not go away in a few seconds.

I should not wonder if it were equally good for a stitch in the side; but I cannot say I ever tried it for *that*.

JULY 7, 1832.

*Greek.—German, Spanish, and Italian.\*—Dual, Neuter Plural, and Verb Singular.—Theta.*

IT is hardly possible to conceive a language more perfect than the Greek. If you compare it with the modern European tongues, in the points of the position and relative bearing of the vowels and consonants on each other, and of the variety of terminations, it is incalculably before all in the former particulars, and only equalled in the last by German. But it is in variety of termination alone that the German surpasses the other modern languages as to sound; for, as to position, Nature seems to have dropped an acid into the language when *a*-forming, which curdled the

to believe, they can hardly interfere, I think, with the uniqueness of the truly incomparable collections from the correspondence of Cicero and Pliny.—H. N. C.

vowels and made all the consonants flow together. The Spanish is excellent for variety of termination; the Italian, in this particular, the most deficient. Italian prose is excessively monotonous.

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It is very natural to have a dual, duality being a conception quite distinct from plurality. Most very primitive languages have a dual, as the Greek, Welch, and the native Chilese, as you will see in the Abbé Raynal.

The neuter plural governing, as they call it, a verb singular is one of the many instances in Greek of the inward and metaphysic grammar resisting successfully the tyranny of formal grammar. In truth, there may be *Multeity* in things; but there can only be *Plurality* in persons.

Observe also, that, in fact, a neuter noun in Greek has no real nominative case, though it has a formal one, that is to say, the same word with the accusative. The reason is—a *thing* has no subjectivity or nominative case: it exists only as an object in the accusative or oblique case.

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It is extraordinary that the Germans should not have retained or assumed the two beautifully discriminated sounds of the soft and hard *theta*; as in *thy thoughts*—the *thin ether that*, &c. How particularly fine the hard *theta* is in an English termination, as in that grand word—Death—for which the Germans gutturize a sound that puts you in mind of nothing but a loathsome toad.

JULY 8, 1832.

*Talented.—Names.\**

I REGRET to see that vile and barbarous vocable *talented*, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Why not *shillinged*, *farthinged*, *tenpenced*, &c.? The formation of a participle passive from a noun, is a licence that nothing but a very peculiar felicity can excuse. If mere convenience is to justify such attempts upon the idiom, you cannot stop

[July 9.

till the language becomes, in the proper sense of the word, corrupt. Most of these pieces of slang come from America.<sup>1</sup>

Never take an iambus as a Christian name. A trochee, or tribrach, will do very well. Edith and Rotha are my favourite names for women.

JULY 9, 1832.

*Homer.—Valckenaer.*

I HAVE the firmest conviction that *Homer* is a mere traditional synonyme with, or figure for, the *Iliad*. You cannot conceive for a moment anything about the poet, as you call him, apart from that poem. Difference in men there was in a degree, but not in kind; one man was, perhaps, a better poet than another; but he was a poet upon the same ground and with the same feelings as the rest.

The want of adverbs in the *Iliad* is very characteristic. With more adverbs there would have been some subjectivity, or subjectivity would have made them.

The Greeks were then just on the verge of the bursting forth of individuality.

Valckenaer's treatise<sup>2</sup> on the interpolation of the Classics by the later Jews and early Christians is well worth your perusal as a scholar and critic.

JULY 13, 1832.

*Principles and Facts.—Schmidt.*

I HAVE read all the famous histories, and, I believe, some history of every country and nation that is, or ever existed; but I never did so for the story itself as a story. The only thing interesting to me was the principles

<sup>1</sup> See "*eventuate*," in Mr. Washington Irving's "*Tour on the Prairies*," *passim*.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> *Diatribes de Aristobulo Judæo*.—H. N. C.

to be evolved from, and illustrated by, the facts.<sup>1</sup> After I had gotten my principles, I pretty generally left the facts to take care of themselves. I never could remember any passages in books, or the particulars of events, except in the gross. I can refer to them. To be sure, I must be a different sort of man from Herder, who once was seriously annoyed with himself, because, in recounting the pedigree of some German royal or electoral family, he missed some one of those worthies and could not recall the name.

Schmidt<sup>2</sup> was a Romanist; but I have generally found him candid, as indeed almost all the Austrians are. They are what is called *good Catholics*; but, like our Charles the

<sup>1</sup> "The true origin of human events is so little susceptible of that kind of evidence which can *compel* our belief; so many are the disturbing forces which, in every cycle or ellipse of changes, modify the motion given by the first projection; and every age has, or imagines it has, its own circumstances, which render past experience no longer applicable to the present case; that there will never be wanting answers, and explanations, and specious flatteries of hope, to persuade and perplex its government, that the history of the past is inapplicable to *their* case. And no wonder, if we read history for the facts, instead of reading it for the sake of the general principles, which are to the facts as the root and sap of a tree to its leaves; and no wonder if history so read should find a dangerous rival in novels; nay, if the latter should be preferred to the former, on the score even of probability. I well remember that, when the examples of former Jacobins, as Julius Cæsar, Cromwell, and the like, were adduced in France and England, at the commencement of the French consulate, it was ridiculed as pedantry and pedants' ignorance, to fear a repetition of usurpation and military despotism at the close of the *enlightened eighteenth century*! Even so, in the very dawn of the late tempestuous day, when the revolutions of Corcyra, the proscriptions of the reformers Marius, Cæsar, &c., and the direful effects of the levelling tenets in the peasants' war in Germany (differenced from the tenets of the first French constitution only by the mode of wording them, the figures of speech being borrowed in the one instance from theology, and in the other from modern metaphysics), were urged on the convention and its vindicators; the magi of the day, the true citizens of the world, the *plusquam perfecti* of patriotism, gave us set proofs that similar results were impossible, and that it was an insult to so philosophical an age, to so enlightened a nation, to dare direct the public eye towards them as to lights of warning."—*Statesman's Manual*, p. 14.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Michael Ignatius Schmidt, the author of the *History of the Germans*. He died in the latter end of the last century.—H. N. C.

Second, they never let their religious bigotry interfere with their political well-doing. Kaiser is a most pious son of the church, yet he always keeps his papa in good order.

JULY 20, 1832.

*Puritans and Jacobins.—Coleridge.\**

IT was God's mercy to our age that our Jacobins were infidels and a scandal to all sober Christians. Had they been like the old Puritans, they would have trodden church and king to the dust—at least for a time.

For one mercy I owe thanks beyond all utterance,—that, with all my gastric and bowel distempers, my head hath ever been like the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine.

JULY 21, 1832.

*Wordsworth.—The Excursion.\*—Dialogue in Verse.\*—The Prelude.\**

I HAVE often wished that the first two books of "The Excursion" had been published separately,<sup>1</sup> under the name of "The Deserted Cottage." They would have formed, what indeed they are, one of the most beautiful poems in the language.

Can dialogues in verse be defended? I cannot but think that a great philosophical poet ought always to teach the reader himself as from himself. A poem does not admit argumentation, though it does admit development of thought. In prose there may be a difference; though I must confess that, even in Plato and Cicero, I am always vexed that the authors do not say what they have to say at once in their own persons. The introductions and little urbanities, are, to be sure, very delightful in their way; I

<sup>1</sup> The exquisite story of Margaret was, in fact, written by Wordsworth, as a separate poem, at Racedown, in Dorset. The poem was named "The Ruined Cottage;" it was read to Coleridge, on the occasion of his first visit to Wordsworth, in 1797. "The Excursion" was probably not conceived at that time.

would not lose them; but I have no admiration for the practice of ventriloquizing through another man's mouth.

I cannot help regretting that Wordsworth did not first publish his thirteen<sup>1</sup> books on the growth of an individual mind—superior, as I used to think, upon the whole, to the "Excursion." You may judge how I felt about them by my own poem upon the occasion.<sup>2</sup> Then the plan laid out, and, I believe, partly suggested by me, was, that Wordsworth should assume the station of a man in mental repose, one whose principles were made up, and so prepared to deliver upon authority a system of philosophy. He was to treat man as man,—a subject of eye, ear, touch, and taste, in contact with external nature, and informing the senses from the mind, and not compounding a mind out of the senses; then he was to describe the pastoral and other states of society, assuming something of the Juvenalian spirit as he approached the high civilization of cities and towns, and opening a melancholy picture of the present state of degeneracy and vice; thence he was to infer and reveal the proof of, and necessity for, the whole state of man and society being subject to, and illustrative of, a redemptive process in operation, showing how this idea reconciled all the anomalies, and promised future glory and restoration. Something of this sort was, I think, agreed on. It is, in substance, what I have been all my life doing in my system of philosophy.

I think Wordsworth possessed more of the genius of a great philosophic poet than any man I ever knew, or, as I believe, has existed in England since Milton; but it seems to me that he ought never to have abandoned the contemplative position, which is peculiarly—perhaps I might say

<sup>1</sup> There are fourteen books in "The Prelude."

<sup>2</sup> Poetical works, vol. i. p. 206. It is not too much to say of this beautiful poem, and yet it is difficult to say more, that it is at once worthy of the poet, his subject, and his object:—

"An Orphic song indeed,  
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts  
To their own music chanted."—H. N. C.

exclusively—fitted for him. His proper title is *Spectator ab extra*.

JULY 23, 1832.

*French Revolution.—Coleridge.\**

NO man was more enthusiastic than I was for France and the Revolution: it had all my wishes, none of my expectations. Before 1793, I clearly saw and often enough stated in public, the horrid delusion, the vile mockery of the whole affair.<sup>1</sup> When some one said in my

<sup>1</sup> "Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!  
I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,  
From bleak Helvetia's icy cavern sent—  
I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!  
Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd,  
And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain snows  
With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherish'd  
One thought that ever blest your cruel foes!  
To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,  
Where Peace her jealous home had built;  
A patriot race to disinherit  
Of all that made her stormy wilds so dear:  
And with inexpressible spirit  
To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—  
O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,  
And patriot only in pernicious toils,  
Are these thy boasts, champion of human-kind?  
To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,  
Yell in the hunt and share the murderous prey—  
To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils  
From freemen torn—to tempt and to betray?—  
The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,  
Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game  
They burst their manacles, and wear the name  
Of freedom, graven on a heavier chain!  
O Liberty! with profitless endeavour  
Have I pursued thee many a weary hour;  
But thou nor swell'st the victor's train, nor ever  
Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.  
Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,  
(Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,)  
Alike from priestcraft's harpy minions,  
And factious blasphemy's obscener slaves,  
Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,  
The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!"

"France," an Ode. Poetical Works, vol. i.  
p. 130.—H. N. C.

brother James's presence<sup>1</sup> that I was a Jacobin, he very well observed,—“No! Samuel is no Jacobin; he is a hot-headed Moravian!” Indeed, I was in the extreme opposite pole.

JULY 24, 1832.

*Infant Schools.*

I HAVE no faith in act of parliament reform. All the great—the permanently great—things that have been achieved in the world, have been so achieved by individuals, working from the instinct of genius or of goodness. The rage now-a-days is all the other way: the individual is supposed capable of nothing; there must be organization, classification, machinery, &c., as if the capital of national morality could be increased by making a joint stock of it. Hence you see these infant schools so patronised by the bishops and others, who think them a grand invention. Is it found that an infant-school child, who has been bawling all day a column of the multiplication-table, or a verse from the Bible, grows up a more dutiful son or daughter to its parents? Are domestic charities on the increase amongst families under this system? In a great town, in our present state of society, perhaps such schools may be a justifiable expedient—a choice of the lesser evil; but as for driving these establishments into the country villages, and breaking up the cottage home education, I think it one of the most miserable mistakes which the well-intentioned people of the day have yet made; and they have made, and are making, a good many, God knows.

JULY 25, 1832.

*Mr. Coleridge's Philosophy.—Sublimity.—Solomon.—Madness.—  
C. Lamb.—Sforza's Decision.*

THE pith of my system is to make the senses out of the mind—not the mind out of the senses, as Locke did.

<sup>1</sup> A soldier of the old cavalier stamp, to whom the King was the symbol of the majesty, as the Church was of the life, of the nation, and who would most assuredly have taken arms for one or the other against all the Houses of Commons or committees of public safety in the world.

—H. N. C.

This soldier was the father of H. N. Coleridge.



Could you ever discover anything sublime, in our sense of the term, in the classic Greek literature? I never could. Sublimity is Hebrew by birth.

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I should conjecture that the Proverbs and Ecclesiastes were written, or, perhaps, rather collected, about the time of Nehemiah. The language is Hebrew with Chaldaic endings. It is totally unlike the language of Moses on the one hand, and of Isaiah on the other.

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Solomon introduced the commercial spirit into his kingdom. I cannot think his idolatry could have been much more, in regard to himself, than a state of protection or toleration of the foreign worship.

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When a man mistakes his thoughts for persons and things, he is mad. A madman is properly so defined.

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Charles Lamb translated my motto *Sermoni propria* by —*properer for a sermon!*

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I was much amused some time ago by reading the pithy decision of one of the Sforzas of Milan, upon occasion of a dispute for precedence between the lawyers and physicians of his capital;—*Præcedant fures—sequentur carnifices*. I hardly remember a neater thing.

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JULY 28, 1832.

*Faith and Belief.*

THE sublime and abstruse doctrines of Christian belief belong to the church; but the faith of the individual, centered in his heart, is or may be collateral to them.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge used very frequently to insist upon the distinction between belief and faith. He once told me, with very great earnestness, that if he were that moment convinced—a conviction, the possibility of which, indeed, he could not realize to himself—that the New Testament was a forgery from beginning to end—wide as the desolation in his moral feelings would be, he should not abate one jot of his faith in God's power and mercy through some manifestation of his being towards man,

Faith is subjective. I throw myself in adoration before God; acknowledge myself his creature,—simple, weak, lost; and pray for help and pardon through Jesus Christ: but when I rise from my knees, I discuss the doctrine of the Trinity as I would a problem in geometry; in the same temper of mind, I mean, not by the same process of reasoning, of course.

AUGUST 4, 1832.

*Dobrizhoffer.*<sup>1</sup>

I HARDLY know anything more amusing than the honest German Jesuitry of Dobrizhoffer. His chapter on the dialects is most valuable. He is surprised that there is no form for the infinitive, but that they say,—I wish, (go, or

either in time past or future, or in the hidden depths where time and space are not. This was, I believe, no more than a vivid expression of what he always maintained, that no man had attained to a full faith who did not *recognize* in the Scriptures a correspondency to his own nature, or see that his own powers of reason, will, and understanding were preconfigured to the reception of the Christian doctrines and promises.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> "He was a man of rarest qualities,  
Who to this barbarous region had confined  
A spirit with the learned and the wise  
Worthy to take its place, and from mankind  
Receive their homage, to the immortal mind  
Paid in its just inheritance of fame.  
But he to humbler thoughts his heart inclined:  
From Gratz amid the Styrian hills he came,  
And Dobrizhoffer was the good man's honour'd name.

"It was his evil fortune to behold  
The labours of his painful life destroyed;  
His flock which he had brought within the fold  
Dispersed; the work of ages render'd void,  
And all of good that Paraguay enjoy'd,  
By blind and suicidal power o'erthrown.  
So he the years of his old age employ'd,  
A faithful chronicler, in handing down  
Names which he loved, and things well worthy to be known.

"And thus when exiled from the dear-loved scene,  
In proud Vienna he beguiled the pain  
Of sad remembrance: and the empress-queen,  
That great Teresa, she did not disdain

eat, or drink, &c.) interposing a letter by way of copula,—forgetting his own German and the English, which are, in truth, the same. The confident belief entertained by the Abipones of immortality, in connection with the utter absence in their minds of the idea of a God, is very remarkable. If Warburton were right, which he is not, the Mosaic scheme would be the exact converse. My dear daughter's translation of this book<sup>1</sup> is, in my judgment, unsurpassed for pure mother English by anything I have read for a long time.

AUGUST 6, 1832.

*Scotch and English.—Criterion of Genius.—Dryden and Pope.—Lamb and Hazlitt.\**

I HAVE generally found a Scotchman with a little literature very disagreeable. He is a superficial German or

In gracious mood sometimes to entertain  
Discourse with him both pleasurable and sage ;  
And sure a willing ear she well might deign  
To one whose tales may equally engage  
The wondering mind of youth, the thoughtful heart of age.

“ But of his native speech, because well-nigh  
Disuse in him forgetfulness had wrought,  
In Latin he composed his history ;  
A garrulous, but a lively tale, and fraught  
With matter of delight, and food for thought.  
And if he could in Merlin's glass have seen  
By whom his tones to speak our tongue were taught,  
The old man would have felt as pleased, I ween,  
As when he won the ear of that great empress-queen.

“ Little he deem'd, when with his Indian band  
He through the wilds set forth upon his way,  
A poet then unborn, and in a land  
Which had proscribed his order, should one day  
Take up from thence his moralizing lay,  
And, shape a song that, with no fiction drest,  
Should to his worth its grateful tribute pay,  
And sinking deep in many an English breast,  
Foster that faith divine that keeps the heart at rest.”

*Southey's Tale of Paraguay*, canto iii. st. 16.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> “ An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay. From the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, eighteen Years a Missionary in that Country.” Vol. ii. p. 176.—H. N. C.

Sara Coleridge translated this work under the direction of Southey.

a dull Frenchman. The Scotch will attribute merit to people of any nation rather than the English; the English have a morbid habit of petting and praising foreigners of any sort, to the unjust disparagement of their own worthies.

You will find this a good gage or criterion of genius,—whether it progresses and evolves, or only spins upon itself. Take Dryden's *Achitophel* and *Zimri*,—*Shaftesbury* and *Buckingham*; every line adds to or modifies the character, which is, as it were, a-building up to the very last verse; whereas, in Pope's *Timon*, &c., the first two or three couplets contain all the pith of the character, and the twenty or thirty lines that follow are so much evidence or proof of overt acts of jealousy, or pride, or whatever it may be that is satirised. In like manner compare Charles Lamb's exquisite criticisms on Shakspeare with Hazlitt's round and round imitations of them.

AUGUST 7, 1832.

*Milton's Disregard of Painting.*

IT is very remarkable that in no part of his writings does Milton take any notice of the great painters of Italy, nor, indeed, of painting as an art; whilst every other page breathes his love and taste for music. Yet it is curious that, in one passage in the *Paradise Lost* Milton has certainly copied the *fresco* of the Creation in the Sistine Chapel at Rome. I mean those lines—

—— “now half appear'd  
The tawny lion, pawing to get free  
His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,  
And rampant shakes his brinded mane;”—&c.<sup>1</sup>

an image which the necessities of the painter justified, but which was wholly unworthy, in my judgment, of the enlarged powers of the poet. Adam bending over the sleeping Eve, in the *Paradise Lost*,<sup>2</sup> and Dalilah approaching

<sup>1</sup> *Par. Lost*, book vii. ver. 463.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> “——so much the more  
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve

Samson, in the Agonistes,<sup>1</sup> are the only two proper pictures I remember in Milton.

AUGUST 9, 1832.

*Baptismal Service.—Jews' Division of the Scripture.—Sanskrit.*

I THINK the baptismal service almost perfect. What seems erroneous assumption in it to me, is harmless. None of the services of the Church affect me so much as this. I never could attend a christening without tears bursting forth, at the sight of the helpless innocent in a pious clergyman's arms.

The Jews recognised three degrees of sanctity in their Scriptures:—first, the writings of Moses, who had the *αὐτοψία*; secondly, the Prophets; and, thirdly, the Good Books. Philo, amusingly enough, places his works somewhere between the second and third degrees.

The claims of the Sanskrit for priority to the Hebrew as a language, are ridiculous.

AUGUST 11, 1832.

*Hesiod.—Virgil.—Genius Metaphysical.—Don Quixote.*

I LIKE reading Hesiod, meaning the Works and Days. If every verse is not poetry, it is, at least, good sense, which is a great deal to say.

With tresses discomposed, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he on his side  
Leaning, half raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces; then, with voice  
Mild, as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,  
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: Awake,  
My fairest," &c.

Book v. ver. 8.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> "But who is this, what thing of sea or land?  
Female of sex it seems,  
That so bedeck'd, ornate, and gay,  
Comes this way sailing  
Like a stately ship  
Of Tarsus, bound for the isles

There is nothing real in the Georgics, except, to be sure, the verse.<sup>1</sup> Mere didactics of practice, unless seasoned with the personal interests of the time or author, are inexpressibly dull to me. Such didactic poetry as that of the Works and Days followed naturally upon legislation and the first ordering of municipalities.

All genius is metaphysical; because the ultimate end of genius is ideal, however it may be actualised by incidental and accidental circumstances.

Don Quixote is not a man out of his senses, but a man in whom the imagination and the pure reason are so powerful as to make him disregard the evidence of sense when it opposed their conclusions. Sancho is the common sense of the social man-animal, unenlightened and unsanctified by the reason. You see how he reverences his master at the very time he is cheating him.

AUGUST 14, 1832.

Steinmetz.—Keats.

POOR dear Steinmetz is gone,—his state of sure blessedness accelerated; or, it may be, he is buried in Christ, and there in that mysterious depth grows on to the spirit of a just man made perfect! Could I for a moment doubt this, the grass would become black beneath my feet, and this earthly frame a charnel-house. I never knew any man so illustrate the difference between the feminine and the effeminate.

Of Javan or Gadire,  
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,  
Sails fill'd, and streamers waving,  
Court'd by all the winds that hold them play;  
An amber-scent of odorous perfume  
Her harbinger, a damsel train behind!"—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> I used to fancy Mr. Coleridge *paulo iniquior Vergilio*, and told him so; to which he replied, that, like all Eton men, I swore *per Maronem*. This was far enough from being the case; but I acknowledge that Mr. C.'s apparent indifference to the tenderness and dignity of Virgil excited my surprise.—H. N. C.

A loose, slack, not well-dressed youth met Mr. —<sup>1</sup> and myself in a lane near Highgate. — knew him, and spoke. It was Keats. He was introduced to me, and stayed a minute or so. After he had left us a little way, he came back and said: "Let me carry away the memory, Coleridge, of having pressed your hand!"—"There is death in that hand," I said to —, when Keats was gone; yet this was, I believe, before the consumption showed itself distinctly.

AUGUST 16, 1832.

*Christ's Hospital.—Bowyer.*

THE discipline at Christ's Hospital in my time was ultra-Spartan; all domestic ties were to be put aside. "Boy!" I remember Bowyer saying to me once when I was crying the first day of my return after the holidays, "Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first cousin, and your second cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!"

No tongue can express good Mrs. Bowyer. Val. le Grice and I were once going to be flogged for some domestic misdeed, and Bowyer was thundering away at us by way of prologue, when Mrs. B. looked in, and said, "Flog them soundly, sir, I beg!" This saved us. Bowyer was so nettled at the interruption that he growled out, "Away, woman! away!" and we were let off.

AUGUST 18, 1832.

*St. Paul's Melita.—The Maltese.\**

THE belief that Malta is the island on which St. Paul was wrecked is so rooted in the common Maltese, and

<sup>1</sup> According to Sara Coleridge, this was Mr. Green, who first knew Coleridge in 1817. She thinks the meeting probably took place early in 1819, and cites Mr. Green as authority for the statement. Lord Houghton, in his *Life of Keats*, suggests October, 1817, as the probable date, at which time Keats was at Hampstead.

is cherished with such a superstitious nationality, that the Government would run the chance of exciting a tumult, if it, or its representatives, unwarily ridiculed it. The supposition itself is quite absurd. Not to argue the matter at length, consider these few conclusive facts:—The narrative speaks of the “barbarous people,” and “barbarians,”<sup>1</sup> of the island. Now, our Malta was at that time fully peopled and highly civilized, as we may surely infer from Cicero and other writers.<sup>2</sup> A viper comes out from the sticks

<sup>1</sup> Acts xxvii. 2 and 4. Mr. C. seemed to think that the Greek words had reference to something more than the fact of the islanders not speaking Latin or Greek; the classical meaning of *βάρβαροι*.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Upwards of a century before the reign of Nero, Cicero speaks at considerable length of our Malta in one of the Verrine orations. See Act. ii. lib. iv. c. 46. “Insula est Melita, judices,” &c. There was a town, and Verres had established in it a manufactory of the fine cloth or cotton stuffs, the *Melitensis vestis*, for which the island is uniformly celebrated:—

“Fertilis est Melite sterili vicina Cocyræ  
Insula, quam Libyci verberat unda freti.”

OVID. *Fast.* iii. 567.

And Silius Italicus has—

——— “telaque *superba*  
*Lanigera* Melite.”

*Punic*, xiv. 251.

Yet it may have been cotton after all—the present product of Malta. Cicero describes an *ancient* temple of Juno situated on a promontory near the town, so famous and revered, that, even in the time of Masinissa, at least 150 years B.C., that prince had religiously restored some relics which his admiral had taken from it. The plunder of this very temple is an article of accusation against Verres; and a deputation of Maltese (*legati Melitenses*) came to Rome to establish the charge. These are all the facts, I think, which can be gathered from Cicero; because I consider his expression of *nudate urbes*, in the working up of this article, a piece of rhetoric. Strabo merely marks the position of Melita, and says that the lap-dogs called *κυνίδια Μελιταία* were sent from this island, though some writers attribute them to the other Melite in the Adriatic (lib. vi.). Diodorus, however, a Sicilian himself by birth gives the following remarkable testimony as to the state of the island in his time, which, it will be remembered, was considerably before the date of St. Paul's shipwreck. “There are three islands to the south of Sicily, each of which has a city or town (*πόλις*), and harbours fitted for the safe reception of ships. The first of these is Melite, distant about 800 stadia from Syracuse, and possessing several harbours of surpassing excellence. Its inhabitants are rich and luxurious (*τοὺς κατοικοῦντας ταῖς οὐσίαις*)



upon the fire being lighted; the men are not surprised at the appearance of the snake, but imagine first a murderer, and then a god from the harmless attack. Now, in our Malta there are, I may say, no snakes at all; which, to be sure, the Maltese attribute to St. Paul's having cursed them away. Melita in the Adriatic was a perfectly barbarous island as to its native population, and was, and is now, infested with serpents. Besides, the context shows that the scene is in the Adriatic.

The Maltese seem to have preserved a fondness and taste for architecture from the time of the knights—naturally enough occasioned by the incomparable materials at hand.<sup>1</sup>

AUGUST 19, 1832.

*English and German.—Best State of Society.*

IT may be doubted whether a composite language like the English, is not a happier instrument of expression than a homogeneous one like the German. We possess a wonderful richness and variety of modified meanings in our Saxon and Latin quasi-synonymes, which the Germans have not. For "the pomp and *prodigality* of Heaven," the Germans must have said, "*the spendthriftness*."<sup>2</sup> Shakspeare is particularly happy in his use of the Latin synonymes, and in distinguishing between them and the Saxon.

*εὐδαίμονας*). There are artisans of every kind (*παντοδαποὺς ταῖς ἐργασίαις*); the best are those who weave cloth of a singular fineness and softness. The houses are worthy of admiration for their superb adornment with eaves and brilliant whitewashing (*οἰκίας ἀξυλόγους καὶ κατεσκευασμένας φιλοτίμως γέισσοις καὶ κονιάμασι περιττότερον*).—Lib. v. c. 12. Mela (ii. c. 7) and Pliny (iii. 14), simply mark the position.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> The passage which I have cited from Diodorus, shows that the origin was much earlier.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> *Verschwendung*, I suppose.—H. N. C. This idea is more fully drawn out in Coleridge's "Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare," p. 71. (Standard Library Edition.)

That is the most excellent state of society in which the patriotism of the citizen ennobles, but does not merge, the individual energy of the man.

SEPTEMBER 1, 1832.

*Great Minds Androgynous.—Philosopher's ordinary Language.*

I N chemistry and nosology, by extending the degree to a certain point, the constituent proportion may be destroyed, and a new kind produced.

I have known *strong* minds, with imposing, undoubting, Cobbett-like manners; but I have never met a *great* mind of this sort. And of the former, they are at least as often wrong as right. The truth is, a great mind must be androgynous. Great minds—Swedenborg's for instance—are never wrong, but in consequence of being in the right, but imperfectly.

A philosopher's ordinary language and admissions, in general conversation or writings *ad populum*, are as his watch compared with his astronomical timepiece. He sets the former by the town-clock, not because he believes it right, but because his neighbours and his cook go by it.

JANUARY 2, 1833.

*Juries.—Barristers' and Physicians' Fees.—Quacks.—Cesarean Operation.—Inherited Disease.—Hope.\**

I CERTAINLY think that juries would be more conscientious, if they were allowed a larger discretion. But, after all, juries cannot be better than the mass out of which they are taken. And if juries are not honest and single-minded, they are the worst, because the least responsible, instruments of judicial or popular tyranny.

I should be sorry to see the honorary character of the fees of barristers and physicians done away with. Though it seems a shadowy distinction, I believe it to be beneficial

in effect. It contributes to preserve the idea of a profession, of a class which belongs to the public,—in the employment and remuneration of which no law interferes, but the citizen acts as he likes *in foro conscientie*.

There undoubtedly ought to be a declaratory act, withdrawing expressly from the St. John Longs and other quacks the protection which the law is inclined to throw around the mistakes or miscarriages of the regularly educated practitioner.

I think there are only two things wanting to justify a surgeon in performing the Cæsarean operation: first, that he should possess infallible knowledge of his art; and, secondly, that he should be infallibly certain that he is infallible.

Can anything be more dreadful than the thought that an innocent child has inherited from you a disease or a weakness, the penalty in yourself of sin or want of caution?

In the treatment of nervous cases, he is the best physician, who is the most ingenious inspirer of hope.

JANUARY 3, 1833.

*Mason's Poetry.*

I CANNOT bring myself to think much of Mason's poetry. I may be wrong; but all those passages in the *Caractacus* which we learn to admire at school, now seem to me one continued *falsetto*.

JANUARY 4, 1833.

*Northern and Southern States of the American Union.—All and the Whole.*

NATURALLY one would have thought that there would have been greater sympathy between the northern and north-western states of the American Union and England, than between England and the Southern

states. There is ten times as much English blood and spirit in New England as in Virginia, the Carolinas, &c. Nevertheless, such has been the force of the interests of commerce, that now, and for some years past, the people of the north hate England with increasing bitterness, whilst, amongst those of the south, who are Jacobins, the British connection has become popular. Can there ever be any thorough national fusion of the Northern and Southern states? I think not.<sup>1</sup> In fact, the Union will be shaken almost to dislocation whenever a very serious question between the states arises. The American Union has no *centre*, and it is impossible now to make one. The more they extend their borders into the Indians' land, the weaker will the national cohesion be. But I look upon the states as splendid masses to be used, by and by, in the composition of two or three great governments.

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There is a great and important difference, both in politics and metaphysics, between *all* and *the whole*. The first can never be ascertained as a standing quantity; the second, if comprehended by insight into its parts, remains for ever known. Mr. Huskisson, I thought, satisfactorily refuted the shipowners; and yet the shipping interest, who must know where the shoe pinches, complain to this day.

JANUARY 7, 1833.

*Ninth Article.*—*Sin and Sins.*—*Faith and Life.*\*—*Old Divines.*—*Emotional Sermons.*\*—*Preaching Extempore.*

“**V**ERY far gone,” is *quàm longissime* in the Latin of the ninth article,—as far gone as possible, that is, as was possible for *man* to go; as far as was compatible with his having any redeemable qualities left in him. To talk of man's being *utterly* lost to good, is absurd; for then he would be a devil at once.

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One mistake perpetually made by one of our unhappy parties in religion,—and with a pernicious tendency to

<sup>1</sup> See April 10, 1833.

Antinomianism,—is to confound *sin* with *sins*. To tell a modest girl, the watchful nurse of an aged parent, that she is full of *sins* against God, is monstrous, and as shocking to reason as it is unwarrantable by Scripture. But to tell her that she, and all men and women, are of a sinful nature, and that, without Christ's redeeming love and God's grace, she cannot be emancipated from its dominion, is true and proper.<sup>1</sup>

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No article of faith can be truly and duly preached without necessarily and simultaneously infusing a deep sense of the indispensableness of a holy life.

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How pregnant with instruction, and with knowledge of all sorts, are the sermons of our old divines! in this respect, as in so many others, how different from the major part of modern discourses!

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Every attempt, in a sermon, to cause emotion, except as the consequence of an impression made on the reason, or the understanding, or the will, I hold to be fanatical and sectarian.

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No doubt preaching, in the proper sense of the word, is more effective than reading; and, therefore, I would not prohibit it, but leave a liberty to the clergyman who feels himself able to accomplish it. But, as things now are, I am quite sure I prefer going to church to a pastor who reads his discourse: for I never yet heard more than one preacher without book, who did not forget his argument in three minutes' time; and fall into vague and unprofitable declamation, and generally, very coarse declamation too. These preachers never progress; they eddy round and round. Sterility of mind follows their ministry.

<sup>1</sup> In a marginal scrap Mr. C. wrote:—"What are the essential doctrines of our religion, if not sin and original sin, as the necessitating occasion, and the redemption of sinners by the Incarnate Word as the substance of the Christian dispensation? And can these be intelligently believed without knowledge and steadfast meditation? By the unlearned they may be worthily received, but not by the unthinking and self-ignorant Christian."—H. N. C.

JANUARY 20, 1833.

*Church of England.*

WHEN the Church at the Reformation ceased to be extra-national, it unhappily became royal instead; its proper bearing is intermediate between the crown and the people, with an inclination to the latter.

The present prospects of the Church weigh heavily on my soul. Oh! that the words of a statesmanlike philosophy could win their way through the ignorant zealotry and sordid vulgarity of the leaders of the day!

FEBRUARY 5, 1833.

*Union with Ireland.—Dissenters.\**

IF any modification of the Union takes place, I trust it will be a total divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*. I am sure we have lived a cat and dog life of it. Let us have no silly saving of one crown and two legislatures; that would be preserving all the mischiefs without any of the goods, if there are any, of the union.

I am deliberately of opinion, that England, in all its institutions, has received injury from its union with Ireland.<sup>1</sup> My only difficulty is as to the Protestants, to whom we owe protection. But I cannot forget that the Protestants themselves have greatly aided in accelerating the present horrible state of things, by using that as a remedy and a reward which should have been to them an opportunity.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Dec. 17, 1831.

<sup>2</sup> "Whatever may be thought of the settlement that followed the battle of the Boyne and the extinction of the war in Ireland, yet when this had been made and submitted to, it would have been the far wiser policy, I doubt not, to have provided for the safety of the constitution by improving the quality of the elective franchise, leaving the eligibility open, or like the former, limited only by considerations of property. Still, however, the scheme of exclusion and disqualification had its plausible side. The ink was scarcely dry on the parchment-rolls and proscription-lists of the popish parliament. The crimes of the man were generalised into attributes of his faith; and the Irish catholics collectively were held accomplices in the perfidy and baseness of the king."

If the Protestant Church in Ireland is removed, of course the Romish Church must be established in its place. There can be no resisting it in common reason.

How miserably imbecile and objectless has the English government of Ireland been for forty years past! Oh! for a great man—but one really great man—who could feel the weight and the power of a principle, and unflinchingly put it into act! But truly there is no vision in the land, and the people accordingly perisheth. See how triumphant in debate and in action O'Connell is! Why? Because he asserts a broad principle and acts up to it, rests all his body on it and has faith in it. Our ministers—true Whigs in that—have faith in nothing but expedients *de die in diem*. Indeed, what principles of government can *they* have, who in the space of a month recanted a life of political opinions, and now dare to threaten this and that innovation at the huzza of a mob, or in pique at a parliamentary defeat?

I sometimes think it just possible that the Dissenters may once more be animated by a wiser and nobler spirit, and see their dearest interest in the Church of England as the bulwark and glory of Protestantism, as they did at the Revolution. But I doubt their being able to resist the low

Alas! his immediate adherents had afforded too great colour to the charge. The Irish massacre was in the mouth of every Protestant, not as an event to be remembered, but as a thing of recent expectation, fear still blending with the sense of deliverance. At no time, therefore, could the disqualifying system have been enforced with so little reclamation of the conquered party, or with so little outrage on the general feeling of the country. There was no time when it was so capable of being indirectly useful as a *sedative*, in order to the application of the remedies directly indicated, or as a counter-power reducing to inactivity whatever disturbing forces might have interfered with their operation. And had this use been made of these exclusive laws, and had they been enforced as the precursors and negative conditions,—but, above all, as *bond fide* accompaniments of a process of *emancipation*, properly and worthily so named, the code would at this day have been remembered in Ireland only as when, recalling a dangerous fever of our boyhood, we think of the nauseous drugs and drenching-horn, and congratulate ourselves that our doctors now-a-days know how to manage these things less coarsely. But this angry code was neglected as an opportunity, and mistaken for a *substitute*: *et hinc illæ lacrymæ!*—*Church and State*, p. 195.—H. N. C.

factionous malignity to the Church which has characterized them as a body for so many years.

FEBRUARY 16, 1833.

*Faust.—Michael Scott, Goethe, Schiller, and Wordsworth.*

BEFORE I had ever seen any part of Goethe's "Faust,"<sup>1</sup> though, of course, when I was familiar enough with Marlowe's, I conceived and drew up the plan of a work, a drama, which was to be, to my mind, what the "Faust" was to Goethe's. My Faust was old Michael Scott; a much better and more likely original than Faust. He appeared in the midst of his college of devoted disciples, enthusiastic, ebullient, shedding around him bright surmises of discoveries fully perfected in after-times, and inculcating the study of nature and its secrets as the pathway to the acquisition of power. He did not love knowledge for itself—for its own exceeding great reward—but in order to be powerful. This poison-speck infected his

<sup>1</sup> "The poem was first published in 1790, and forms the commencement of the seventh volume of *Goethe's Schriften, Wien und Leipzig, bey J. Stahel and G. J. Goschen*, 1790. This edition is now before me. The poem is entitled, *Faust, ein Fragment* (not *Doktor Faust, ein Trauerspiel*, as Döring says), and contains no prologue or dedication of any sort. It commences with the scene in Faust's study, *antè*, p. 17, and is continued, as now, down to the passage ending, *antè*, p. 26, line 5. In the original, the line—

"Und froh ist, wenn er Regenwürmer findet,"

ends the scene.

The next scene is one between Faust and Mephistopheles, and begins thus—

"Und was der ganzen Menschheit zugetheilt ist,"

*i.e.*, with the passage (*antè*, p. 70) beginning, "I will enjoy, in my own heart's core, all that is parcelled out among mankind," &c. All that intervenes, in later editions, is wanting. It is thenceforth continued, as now, to the end of the cathedral scene (*antè*, p. 170), except that the whole scene, in which Valentine is killed, is wanting. Thus Margaret's prayer to the Virgin and the cathedral scene come together, and form the conclusion of the work. According to Döring's "Verzeichniss," there was no new edition of "Faust" until 1807. According to Dr. Sieglitz, the first part of "Faust" first appeared, in its present shape, in the collected edition of Goethe's works, which was published in 1808.—*Hayward's Translation of Faust*, second edition, note, p. 215.—H. N. C.



mind from the beginning. The priests suspect him, circumvent him, accuse him; he is condemned, and thrown into solitary confinement: this constituted the *prologus* of the drama. A pause of four or five years takes place, at the end of which Michael escapes from prison, a soured, gloomy, miserable man. He will not, cannot study; of what avail had all his study been to him? His knowledge, great as it was, had failed to preserve him from the cruel fangs of the persecutors; he could not command the lightning or the storm to wreak their furies upon the heads of those whom he hated and contemned, yet feared. Away with learning! away with study! to the winds with all pretences to knowledge! We *know* nothing; we are fools, wretches, mere beasts. Anon I began to tempt him. I made him dream, gave him wine, and passed the most exquisite of women before him, but out of his reach. Is there, then, no knowledge by which these pleasures can be commanded? *That way* lay witchcraft, and accordingly to witchcraft Michael turns with all his soul. He has many failures and some successes; he learns the chemistry of exciting drugs and exploding powders, and some of the properties of transmitted and reflected light; his appetites and his curiosity are both stimulated, and his old craving for power and mental domination over others revives. At last Michael tries to raise the Devil, and the Devil comes at his call. My Devil was to be, like Goethe's, the universal humourist, who should make all things vain and nothing worth, by a perpetual collation of the great with the little in the presence of the infinite. I had many a trick for him to play, some better, I think, than any in the "Faust." In the mean time, Michael is miserable; he has power, but no peace, and he every day more keenly feels the tyranny of hell surrounding him. In vain he seems to himself to assert the most absolute empire over the Devil, by imposing the most extravagant tasks; one thing is as easy as another to the Devil. "What next, Michael?" is repeated every day with more imperious servility. Michael groans in spirit; his power is a curse: he commands women and wine! but the women seem fictitious and devilish, and the wine does not make him drunk. He now begins to hate

the Devil, and tries to cheat him. He studies again, and explores the darkest depths of sorcery for a receipt to cozen hell; but all in vain. Sometimes the Devil's finger turns over the page for him, and points out an experiment, and Michael hears a whisper—"Try *that*, Michael!" The horror increases; and Michael feels that he is a slave and a condemned criminal. Lost to hope, he throws himself into every sensual excess,—in the mid career of which he sees Agatha, my Margaret, and immediately endeavours to seduce her. Agatha loves him; and the Devil facilitates their meetings; but she resists Michael's attempts to ruin her, and implores him not to act so as to forfeit her esteem. Long struggles of passion ensue, in the result of which his affections are called forth against his appetites, and, love-born, the idea of a redemption of the lost will dawn upon his mind. This is instantaneously perceived by the Devil; and for the first time the humourist becomes severe and menacing. A fearful succession of conflicts between Michael and the Devil takes place, in which Agatha helps and suffers. In the end, after subjecting him to every imaginable horror and agony, I made him triumphant, and poured peace into his soul in the conviction of a salvation for sinners through God's grace.

The intended theme of the Faust is the consequences of a misology, or hatred and depreciation of knowledge caused by an originally intense thirst for knowledge baffled. But a love of knowledge for itself, and for pure ends, would never produce such a misology, but only a love of it for base and unworthy purposes. There is neither causation nor progression in the Faust; he is a ready-made conjuror from the very beginning; the *incredulus odi* is felt from the first line. The sensuality and the thirst after knowledge are unconnected with each other. Mephistopheles and Margaret are excellent; but Faust himself is dull and meaningless. The scene in Auerbach's cellars is one of the best, perhaps the very best; that on the Brocken is also fine; and all the songs are beautiful. But there is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat. The German is very pure and fine.

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The young men in Germany and England, who admire Lord Byron, prefer Goethe to Schiller; but you may depend upon it, Goethe does not, nor ever will, command the common mind of the people of Germany as Schiller does. Schiller had two legitimate phases in his intellectual character:—the first as author of the *Robbers*—a piece which must not be considered with reference to Shakspeare, but as a work of the mere material sublime, and in that line it is undoubtedly very powerful indeed. It is quite genuine, and deeply imbued with Schiller's own soul. After this he outgrew the composition of such plays as the *Robbers*, and at once took his true and only rightful stand in the grand historical drama—the *Wallenstein*;—not the intense drama of passion,—he was not master of that—but the diffused drama of history, in which alone he had ample scope for his varied powers. The *Wallenstein* is the greatest of his works; it is not unlike Shakspeare's historical plays—a species by itself. You may take up any scene, and it will please you by itself; just as you may in *Don Quixote*, which you read *through* once or twice only, but which you read *in* repeatedly. After this point it was, that Goethe and other writers injured by their theories the steadiness and originality of Schiller's mind; and in every one of his works after the *Wallenstein* you may perceive the fluctuations of his taste and principles of composition. He got a notion of re-introducing the characterlessness of the Greek tragedy with a chorus, as in the *Bride of Messina*, and he was for infusing more lyric verse into it. Schiller sometimes affected to despise the *Robbers* and the other works of his first youth; whereas he ought to have spoken of them as of works not in a right line, but full of excellence in their way. In his ballads and lighter lyrics Goethe is most excellent.<sup>1</sup> It is impossible to praise him too highly in this respect. I like the *Wilhelm Meister* the best of his prose works. But neither Schiller's nor Goethe's prose style approaches to Lessing's, whose writings, for *manner*, are absolutely perfect.

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<sup>1</sup> Coleridge repeats this, May 18, 1833.

Although Wordsworth and Goethe are not much alike, to be sure, upon the whole; yet they both have this peculiarity of utter non-sympathy with the subjects of their poetry. They are always, both of them, spectators *ab extra*,—feeling *for*, but never *with*, their characters. Schiller is a thousand times more *heartly* than Goethe.

I was once pressed—many years ago—to translate the Faust; and I so far entertained the proposal as to read the work through with great attention, and to revive in my mind my own former plan of Michael Scott. But then I considered with myself whether the time taken up in executing the translation might not more worthily be devoted to the composition of a work which, even if parallel in some points to the Faust, should be truly original in motive and execution, and therefore more interesting and valuable than any version which I could make; and, secondly, I debated with myself whether it became my moral character to render into English—and so far, certainly, lend my countenance to language—much of which I thought vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous. I need not tell you that I never put pen to paper as a translator of Faust.

I have read a good deal of Mr. Hayward's version,<sup>1</sup> and I think it done in a very manly style; but I do not admit the argument for prose translations. I would in general rather see verse attempted in so capable a language as ours. The French cannot help themselves, of course, with such a language as theirs.

FEBRUARY 17, 1833.

*Beaumont and Fletcher.—Ben Jonson.—Massinger.*

IN the romantic drama Beaumont and Fletcher are almost supreme. Their plays are in general most truly delightful. I could read the Beggar's Bush from morning to night. How sylvan and sunshiny it is! The Little French Lawyer is excellent. Lawrit is conceived and executed

<sup>1</sup> The preface to the earliest published edition of Hayward's "Faust" is dated Feb. 25, 1833, but the whole of the first impression had at that date been for some weeks in private circulation.

from first to last in genuine comic humour. Monsieur Thomas is also capital. I have no doubt whatever that the first act and the first scene of the second act of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* are Shakspeare's. Beaumont and Fletcher's plots are, to be sure, wholly inartificial; they only care to pitch a character into a position to make him or her talk; you must swallow all their gross improbabilities, and, taking it all for granted, attend only to the dialogue. How lamentable it is that no gentleman and scholar can be found to edit these beautiful plays! <sup>1</sup> Did the name of criticism ever descend so low as in the hands of those two fools and knaves, Seward and Simpson? There are whole scenes in their edition which I could with certainty put back into their original verse, and more that could be replaced in their native prose. Was there ever such an absolute disregard of literary fame as that displayed by Shakspeare, and Beaumont and Fletcher? <sup>2</sup>

In Ben Jonson you have an intense and burning art. Some of his plots, that of the *Alchemist*, for example, are perfect. Ben Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher would, if united, have made a great dramatist indeed, and yet not have come near Shakspeare; but no doubt Ben Jonson was the greatest man after Shakspeare in that age of dramatic genius.

<sup>1</sup> I believe Mr. Dyce could edit Beaumont and Fletcher as well as any man of the present or last generation; but the truth is, the limited sale of the late editions of Ben Jonson, Shirley, &c., has damped the spirit of enterprise amongst the respectable publishers. Still I marvel that some cheap reprint of B. and F. is not undertaken.—H. N. C.

See Mr. Dyce's admirable edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1843, in 11 vols. Sara Coleridge, however, in her third edition, of 1851, reprints her husband's note, without comment.

<sup>2</sup> "The men of the greatest genius, as far as we can judge from their own works, or from the accounts of their contemporaries, appear to have been of calm and tranquil temper, in all that related to themselves. In the inward assurance of permanent fame, they seem to have been either indifferent or resigned, with regard to immediate reputation. . . ."

"Shakspeare's evenness and sweetness of temper were almost proverbial in his own age. That this did not arise from ignorance of his own comparative greatness, we have abundant proof in his sonnets, which could scarcely have been known to Mr. Pope, when he asserted, that our great bard 'grew immortal in his own despite.'"—*Biog. Lit.* vol. i. p. 32.—H. N. C.

The styles of Massinger's plays and the *Samson Agonistes* are the two extremes of the arc within which the diction of dramatic poetry may oscillate. Shakspeare in his great plays is the midpoint. In the *Samson Agonistes*, colloquial language is left at the greatest distance, yet something of it is preserved, to render the dialogue probable: in Massinger the style is differenced, but differenced in the smallest degree possible, from animated conversation by the vein of poetry.

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There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakspeare round, that we cannot even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his manner in the *Remorse*, and, when I had done, I found I had been tracking Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger instead. It is really very curious. At first sight, Shakspeare and his contemporary dramatists seem to write in styles much alike: nothing so easy as to fall into that of Massinger and the others; whilst no one has ever yet produced one scene conceived and expressed in the Shaksperian idiom. I suppose it is because Shakspeare is universal, and, in fact, has no *manner*; just as you can so much more readily copy a picture than Nature herself.

FEBRUARY 20, 1833.

*House of Commons appointing the Officers of the Army and Navy.*

I WAS just now reading Sir John Cam Hobhouse's answer to Mr. Hume, I believe, upon the point of transferring the patronage of the army and navy from the Crown to the House of Commons. I think, if I had been in the House of Commons, I would have said, "that, ten or fifteen years ago, I should have considered Sir J. C. H.'s speech quite unanswerable,—it being clear constitutional law that the House of Commons has not, nor ought to have, any share, directly or indirectly, in the appointment of the officers of the army or navy. But now that the King had been reduced, by the means and procurement of the Honourable Baronet and his friends, to a puppet, which, so far from having any independent will of its own, could not resist a measure which it hated and condemned, it became a matter of grave consideration whether it was not

necessary to vest the appointment of such officers in a body like the House of Commons, rather than in a junta of ministers, who were obliged to make common cause with the mob and democratic press for the sake of keeping their places."

MARCH 9, 1833.

*Penal Code in Ireland.—Churchmen.*

THE penal code in Ireland, in the beginning of the last century, was justifiable, as a temporary mean of enabling government to take breath and look about them; and if right measures had been systematically pursued in a right spirit, there can be no doubt that all, or the greater part, of Ireland would have become Protestant. Protestantism under the Charter Schools was greatly on the increase in the early part of that century, and the complaints of the Romish priests to that effect are on record. But, unfortunately, the drenching-horn was itself substituted for the medicine.

There seems to me, at present, to be a curse upon the English church, and upon the governors of all institutions connected with the orderly advancement of national piety and knowledge; it is the curse of prudence, as they miscall it—in fact, of fear.

Clergymen are now almost afraid to explain in their pulpits the grounds of their being Protestants. They are completely cowed by the vulgar harassings of the press and of our Hectoring sciolists in Parliament. There should be no *party* politics in the pulpit to be sure; but every church in England ought to resound with national politics,—I mean the sacred character of the national church, and an exposure of the base robbery from the nation itself—for so indeed it is!—about to be committed by these ministers, in

<sup>1</sup> "That the maxims of a pure morality, and those sublime truths of the divine unity and attributes, which a Plato found it hard to learn, and more difficult to reveal; that these should have become the almost hereditary property of childhood and poverty, of the hovel and the workshop; that even to the unlettered they sound as *common-place*; this is a phenomenon which must withhold all but minds of the most vulgar cast

order to have a sop to throw to the Irish agitators, who will, of course, only cut the deeper, and come the oftener. You cannot buy off a barbarous invader.

MARCH 12, 1833.

*Coronation Oaths.*

Lord GREY has, in Parliament, said two things: first, that the Coronation Oaths only bind the King in his executive capacity; and secondly, that members of the House of Commons are bound to represent by their votes the wishes and opinions of their constituents, and

from undervaluing the services even of the pulpit and the reading-desk. Yet he who should confine the efficiency of an established church to these, can hardly be placed in a much higher rank of intellect. That to every parish throughout the kingdom there is transplanted a germ of civilisation; that in the remotest villages there is a nucleus, round which the capabilities of the place may crystallise and brighten; a model sufficiently superior to excite, yet sufficiently near to encourage and facilitate imitation; *this* unobtrusive, continuous agency of a Protestant church establishment, *this* it is, which the patriot and the philanthropist, who would fain unite the love of peace with the faith in the progressive amelioration of mankind, cannot estimate at too high a price. 'It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx, or the sapphire. No mention shall be made of coral or of pearls; for the price of wisdom is above rubies.'—The clergyman is with his parishioners and among them: he is neither in the cloistered cell, nor in the wilderness, but a neighbour and family man, whose education and rank admit him to the mansion of the rich landholder, while his duties make him the frequent visitor of the farm-house and the cottage. He is, or he may become, connected with the families of his parish or its vicinity by marriage. And among the instances of the blindness, or at best of the short-sightedness, which it is the nature of cupidity to inflict, I know few more striking than the clamours of the farmers against church property. Whatever was not paid to the clergyman would inevitably at the next lease be paid to the landholder; while, as the case at present stands, the revenues of the church are in some sort the reversionary property of every family that may have a member educated for the church, or a daughter that may marry a clergyman. Instead of being *foreclosed* and immovable, it is, in fact, the only species of landed property that is essentially moving and circulative. That there exist no inconveniences who will pretend to assert?—But I have yet to expect the proof, that the inconveniences are greater in this than in any other species; or that either the farmers or the clergy would be benefited by forcing the latter to become either *Trullibers* or salaried *placemen*.—*Church and State*, p. 90.—H. N. C.



not their own. Put these two together, and tell me what useful part of the constitutional monarchy of England remains. It is clear that the Coronation Oaths would be no better than Highgate oaths. For in his executive capacity the King *cannot* do anything, against the doing of which the oaths bind him; it is *only* in his legislative character that he possesses a free agency capable of being bound. The nation meant to bind *that*.

MARCH 14, 1833.

*Divinity.—Professions and Trades.*

DIVINITY is essentially the first of the professions, because it is necessary for all at all times; law and physic are only necessary for some at some times. I speak of them, of course, not in their abstract existence, but in their applicability to man.

Every true science bears necessarily within itself the germ of a cognate profession, and the more you can elevate trades into professions the better.

MARCH 17, 1833.

*Modern Political Economy.—All and the Whole.\**

WHAT solemn humbug this modern political economy is! What is there true of the little that is true in their dogmatic books, which is not a simple deduction from the moral and religious *credenda* and *agenda* of any good man, and with which we were not all previously acquainted, and upon which every man of common sense instinctively acted? I know none. But what they truly state, they do not truly understand in its ultimate grounds and causes; and hence they have sometimes done more mischief by their half-ignorant and half-sophistical reasonings about and deductions from well-founded positions, than they could have done by the promulgation of positive error. This particularly applies to their famous ratios of increase between man and the means of his subsistence. Political economy, at the highest, can never be a pure science. You may demonstrate that certain properties inhere in the arch,

which yet no bridge-builder *can* ever reduce into brick and mortar; but an abstract conclusion in a matter of political economy, the premisses of which neither exist now, nor ever will exist within the range of the wildest imagination, is not a truth, but a chimera—a practical falsehood. For there are no theorems in political economy—but problems only. Certain things being actually so and so; the question is, *how to do so and so with them*. Political *philosophy*, indeed, points to ulterior ends, but even those ends are all practical; and if you desert the conditions of reality, or of common probability, you may show forth your eloquence or your fancy, but the utmost you can produce will be a Utopia or Oceana.

You talk about making this article cheaper by reducing its price in the market from 8*d.* to 6*d.* But suppose, in so doing, you have rendered your country weaker against a foreign foe; suppose you have demoralised thousands of your fellow-countrymen, and have sown discontent between one class of society and another, your article is tolerably dear, I take it, after all. Is not its real price enhanced to every Christian and patriot a hundred-fold?

*All is an endless fleeting abstraction; the whole is a reality.*<sup>1</sup>

MARCH 31, 1833.

*National Debt.—Property Tax.—Duty of Landholders.*

WHAT evil results now to this country, taken at large, from the actual existence of the National Debt? I never could get a plain and practical answer to that question. I do not advert to the past loss of capital, although it is hard to see how that capital can be said to have been unproductive, which produces, in the defence of the nation itself, the conditions of the permanence and productivity of all other capital. As to taxation to pay the interest, how can the country suffer by a process, under which the money is never one minute out of the pockets of the people? You may just as well say that a man is weakened by the circulation of his blood. There may, certainly, be particular local

<sup>1</sup> Compare Jan. 4, 1833.

evils and grievances resulting from the mode of taxation or collection ; but how can that debt be in any proper sense a burthen to the nation, which the nation owes to itself, and to no one but itself ? It is a juggle to talk of the nation owing the capital or the interest to the stockholders ; it owes to itself only. Suppose the interest to be owing to the Emperor of Russia, and then you would feel the difference of a debt in the proper sense. It is really and truly nothing more in effect than so much money, or money's worth, raised annually by the state for the purpose of quickening industry.<sup>1</sup>

I should like to see a well graduated property-tax, accompanied by a large loan.

<sup>1</sup> See the splendid essay in the *Friend* (vol. ii. p. 47) on the vulgar errors respecting taxes and taxation.

"A great statesman, lately deceased, in one of his anti-ministerial harangues against some proposed impost, said, 'The nation has been already bled in every vein, and is faint with loss of blood.' This blood, however, was circulating in the meantime through the whole body of the state, and what was received into one chamber of the heart was instantly sent out again at the other portal. Had he wanted a metaphor to convey the possible injuries of taxation, he might have found one less opposite to the fact, in the known disease of aneurism, or relaxation of the coats of particular vessels, by a disproportionate accumulation of blood in them, which sometimes occurs when the circulation has been suddenly and violently changed, and causes helplessness, or even mortal stagnation, though the total quantity of blood remains the same in the system at large.

"But a fuller and fairer symbol of taxation, both in its possible good and evil effects, is to be found in the evaporation of waters from the surface of the earth. The sun may draw up the moisture from the river, the morass, and the ocean, to be given back in genial showers to the garden, to the pasture, and the corn-field ; but it may, likewise, force away the moisture from the fields of tillage, to drop it on the stagnant pool, the saturated swamp, or the unprofitable sand-waste. The gardens in the south of Europe supply, perhaps, a not less apt illustration of a system of finance judiciously conducted, where the tanks or reservoirs would represent the capital of a nation, and the hundred rills, hourly varying their channels and directions under the gardener's spade, give a pleasing image of the dispersion of that capital through the whole population by the joint effect of taxation and trade. For taxation itself is a part of commerce, and the government may be fairly considered as a great manufacturing house, carrying on, in different places, by means of its partners and overseers, the trades of the shipbuilder, the clothier, the iron-founder," &c., &c.—H. N. C.

One common objection to a property-tax is, that it tends to diminish the accumulation of capital. In my judgment, one of the chief sources of the bad economy of the country now is the enormous aggregation of capitals.

When shall we return to a sound conception of the right to property—namely, as being official, implying and demanding the performance of commensurate duties? Nothing but the most horrible perversion of humanity and moral justice, under the specious name of political economy, could have blinded men to this truth as to the possession of land,—the law of God having connected indissolubly the cultivation of every rood of earth with the maintenance and watchful labour of man. But money, stock, riches by credit, transferable and convertible at will, are under no such obligations; and, unhappily, it is from the selfish autocratic possession of *such* property, that our landholders have learnt their present theory of trading with that which was never meant to be an object of commerce.

APRIL 5, 1833.

[*Poems.\*—Massinger.—Shakspeare.—Hieronimo.*

TO please me, a poem must be either music or sense; if it is neither, I confess I cannot interest myself in it.

The first act of the *Virgin Martyr* is as fine an act as I remember in any play. The *Very Woman* is, I think, one of the most perfect plays we have. There is some good fun in the first scene between Don John, or Antonio, and Cuculo, his master;<sup>1</sup> and can anything exceed the skill and sweetness of the scene between him and his mistress, in which he relates his story?<sup>2</sup> The *Bondman* is also a delightful play. Massinger is always entertaining; his plays have the interest of novels.

But, like most of his contemporaries, except Shakspeare,

<sup>1</sup> Act iii. sc. 2.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Act iv. sc. 3:—

“ANT. Not far from where my father lives, a lady,  
A neighbour by, bless'd with as great a beauty  
As nature durst bestow without undoing,  
Dwelt, and most happily, as I thought then,

Massinger often deals in exaggerated passion. Malefort senior, in the *Unnatural Combat*, however he may have had the moral will to be so wicked, could never have actually done all that he is represented as guilty of, without losing his senses. He would have been, in fact, mad. Regan and Goneril are the only pictures of the unnatural in Shakspeare—the pure unnatural; and you will observe that Shakspeare has left their hideousness unsoftened or diversified by a single line of goodness or common human frailty. Whereas, in Edmund, for whom passion, the sense of shame as a bastard, and ambition, offer some plausible excuses, Shakspeare has placed many redeeming traits. Edmund is what, under certain circumstances, any man of powerful intellect might be, if some other qualities and feelings were cut off. Hamlet is, inclusively, an Edmund, but different from him as a whole, on account of

And bless'd the home a thousand times she dwelt in.  
This beauty, in the blossom of my youth,  
When my first fire knew no adulterate incense,  
Nor I no way to flatter, but my fondness;  
In all the bravery my friends could show me,  
In all the faith my innocence could give me,  
In the best language my true tongue could tell me,  
And all the broken sighs my sick heart lent me,  
I sued and served: long did I love this lady,  
Long was my travail, long my trade to win her;  
With all the duty of my soul, I served her.

ALM. How feelingly he speaks! (*Aside.*) And she loved you too?  
It must be so.

ANT. I would it had, dear lady;  
This story had been needless, and this place,  
I think, unknown to me.

ALM. Were your bloods equal?

ANT. Yes; and I thought our hearts too.

ALM. Then she must love.

ANT. She did—but never me; she could not love me,  
She would not love, she hated; more, she scorn'd me,  
And in so poor and base a way abused me,  
For all my services, for all my bounties,  
So bold neglects flung on me —

ALM. An ill woman!  
Belike you found some rival in your love, then?

ANT. How perfectly she points me to my story! (*Aside.*)  
Madam, I did; and one whose pride and anger,

the controlling agency of other principles which Edmund had not.

It is worth while to remark the use which Shakspeare always makes of his bold villains as vehicles for expressing opinions and conjectures of a nature too hazardous for a wise man to put forth directly as his own, or from any sustained character.

The parts pointed out in Hieronimo as Ben Jonson's bear no traces of his style; but they are very like Shakspeare's; and it is very remarkable that every one of them re-appears in full form and development, and tempered with mature judgment, in some one or other of Shakspeare's great pieces.<sup>1</sup>

Ill manners, and worse mien, she doted on,  
Doted to my undoing, and my ruin.  
And but for honour to your sacred beauty,  
And reverence to the noble sex, though she fall,  
As she must fall that durst be so unnoble,  
I should say something unbecoming me.  
What out of love, and worthy love, I gave her,  
Shame to her most unworthy mind! to fools,  
To girls, and fiddlers, to her boys she flung,  
And in disdain of me.

ALM. Pray you take me with you.  
Of what complexion was she?

ANT. But that I dare not  
Commit so great a sacrilege 'gainst virtue,  
She look'd not much unlike—though far, far short,  
Something, I see, appears—your pardon, madam—  
Her eyes would smile so, but her eyes could cozen  
And so she would look sad; but yours is pity,  
A noble chorus to my wretched story:  
Hers was disdain and cruelty.

ALM. Pray heaven,  
Mine be no worse! he has told me a strange story. (*Aside.*) &c.  
H.N.C.

<sup>1</sup> By Hieronimo Mr. Coleridge meant The Spanish Tragedy, and not the previous play, which is usually called The First Part of Jeronimo. The Spanish Tragedy is, upon the authority of Heywood, attributed to Kyd. It is supposed that Ben Jonson originally performed the part of Hieronimo, and hence it has been surmised that certain passages and whole scenes connected with that character, and not found in some of the editions of the play, are, in fact, Ben Jonson's own writing. Some of these supposed interpolations are amongst the best things in The Spanish Tragedy; the style is singularly unlike Jonson's, whilst there

APRIL 7, 1833.

*Love's Labour's Lost.*—*Gifford's Massinger.*—*Shakspeare.*—*The old Dramatists.*

I THINK I could point out to a half line what is really Shakspeare's in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and some other of the not entirely genuine plays. What he wrote in that

are turns and particular images which do certainly seem to have been imitated by or from Shakspeare. Mr. Lamb at one time gave them to Webster. Take this passage, in the fourth act:—

"HIERON. What make you with your torches in the dark?  
PEDRO. You bid us light them, and attend you here.

HIERON. No! you are deceived; not I; you are deceived.  
Was I so mad to bid light torches now?

Light me your torches at the mid of noon,  
When as the sun-god rides in all his glory;  
Light me your torches then.

PEDRO. Then we burn day-light.

HIERON. *Let it be burnt; night is a murderous slut,  
That would not have her treasons to be seen;  
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,  
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness;  
And all those stars that gaze upon her face  
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;  
And those that should be powerful and divine,  
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.*

PEDRO. Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words.  
The heavens are gracious, and your miseries  
And sorrow make you speak you know not what.

HIERON. *Villain! thou liest, and thou dost nought  
But tell me I am mad: thou liest, I am not mad;  
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques;  
I'll prove it thee; and were I mad, how could I?  
Where was she the same night, when my Horatio was murder'd!  
She should have shone then: search thou the book:  
Had the moon shone in my boy's face, there was a kind of grace,  
That I know—nay, I do know, had the murderer seen him,  
His weapon would have fallen, and cut the earth,  
Had he been framed of nought but blood and death," &c.*

Again, in the fifth act:—

"HIERON. But are you sure that they are dead?

CASTILE. Ay, slain, too sure.

HIERON. What, and yours too?

VICEROY. Ay, all are dead: not one of them survive.

HIERON. Nay, then I care not—come, we shall be friends;  
Let us lay our heads together.

See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.

play is of his earliest manner, having the all-pervading sweetness which he never lost, and that extreme condensation which makes the couplets fall into epigrams, as in the *Venus and Adonis*, and *Rape of Lucrece*.<sup>1</sup> In the drama alone, as Shakspeare soon found out, could the sublime poet and profound philosopher find the conditions of a compromise. In the *Love's Labour's Lost* there are many faint sketches of some of his vigorous portraits in after-life—as for example, in particular, of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*.<sup>2</sup>

VICEROY. O damn'd devil! how secure he is!

HIERON. Secure! why dost thou wonder at it?

*I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I've seen Revenge,  
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch  
Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.  
Had I as many lives as there be stars,  
As many heavens to go to as those lives,  
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot,  
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.  
Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge,  
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.*

KING. What! dost thou mock us, slave? Bring tortures forth.

HIERON. Do, do, do; and meantime I'll torture you.

*You had a son as I take it, and your son  
Should have been married to your daughter: ha! was it not so?  
You had a son too, he was my liege's nephew.  
He was proud and politic—had he lived,  
He might have come to wear the crown of Spain:  
I think 't was so—'twas I that kill'd him;  
Look you—this same hand was it that stabb'd  
His heart—do you see this hand?  
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him—  
A youth, one that they hang'd up in his father's garden—  
One that did force your valiant son to yield," &c.—H. N. C.*

<sup>1</sup> "In Shakspeare's *Poems* the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length, in the drama, they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other. Or like two rapid streams, that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermingle reluctantly, and in tumult; but soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend and dilate, and flow on in one current, and with one voice."—*Biog. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 21.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Coleridge, of course, alluded to *Biron* and *Rosaline*; and there are other obvious prolusions, as the scene of the masque with the



Gifford has done a great deal for the text of Massinger, but not as much as might easily be done. His comparison of Shakspeare with his contemporary dramatists is obtuse indeed.<sup>1</sup>

In Shakspeare one sentence begets the next naturally; the meaning is all inwoven. He goes on kindling like a meteor through the dark atmosphere; yet, when the creation in its outline is once perfect, then he seems to rest from his labour, and to smile upon his work, and tell himself that it is very good. You see many scenes and parts of scenes which are simply Shakspeare's, disporting himself in joyous triumph and vigorous fun after a great achievement of his highest genius.

The old dramatists took great liberties in respect of bringing parties in scene together, and representing one as not recognising the other under some faint disguise. Some of their finest scenes are constructed on this ground. Shakspeare avails himself of this artifice only twice, I think,—in *Twelfth Night*, where the two are with great skill kept apart till the end of the play; and in the *Comedy of Errors*, which is a pure farce, and should be so considered. The definition of a farce is, an improbability or even impossibility granted in the outset; see what odd and laughable events will fairly follow from it!

APRIL 8, 1833.

*Statesmen.—Burke.—Lecture and Listener.\**

I NEVER was much subject to violent political humours or accessions of feelings. When I was very young, I wrote and spoke very enthusiastically; but it was always on subjects connected with some grand general principle, the violation of which I thought I could point out. As to mere details of administration, I honestly thought that ministers, and men in office, must, of course, know much courtiers, compared with the play in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> See his *Introduction to Massinger*, vol. i. p. 79, in which, amongst other most extraordinary assertions, Mr. Gifford pronounces that *rhythmical modulation is not one of Shakspeare's merits!*—H. N. C.

better than any private person could possibly do; and it was not till I went to Malta, and had to correspond with official characters myself, that I fully understood the extreme shallowness and ignorance with which men of some note too were able, after a certain fashion, to carry on the government of important departments of the empire. I then quite assented to Oxenstiern's saying, *Nescis, mi fili, quam parva sapientia regitur mundus.*

Burke was, indeed, a great man. No one ever read history so philosophically as he seems to have done. Yet, until he could associate his general principles with some sordid interest, panic of property, Jacobinism, &c., he was a mere dinner bell. Hence you will find so many half truths in his speeches and writings. Nevertheless, let us heartily acknowledge his transcendent greatness. He would have been more influential if he had less surpassed his contemporaries, as Fox and Pitt, men of much inferior minds in all respects.

As a telegraph supposes a correspondent telescope, so a scientific lecture requires a scientific audience.

APRIL 9, 1833.

*Prospect of Monarchy or Democracy.—The reformed House of Commons.*

I HAVE a deep, though paradoxical, conviction that most of the European nations are more or less on their way, unconsciously indeed, to pure monarchy; that is, to a government in which, under circumstances of complicated and subtle control, the reason of the people shall become efficient in the apparent will of the king.<sup>1</sup> As it seems to me, the wise and good in every country will, in all likelihood, become every day more and more disgusted with the representative form of government, brutalised as it is, and will be, by the predominance of democracy in England, France, and Belgium. The statesmen of antiquity, we

<sup>1</sup> This is backing Vico against Spinoza. It must, however, be acknowledged that at present the prophet of democracy has a good right to be considered the favourite.—H. N. C.

know, doubted the possibility of the effective and permanent combination of the three elementary forms of government; and, perhaps, they had more reason than we have been accustomed to think.

You see how this House of Commons has begun to verify all the ill prophecies that were made of it—low, vulgar, meddling with everything, assuming universal competency, flattering every base passion, and sneering at everything noble, refined, and truly national! The direct and personal despotism will come on by and by, after the multitude shall have been gratified with the ruin and the spoil of the old institutions of the land. As for the House of Lords, what is the use of ever so much fiery spirit, if there be no principle to guide and to sanctify it?

APRIL 10, 1833.<sup>1</sup>

*United States of America.*—Captain B. Hall.—*Northern and Southern States.*—*Taxation.*\*—*Democracy with Slavery.*—*Quakers.*

THE possible destiny of the United States of America,—as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen,—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton, is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realised? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope; Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of the Americans! They hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an Englishman concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth. A very little humouring of their prejudices, and some courtesy of language and demeanour on the part of Englishmen, would work wonders, even as it is, with the public mind of the Americans.

Captain Basil Hall's book is certainly very entertaining

<sup>1</sup> See August 20, 1830, and January 4, 1833.

and instructive; but, in my judgment, his sentiments upon many points, and more especially his mode of expression, are unwise and uncharitable. After all, are not most of the things shown up with so much bitterness by him mere national foibles, parallels to which every people has and must of necessity have ?

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What you say about the quarrel in the United States is sophistical. No doubt, taxation may, and perhaps in some cases must, press unequally, or apparently so, on different classes of people in a state. In such cases there is a hardship; but, in the long run, the matter is fully compensated to the over-taxed class. For example, take the householders of London, who complain so bitterly of the house and window taxes. Is it not pretty clear that, whether such householder be a tradesman, who indemnifies himself in the price of his goods,—or a letter of lodgings, who does so in his rent,—or a stockholder, who receives it back again in his dividends,—or a country gentleman, who has saved so much fresh levy on his land or his other property,—one way or other, it comes at last pretty nearly to the same thing, though the pressure for the time may be unjust and vexatious, and fit to be removed? But when New England, which may be considered a state in itself, taxes the admission of foreign manufactures in order to cherish manufactures of its own, and thereby forces the Carolinians, another state of itself, with which there is little intercommunion, which has no such desire or interest to serve, to buy worse articles at a higher price, it is altogether a different question, and is, in fact, downright tyranny of the worst, because of the most sordid, kind. What would you think of a law which should tax every person in Devonshire for the pecuniary benefit of every person in Yorkshire? And yet that is a feeble image of the actual usurpation of the New England deputies over the property of the Southern States.

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There are two possible modes of unity in a State; one by absolute co-ordination of each to all, and of all to each; the other by subordination of classes and offices. Now, I maintain that there never was an instance of the first, nor

can there be, without slavery as its condition and accompaniment, as in Athens. The poor Swiss cantons are no exception.

The mistake lies in confounding a state which must be based on classes and interests and unequal property, with a church, which is founded on the person, and has no qualification but personal merit. Such a community *may* exist, as in the case of the Quakers; but, in order to exist, it must be compressed and hedged in by another society—*mundus mundulus in mundo immundo*.

The free class in a slave state is always, in one sense, the most patriotic class of people in an empire; for their patriotism is not simply the patriotism of other people, but an aggregate of lust of power and distinction and supremacy.

APRIL 11, 1833.

*Land and Money:—Political Consistency.\**

LAND was the only species of property which, in the old time, carried any respectability with it. Money alone, apart from some tenure of land, not only did not make the possessor great and respectable, but actually made him at once the object of plunder and hatred. Witness the history of the Jews in this country in the early reigns after the Conquest.

I have no objection to your aspiring to the political principles of our old Cavaliers; but embrace them all fully, and not merely this and that feeling, whilst in other points you speak the canting foppery of the Benthamite or Malthusian schools.

APRIL 14, 1833.

*Methods of Investigation.*

THERE are three ways of treating a subject:—

In the first mode, you begin with a definition, and that definition is necessarily assumed as the truth. As the argument proceeds, the conclusion from the first proposition becomes the base of the second, and so on. Now, it is quite impossible that you can be sure that you have included

all the necessary, and none but the necessary, terms in your definition; as, therefore, you proceed, the original speck of error is multiplied at every remove; the same infirmity of knowledge besetting each successive definition. Hence you may set out, like Spinoza, with all but the truth, and end with a conclusion which is altogether monstrous; and yet the mere deduction shall be irrefragable. Warburton's "Divine Legation" is also a splendid instance of this mode of discussion, and of its inability to lead to the truth: in fact, it is an attempt to adopt the mathematical series of proof, in forgetfulness that the mathematician is sure of the truth of his definition at each remove, because he *creates* it, as he can do, in pure figure and number. But you cannot *make* anything true which results from, or is connected with, real externals; you can only *find* it out. The chief use of this first mode of discussion is to sharpen the wit, for which purpose it is the best exercitation.

2. The historical mode is a very common one: in it the author professes to find out the truth by collecting the facts of the case, and tracing them downwards; but this mode is worse than the other. Suppose the question is as to the true essence and character of the English constitution. First, where will you begin your collection of facts? where will you end it? What facts will you select? and how do you know that the class of facts which you select, are necessary terms in the premisses, and that other classes of facts, which you neglect, are not necessary? And how do you distinguish phenomena which proceed from disease or accident, from those which are the genuine fruits of the essence of the constitution? What can be more striking, in illustration of the utter inadequacy of this line of investigation for arriving at the real truth, than the political treatises and constitutional histories which we have in every library? A Whig proves his case convincingly to the reader who knows nothing beyond his author; then comes an old Tory (Carte, for instance), and ferrets up a hamperful of conflicting documents and notices, which proves *his* case *per contra*. A. takes this class of facts; B. takes that class: each proves something true, neither proves *the* truth, or anything like *the* truth; that is, the whole truth.

3. You must therefore, commence with the philosophic idea of the thing, the true nature of which you wish to find out and manifest. You must carry your rule ready made, if you wish to measure aright. If you ask me how I can know that this idea—my own invention—is the truth, by which the phenomena of history are to be explained, I answer, in the same way exactly that you know that your eyes were made to see with; and that is, because you *do* see with them. If I propose to you an idea or self-realizing theory of the constitution, which shall manifest itself as in existence from the earliest times to the present,—which shall comprehend within it *all* the facts which history has preserved, and shall give them a meaning as interchangeably causals or effects;—if I show you that such an event or reign was an obliquity to the right hand, and how produced, and such other event or reign a deviation to the left, and whence originating,—that the growth was stopped here, accelerated there,—that such a tendency is, and always has been, corroborative, and such other tendency destructive, of the main progress of the idea towards realization;—if this idea, not only like a kaleidoscope, shall reduce all the miscellaneous fragments into order, but shall also minister strength, and knowledge, and light to the true patriot and statesman for working out the bright thought, and bringing the glorious embryo to a perfect birth;—then, I think, I have a right to say that the idea which led to this is not only true, but the truth, the only truth. To set up for a statesman upon historical knowledge only, is about as wise as to set up for a musician by the purchase of some score flutes, fiddles, and horns. In order to make music, you must know how to play; in order to make your facts speak truth, you must know what the truth is which *ought* to be proved,—the ideal truth,—the truth which was consciously or unconsciously, strongly or weakly, wisely or blindly, intended at all times.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I have preserved this passage, conscious, the while, how liable it is to be misunderstood, or at least not understood. The readers of Mr. Coleridge's works generally, or of his "Church and State," in particular, will have no difficulty in entering into his meaning; namely, that no

APRIL 18, 1833.

*Church of Rome.—Celibacy of the Clergy.*

IN my judgment, Protestants lose a great deal of time in a false attack when they labour to convict the Romanists of false doctrines. Destroy the *Papacy*, and help the priests to wives, and I am much mistaken if the doctrinal errors, such as there really are, would not very soon pass away. They might remain *in terminis*, but they would lose their sting and body, and lapse back into figures of rhetoric and warm devotion, from which they, most of them,—such as transubstantiation, and prayers for the dead and to saints,—originally sprang. But, so long as the Bishop of Rome remains Pope, and has an army of Mamelukes all over the world, we shall do very little by fulminating against mere doctrinal errors. In the Milanese, and elsewhere in the north of Italy, I am told there is a powerful feeling abroad against the Papacy. That district seems to be something in the state of England in the reign of our Henry the Eighth.

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How deep a wound to morals and social purity has that accursed article of the celibacy of the clergy been! Even the best and most enlightened men in Romanist countries attach a notion of impurity to the marriage of a clergyman. And can such a feeling be without its effect on the estimation of the wedded life in general? Impossible! and the morals of both sexes in Spain, Italy, France, &c., prove it abundantly.

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The Papal church has had three phases,—anti-Cæsarean, extra-national, anti-Christian.

investigation in the non-mathematical sciences can be carried on in a way deserving to be called philosophical, unless the investigator have in himself a mental initiative, or, what comes to the same thing, unless he set out with an intuition of the ultimate aim or idea of the science or aggregation of facts to be explained or interpreted. The analysis of the Platonic and Baconian methods in "The Friend," to which I have before referred, and the "Church and State," exhibit respectively a splendid vindication and example of Mr. Coleridge's mode of reasoning on this subject.—H. N. C.



APRIL 20, 1833.

*Roman Conquest of Italy.*

THE Romans would never have subdued the Italian tribes if they had not boldly left Italy and conquered foreign nations, and so, at last, crushed their next-door neighbours by external pressure.

APRIL 24, 1833.

*Wedded Love in Shakspere and his Contemporary Dramatists.—  
Tennyson's Poems.*

EXCEPT in Shakspere, you can find no such thing as a pure conception of wedded love in our old dramatists. In Massinger, and Beaumont and Fletcher, it really is on both sides little better than sheer animal desire. There is scarcely a suitor in all their plays, whose *abilities* are not discussed by the lady or her waiting-woman. In this, as in all things, how transcendent over his age and his rivals was our sweet Shakspere!

I have not read through all Mr. Tennyson's poems,<sup>1</sup> which have been sent to me; but I think there are some things of a good deal of beauty in what I have seen. The misfortune is, that he has begun to write verses without very well understanding what metre is. Even if you write in a known and approved metre, the odds are, if you are not a metrist yourself, that you will not write harmonious verses; but to deal in new metres without considering what metre means and requires, is preposterous. What I would, with many wishes for success, prescribe to Tennyson,—indeed without it he can never be a poet in act,—is to write for the next two or three years in none but one or two well known and strictly defined metres, such as the heroic couplet, the octave stanza, or the octo-syllabic measure of the Allegro and Penseroso. He would, probably, thus get

<sup>1</sup> Alfred Tennyson's earlier volumes of 1830 and 1832 differ considerably from the portions of the laureate's works to which those dates are now prefixed.

Coleridge's note is most interesting. We cannot but set side by side with it Wordsworth's remark, in a letter from "Trinity Lodge, Cam-

imbued with a sensation, if not a sense, of metre without knowing it, just as Eton boys get to write such good Latin verses by conning Ovid and Tibullus. As it is, I can scarcely scan some of his verses.

MAY 1, 1833.

*Rabelais and Luther.—Wit and Madness.*

I THINK with some interest upon the fact that Rabelais and Luther were born in the same year.<sup>1</sup> Glorious spirits! glorious spirits!

—“Hos utinam inter  
Heroas natum me!”

—“Great wits are sure to madness near allied,”

says Dryden,<sup>2</sup> and true so far as this, that genius of the highest kind implies an unusual intensity of the modifying power, which, detached from the discriminative and reproductive power, might conjure a platted straw into a royal diadem: but it would be at least as true, that great genius is most alien from madness, yea, divided from it by an impassable mountain,—namely, the activity of thought and vivacity of the accumulative memory, which are no less essential constituents of “great wit.”

bridge,” Nov. 26, 1830:—“We have also a respectable show of blossom in poetry. Two brothers of the name of Tennyson, in particular, are not a little promising.” The brothers were still, at this time, undergraduates at Trinity. See, also, April 18, 1830.

<sup>1</sup> They were both born within twelve months of each other, I believe; but Luther's birth was in November, 1484, and that of Rabelais is generally placed at the end of the year preceding.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> “Such a mind as Hamlet's is near akin to madness. Dryden has somewhere said,

‘Great wit to madness nearly is allied,’

and he was right; for he means by ‘wit’ that greatness of genius, which led Hamlet to a perfect knowledge of his own character, which, with all strength of motive, was so weak as to be unable to carry into act his own most obvious duty.”—Coleridge's *Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare*, p. 162 (Standard Library Edition). The quotation, of which the text gives the correct version, is from *Absolom and Achitophel*, l. 163.

MAY 4, 1833.

*Colonization.—Machinery.—Capital.*

COLONIZATION is not only a manifest expedient for, but an imperative duty on, Great Britain. God seems to hold out his finger to us over the sea. But it must be a national colonization, such as was that of the Scotch to America; a colonization of hope, and not such as we have alone encouraged and effected for the last fifty years, a colonization of despair.

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The wonderful powers of machinery can, by multiplied production, render the mere *arte facta* of life actually cheaper: thus money and all other things being supposed the same in value, a silk gown is five times cheaper now than in Queen Elizabeth's time; but machinery cannot cheapen, in anything like an equal degree, the immediate growths of nature or the immediate necessities of man. Now, the *arte facta* are sought by the higher classes of society in a proportion incalculably beyond that in which they are sought by the lower classes; and therefore it is that the vast increase of mechanical powers has not cheapened life and pleasure to the poor as it has done to the rich. In some respects, no doubt, it has done so, as in giving cotton-dresses to maid-servants, and penny gin to all. A pretty benefit truly!

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I think this country is now suffering grievously under an excessive accumulation of capital, which, having no field for profitable operation, is in a state of fierce civil war with itself.

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MAY 6, 1833.

*Roman Conquest.—Constantine.—Papacy and the Schoolmen.*

THE Romans had no national clerisy; their priesthood was entirely a matter of state, and, as far back as we can trace it, an evident stronghold of the Patricians against the increasing powers of the Plebeians. All we know of

the early Romans is, that, after an indefinite lapse of years, they had conquered some fifty or sixty miles round their city. Then it is that they go to war with Carthage, the great maritime power, and the result of that war was the occupation of Sicily. Thence they, in succession, conquered Spain, Macedonia, Asia Minor, &c., and so at last contrived to subjugate Italy, partly by a tremendous back blow, and partly by bribing the Italian States with a communication of their privileges, which the now enormously enriched conquerors possessed over so large a portion of the civilized world. They were ordained by Providence to conquer and amalgamate the materials of Christendom. They were not a national people; they were truly—

*Romanos rerum dominos—*

—and that's all.

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Under Constantine the spiritual power became a complete reflex of the temporal. There were four patriarchs, and four prefects, and so on. The Clergy and the Lawyers, the Church and the State, were opposed.

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The beneficial influence of the Papacy upon the whole has been much over-rated by some writers; and certainly no country in Europe received less benefit and more harm from it than England. In fact, the lawful kings and parliaments of England were always essentially Protestant in feeling for a national church, though they adhered to the received doctrines of the Christianity of the day; and it was only the usurpers, John, Henry IV., &c., that went against this policy. All the great English schoolmen, Scotus Erigena,<sup>1</sup> Duns Scotus, Ockham, and others, those morning stars of the Reformation, were heart and soul

<sup>1</sup> John Scotus, or Erigena, was born, according to different authors, in Wales, Scotland, or Ireland; but I do not find any account making him an Englishman of Saxon blood. His death is uncertainly placed in the beginning of the ninth century. He lived in well-known intimacy with Charles the Bald, of France, who died about A.D. 874. He resolutely resisted the doctrine of transubstantiation, and was publicly accused of heresy on that account. But the king of France protected him.—H. N. C.

opposed to Rome, and maintained the Papacy to be Anti-christ. The Popes always prosecuted, with rancorous hatred, the national clerisies, the married clergy, and disliked the universities which grew out of the old monasteries. The Papacy was, and is, essentially extra-national, and was always so considered in this country, although not believed to be anti-Christian.

MAY 8, 1833.

*Civil War of the Seventeenth Century.—Hampden's Speech.*

I KNOW no portion of history which a man might write with so much pleasure as that of the great struggle in the time of Charles I., because he may feel the profoundest respect for both parties. The side taken by any particular person was determined by the point of view which such person happened to command at the commencement of the inevitable collision, one line seeming straight to this man, another line to another. No man of that age saw *the* truth, the whole truth; there was not light enough for that. The consequence, of course, was a violent exaggeration of each party for the time. The King became a martyr, and the Parliamentarians traitors, and *vice versâ*. The great reform brought into act by and under William the Third combined the principles truly contended for by Charles and his Parliament respectively: the great revolution of 1831 has certainly, to an almost ruinous degree, dislocated those principles of government again. As to Hampden's speech,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> On his impeachment with the other four members, 1642. See the "Letter to John Murray, Esq., *touching* Lord Nugent," 1833. It is extraordinary that Lord N. should not see the plain distinction taken by Hampden, between not obeying an unlawful command, and rebelling against the king because of it. He approves the one, and condemns the other. His words are, "to *yield obedience* to the commands of a king, if against the true religion, against the ancient and fundamental laws of the land, is another sign of an ill subject:"—"To *resist* the lawful power of the king; to raise insurrection against the king; admit him adverse in his religion; to *conspire against his sacred person*, or any ways to rebel, though commanding things against our consciences in exercising religion, or against the rights and privileges of the subject, is an absolute sign of the disaffected and traitorous subject."—H. N. C.

no doubt it means a declaration of passive obedience to the sovereign, as the creed of an English Protestant individual: every man, Cromwell and all, would have said as much; it was the antipapistical tenet, and almost vauntingly asserted on all occasions by Protestants up to that time. But it implies nothing of Hampden's creed as to the duty of Parliament.

MAY 10, 1833.

*Reformed House of Commons.*

WELL, I think no honest man will deny that the prophetic denunciations of those who seriously and solemnly opposed the Reform Bill are in a fair way of exact fulfilment! For myself, I own I did not expect such rapidity of movement. I supposed that the first parliament would contain a large number of low factious men, who would vulgarize and degrade the debates of the House of Commons, and considerably impede public business, and that the majority would be gentlemen more fond of their property than their politics. But really the truth is something more than this. Think of upwards of 160 members voting away two millions and a half of tax on Friday,<sup>1</sup> at the bidding of whom, shall I say? and then no less than 70 of those very members rescinding their votes on the Tuesday next following, nothing whatever having intervened to justify the change, except that they had found out that at least seven or eight millions more must go also upon the same principle, and that the revenue was cut in two! Of course I approve the vote of rescission, however dangerous a precedent; but what a picture of the composition of this House of Commons!

<sup>1</sup> On Friday, the 26th of April, 1833, Sir William Ingilby moved and carried a resolution for reducing the duty on malt from 28s. 8d. to 10s. per quarter. One hundred and sixty-two members voted with him. On Tuesday following, the 30th of April, seventy-six members only voted against the rescission of the same resolution.—H. N. C.

MAY 13, 1833.

*Food.—Medicine.—Poison —Obstruction.*

THAT which is digested wholly, and part of which is assimilated, and part rejected, is—Food.

2. That which is digested wholly, and the whole of which is partly assimilated, and partly not, is—Medicine.

3. That which is digested, but not assimilated, is—Poison.

4. That which is neither digested nor assimilated is—Mere Obstruction.

As to the stories of slow poisons, I cannot say whether there was any, or what, truth in them; but I certainly believe a man may be poisoned by arsenic a year after he has taken it. In fact, I think that is known to have happened.

MAY 14, 1833.

*Wilson.—Shakspeare's Sonnets.—Love.*

PROFESSOR WILSON'S character of Charles Lamb in the last Blackwood, *Twaddle on Tweedside*,<sup>1</sup> is very sweet indeed, and gratified me much. It does honour to Wilson, to his head and his heart.

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<sup>1</sup> "Charles Lamb ought really not to abuse Scotland in the pleasant way he so often does in the sylvan shades of Enfield; for Scotland loves Charles Lamb; but he is wayward and wilful in his wisdom, and conceits that many a Cockney is a better man even than Christopher North. But what will not Christopher forgive to genius and goodness! Even Lamb, bleating libels on his native land. Nay, he learns lessons of humanity even from the mild malice of Elia, and breathes a blessing on him and his household in their bower of rest."

Some of Mr. Coleridge's poems were first published with some of C. Lamb's at Bristol, in 1797. The remarkable words on the title-page have been aptly cited in the "New Monthly Magazine" for February, 1835, p. 198:—"Duplex nobis vinculum, et amicitia et similitum juncturarumque Camenarum,—quod utinam neque mors solvat, neque temporis longinquitas." And even so it came to pass after thirty-seven years more had passed over their heads.—H. N. C.

Coleridge's death, also, hastened Lamb's, who died five months later, on the same day of the month. The "remarkable words" were Coleridge's own. Not being able to meet with a suitable motto, he tells Cottle, he invented one.

How can I wish that Wilson should cease to write what so often soothes and suspends my bodily miseries, and my mental conflicts! Yet what a waste, what a reckless spending, of talent, ay, and of genius, too, in his I know not how many years' management of Blackwood! If Wilson cares for fame, for an enduring place and prominence in literature, he should now, I think, hold his hand, and say, as he well may,—

*“ Militavi non sine gloria:  
Nunc arma defunctumque bello  
Barbiton hic paries habebit.”*

Two or three volumes collected out of the magazine by himself would be very delightful. But he must not leave it for others to do; for some recasting and much condensation would be required; and literary executors make sad work in general with their testators' brains.

I believe it possible that a man may, under certain states of the moral feeling, entertain something deserving the name of love towards a male object—an affection beyond friendship, and wholly aloof from appetite. In Elizabeth's and James's time it seems to have been almost fashionable to cherish such a feeling; and perhaps we may account in some measure for it by considering how very inferior the women of that age, taken generally, were in education and accomplishment of mind to the men. Of course there were brilliant exceptions enough; but the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher—the most popular dramatists that ever wrote for the English stage—will show us what sort of women it was generally pleasing to represent. Certainly the language of the two friends, Musidorus and Pyrocles, in the *Arcadia*, is such as we could not now use except to women; and in Cervantes the same tone is sometimes adopted, as in the novel of the *Curious Impertinent*. And I think there is a passage in the *New Atlantis*<sup>1</sup> of Lord Bacon, in which he

<sup>1</sup> I cannot fix upon any passage in this work, to which it can be supposed that Mr. Coleridge alluded, unless it be the speech of Joabin the Jew; but it contains nothing coming up to the meaning in the text. The only approach to it seems to be:—“As for masculine love, they



speaks of the possibility of such a feeling, but hints the extreme danger of entertaining it, or allowing it any place in a moral theory. I mention this with reference to Shakspeare's sonnets, which have been supposed, by some, to be addressed to William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, whom Clarendon calls 'the most beloved man of his age, though his licentiousness was equal to his virtues. I doubt this. I do not think that Shakspeare, merely because he was an actor, would have thought it necessary to veil his emotions towards Pembroke under a disguise, though he might probably have done so, if the real object had perchance been a Laura or a Leonora. It seems to me that the sonnets could only have come from a man deeply in love, and in love with a woman; and there is one sonnet which, from its incongruity, I take to be a purposed blind. These extraordinary sonnets form, in fact, a poem of so many stanzas of fourteen lines each; and, like the passion which inspired them, the sonnets are always the same, with a variety of expression,—continuous, if you regard the lover's soul,—distinct, if you listen to him, as he heaves them sigh after sigh.

These sonnets, like the Venus and Adonis, and the Rape of Lucrece, are characterised by boundless fertility and laboured condensation of thought, with perfection of sweet-

have no touch of it; and yet there are not so faithful and inviolate friendships in the world again as are there; and to speak generally, as I said before, I have not read of any such chastity in any people as theirs."—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> "William Earl of Pembroke was next, a man of another mould and making, and of another fame and reputation with all men, being the most universally beloved and esteemed of any man of that age." . . . "He indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds, almost in all excesses." —*Hist. of the Rebellion*, Book i. He died in 1630, aged fifty years. The dedication by T. T. (Thomas Thorpe) is to "the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.," and Malone is inclined to think that William Hughes is meant. As to Mr. W. H. being the *only* begetter of these sonnets, it must be observed, that at least the last twenty-eight are beyond dispute addressed to a woman. I suppose the twentieth sonnet was the particular one conceived by Mr. C. to be a blind; but it seems to me that many others may be so construed, if we set out with a conviction that the real object of the poet was a woman.—H. N. C.

To say that the twentieth sonnet is a blind, is childish. The main body of Shakspeare's Sonnets are undoubtedly addressed to a man.

ness in rhythm and metre. These are the essentials in the budding of a great poet. Afterwards habit and consciousness of power teach more ease—*præcipitandum liberum spiritum*.

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Every one who has been in love, knows that the passion is strongest, and the appetite weakest, in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the case in her presence.

MAY 15, 1833.

*Wicliffe.—Luther.—Reverence for Ideal Truths.—Johnson the Whig.—Asgill.—James I.*

WICLIFFE'S genius was, perhaps, not equal to Luther's; but really the more I know of him from Vaughan and Le Bas, both of whose books I like, I think him as extraordinary a man as Luther upon the whole. He was much sounder and more truly catholic in his view of the Eucharist than Luther. And I find, not without some pleasure, that my own view of it, which I was afraid was original, was maintained in the tenth century, that is to say, that the body broken had no reference to the human body of Christ, but to the *Cara Noumenon*, or symbolical Body, the Rock that followed the Israelites.

Whitaker beautifully says of Luther:—*Felix ille, quem Dominus eo honore dignatus est, ut homines nequissimos suos haberet inimicos.*

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There is now no reverence for anything; and the reason is, that men possess conceptions only, and all their knowledge is conceptional only. Now, as to conceive is a work of the mere understanding, and as all that can be conceived may be comprehended, it is impossible that a man should reverence that, to which he must always feel something in himself superior. If it were possible to conceive God in a strict sense, that is, as we conceive a horse or a tree, even God himself could not excite any reverence, though he might excite fear or terror, or perhaps love, as a tiger or a beautiful woman. But reverence, which is the synthesis of love and fear, is only due from man, and, indeed, only

excitable in man, towards ideal truths, which are always mysteries to the understanding, for the same reason that the motion of my finger behind my back is a mystery to you now—your eyes not being made for seeing through my body. It is the reason only which has a sense by which ideas can be recognised, and from the fontal light of ideas only can a man draw intellectual power.

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Samuel Johnson,<sup>1</sup> whom, to distinguish him from the Doctor, we may call the Whig, was a very remarkable writer. He may be compared to his contemporary De Foe, whom he resembled in many points. He is another instance of King William's discrimination, which was so much superior to that of any of his ministers. Johnson was one of the most formidable advocates for the Exclusion Bill, and he suffered by whipping and imprisonment under James accordingly. Like Asgill, he argues with great apparent candour and clearness till he has his opponent within reach, and then comes a blow as from a sledgehammer. I do not know where I could put my hand upon a book containing so much sense and sound constitutional doctrine as this thin folio of Johnson's Works; and what party in this country would read so severe a lecture in it as our modern Whigs!

A close reasoner and a good writer in general may be known by his pertinent use of connectives. Read that page of Johnson; you cannot alter one conjunction without spoiling the sense. It is a linked strain throughout. In your modern books, for the most part, the sentences in a page have the same connection with each other that marbles have in a bag; they touch without adhering.

Asgill evidently formed his style upon Johnson's, but he

<sup>1</sup> Dryden's Ben Jochanan, in the second part of Absalom and Achitophel. He was born in 1649, and died in 1703. He was a clergyman. In 1686, when the army was encamped on Hounslow Heath, he published "A humble and hearty Address to all English Protestants in the present Army." For this he was tried and sentenced to be pilloried in three places, pay a fine, and be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. An attempt was also made to degrade him from his orders, but this failed through an informality. After the Revolution he was preferred.—H. N. C.

only imitates one part of it. Asgill never rises to Johnson's eloquence. The latter was a sort of Cobbett-Burke.

James the First thought that, because all power in the state seemed to proceed *from* the crown, all power therefore remained *in* the crown;—as if, because the tree sprang from the seed, the stem, branches, leaves, and fruit were all contained in the seed. The constitutional doctrine as to the relation which the king bears to the other components of the state is in two words this:—He is a representative of the whole of that, of which he is himself a part.

MAY 17, 1833.

*Sir P. Sidney.—Things are finding their Level.*

WHEN Sir Philip Sidney saw the enthusiasm which agitated every man, woman, and child in the Netherlands against Philip and D'Alva, he told Queen Elizabeth that it was the spirit of God, and that it was invincible. What is the spirit which seems to move and unsettle every other man in England and on the Continent at this time? Upon my conscience, and judging by St. John's rule, I think it is a special spirit of the devil—and a very vulgar devil too!

Your modern political economists say that it is a principle in their science—that all things *find* their level;—which I deny; and say, on the contrary, that the true principle is, that all things are *finding* their level like water in a storm.

MAY 18, 1833.

*German.—Goethe.—Shakspeare's Witches.\*—God's Providence.—Man's Freedom.*

GERMAN is inferior to English in modifications of expression of the affections, but superior to it in modifications of expression of all objects of the senses.

Goethe's small lyrics are delightful. He showed good

taste in not attempting to imitate Shakspeare's Witches, which are threefold,—Fates, Furies, and earthly Hags o' the caldron.

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Man does not move in cycles, though nature does. Man's course is like that of an arrow; for the portion of the great cometary ellipse which he occupies is no more than a needle's length to a mile.

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In natural history, God's freedom is shown in the law of necessity. In moral history, God's necessity or providence is shown in man's freedom.

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JUNE 8, 1833.

*Dom Miguel and Dom Pedro.—Working to better One's Condition.—West Indies.\*—Negro Emancipation.—Fox and Pitt.—Revolution.*

THERE can be no doubt of the gross violations of strict neutrality by this government in the Portuguese affair; but I wish the Tories had left the matter alone, and not given room to the people to associate them with that scoundrel Dom Miguel. You can never interest the common herd in the abstract question; with them it is a mere quarrel between the men; and though Pedro is a very doubtful character, he is not so bad as his brother; and, besides, we are naturally interested for the girl.

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It is very strange that men who make light of the direct doctrines of the Scriptures, and turn up their noses at the recommendation of a line of conduct suggested by religious truth, will nevertheless stake the tranquillity of an empire, the lives and properties of millions of men and women, on the faith of a maxim of modern political economy! And this, too, of a maxim true only, if at all, of England or a part of England, or some other country;—namely, that the desire of bettering their condition will induce men to labour even more abundantly and profitably than servile compulsion,—to which maxim the past history and present state of all Asia and Africa give the lie. Nay, even in England at this day, every man in Manchester, Birmingham,

and in other great manufacturing towns, knows that the most skilful artisans, who may earn high wages at pleasure, are constantly in the habit of working but a few days in the week, and of idling the rest. I believe St. Monday is very well kept by the workmen in London. The love of indolence is universal, or next to it.

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Must not the ministerial plan for the West Indies lead necessarily to a change of property, either by force or dereliction? I can't see any way of escaping it.

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You are always talking of the *rights* of the negroes. As a rhetorical mode of stimulating the people of England *here*, I do not object; but I utterly condemn your frantic practice of declaiming about their rights to the blacks themselves. They ought to be forcibly reminded of the state in which their brethren in Africa still are, and taught to be thankful for the providence which has placed them within reach of the means of grace.<sup>1</sup> I know no right except such as flows from righteousness; and as every Christian believes his righteousness to be imputed, so must his right be an imputed right too. It must flow out of a duty, and it is under that name that the process of humanization ought to begin and to be conducted throughout.

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Thirty years ago, and more, Pitt availed himself, with great political dexterity, of the apprehension, which Burke and the conduct of some of the clubs in London had excited, and endeavoured to inspire into the nation a panic of property. Fox, instead of exposing the absurdity of this by showing the real numbers and contemptible weakness of the disaffected, fell into Pitt's trap, and was mad enough to exaggerate even Pitt's surmises.<sup>2</sup> The consequence was, a very general apprehension throughout the country of an impending revolution, at a time when, I will venture to say, the people were more heart-whole than they had been for a hundred years previously. After I had travelled in Sicily and Italy, countries where there were real grounds

<sup>1</sup> See May 3, 1832.

<sup>2</sup> These statements are put somewhat differently, May 1, 1832.

for fear, I became deeply impressed with the difference. Now, after a long continuance of high national glory and influence, when a revolution of a most searching and general character is actually at work, and the old institutions of the country are all awaiting their certain destruction or violent modification—the people at large are perfectly secure, sleeping or gambolling on the very brink of a volcano.

JUNE 15, 1833.

*Virtue and Liberty.—Epistle to the Romans.—Erasmus.—Luther.*

THE necessity for external government to man is in an inverse ratio to the vigour of his self-government. Where the last is most complete, the first is least wanted. Hence, the more virtue the more liberty.

I think St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans the most profound work in existence; and I hardly believe that the writings of the old Stoics, now lost, could have been deeper. Undoubtedly it is, and must be, very obscure to ordinary readers; but some of the difficulty is accidental, arising from the form in which the Epistle appears. If we could now arrange this work in the way in which we may be sure St. Paul would himself do, were he now alive, and preparing it for the press, his reasoning would stand out clearer. His accumulated parentheses would be thrown into notes, or extruded to the margin. You will smile, after this, if I say that I think I understand St. Paul; and I think so, because, really and truly, I recognize a cogent consecutiveness in the argument—the only evidence I know that you understand any book. How different is the style of this intensely passionate argument from that of the catholic circular charge called the Epistle to the Ephesians!—and how different that of both from the style of the Epistles to Timothy and Titus, which I venture to call *ἐπιστολαὶ Παυλοειδεῖς*.

Erasmus's paraphrase of the New Testament is clear and explanatory; but you cannot expect anything very deep

from Erasmus. The only fit commentator on Paul was Luther—not by any means such a gentleman as the Apostle, but almost as great a genius.

JUNE 17, 1833.

*Negro Emancipation.*

HAVE you been able to discover any principle in this Emancipation Bill for the Slaves, except a principle of fear of the abolition party struggling with a dread of causing some monstrous calamity to the empire at large? Well! I will not prophesy; and God grant that this tremendous and unprecedented act of positive enactment may not do the harm to the cause of humanity and freedom which I cannot but fear! But yet, what can be hoped, when all human wisdom and counsel are set at nought, and religious faith—the only miraculous agent among men—is not invoked or regarded! and that most unblest phrase—the Dissenting *interest*—enters into the question!

JUNE 22, 1833.

*Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams.*—Charles I.—Manners under Edward III., Richard II., and Henry VIII.

WHAT a delightful and instructive book Bishop Hacket's *Life of Archbishop Williams* is! You learn more from it of that which is valuable towards an insight into the times preceding the Civil War than from all the ponderous histories and memoirs now composed about that period.

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Charles seems to have been a very disagreeable personage during James's life. There is nothing dutiful in his demeanour.

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I think the spirit of the court and nobility of Edward III. and Richard II. was less gross than that in the time of Henry VIII.; for in this latter period the chivalry had evaporated, and the whole coarseness was left by itself.



Chaucer represents a very high and romantic style of society amongst the gentry.

JUNE 29, 1833.

*Hypothesis.*—*Suffiction.*—*Theory.*—*Lyell's Geology.*—*Light.\**—*Gothic Architecture.*—*Gerard Dowd's "Schoolmaster" and Titian's "Venus."*  
—*Sir J. Scarlett.*

IT seems to me a great delusion to call or suppose the imagination of a subtle fluid, or molecules penetrable with the same, a legitimate hypothesis. It is a mere *suffiction*. Newton took the fact of bodies falling to the centre, and upon that built up a legitimate hypothesis. It was a subposition of something certain. But Descartes' vortices were not an hypothesis; they rested on no fact at all; and yet they did, in a clumsy way, explain the motions of the heavenly bodies. But your subtle fluid is pure gratuitous assumption; and for what use? It explains nothing.

Besides, you are endeavouring to deduce power from mass, in which you expressly say there is no power but the *vis inertiae*; whereas, the whole analogy of chemistry proves that power produces mass. —

The use of a theory in the real sciences is to help the investigator to a complete view of all the hitherto discovered facts relating to the science in question; it is a collected view, *θεωρία*, of all he yet knows in *one*. Of course, whilst any pertinent facts remain unknown, no theory can be exactly true, because every new fact must necessarily, to a greater or less degree, displace the relation of all the others. A theory, therefore, only helps investigation; it cannot invent or discover. The only true theories are those of geometry, because in geometry all the premisses are true and unalterable. But, to suppose that, in our present exceedingly imperfect acquaintance with the facts, any theory in chemistry or geology is altogether accurate, is absurd:—it cannot be true.

Mr. Lyell's system of geology is just half the truth, and no more. He affirms a great deal that is true; and he denies a great deal which is equally true; which is the general

characteristic of all systems not embracing the whole truth. So it is with the rectilinearity or undulatory motion of light;—I believe both; though philosophy has as yet but imperfectly ascertained the conditions of their alternate existence, or the laws by which they are regulated.

Those who deny light to be matter do not, therefore, deny its corporeity.

The principle of the Gothic architecture is infinity made imaginable. It is, no doubt, a sublimer effort of genius than the Greek style; but then it depends much more on execution for its effect. I was more than ever impressed with the marvellous sublimity and transcendent beauty of King's College Chapel.<sup>1</sup> It is quite unparalleled.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge visited Cambridge upon the occasion of the scientific meeting there in June, 1833.—“My emotions,” he said, “at revisiting the university were at first overwhelming. I could not speak for an hour; yet my feelings were upon the whole very pleasurable, and I have not passed, of late years, at least, three days of such great enjoyment and healthful excitement of mind and body. The bed on which I slept—and slept soundly too—was, as near as I can describe it, a couple of sacks full of potatoes tied together. I understand the young men think it hardens them. Truly I lay down at night a man, and arose in the morning a bruise.” He told me “that the men were much amused at his saying that the fine old Quaker philosopher Dalton’s face was like All Souls’ College.” The two persons of whom he spoke with the greatest interest were Mr. Faraday and Mr. Thirlwall; saying of the former, “that he seemed to have the true temperament of genius, that carrying-on of the spring and freshness of youthful, nay, boyish feelings, into the matured strength of manhood!” For, as Mr. Coleridge had long before expressed the same thought,—“To find no contradiction in the union of old and new; to contemplate the Ancient of Days and all His works with feelings as fresh as if all had then sprung forth at the first creative fiat, this characterises the mind that feels the riddle of the world, and may help to unravel it. To carry on the feelings of childhood into the powers of manhood; to combine the child’s sense of wonder and novelty with the appearances which every day for perhaps forty years had rendered familiar—

‘With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,  
And man and woman;’

this is the character and privilege of genius, and one of the marks which distinguish genius from talent. And therefore is it the prime merit of genius, and its most unequivocal mode of manifestation, so to represent

[July 1.

I think Gerard Douw's "Schoolmaster," in the Fitzwilliam Museum, the finest thing of the sort I ever saw;—whether you look at it at the common distance, or examine it with a glass, the wonder is equal. And that glorious picture of the Venus—so perfectly beautiful and perfectly innocent—as if beauty and innocence *could not* be dissociated! The French thing below is a curious instance of the inherent grossness of the French taste. Titian's picture is made quite bestial.

I think Sir James Scarlett's speech for the defendant, in the late action of *Cobbett v. The Times*, for a libel, worthy of the best ages of Greece or Rome; though, to be sure, some of his remarks could not have been very palatable to his clients.

I am glad you came in to punctuate my discourse, which I fear has gone on for an hour without any stop at all.

JULY 1, 1833.

*Mandeville's Fable of the Bees—Bestial Theory—Character of Bertram.—*  
*Beaumont and Fletcher's Dramas.—Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides.—*  
*Milton.*

IF I could ever believe that Mandeville really meant anything more by his Fable of the Bees than a *bonne bouche* of solemn raillery, I should like to ask those man-shaped apes who have taken up his suggestions in earnest, and seriously maintained them as bases for a rational account of man and the world—how they explain the very familiar objects as to awaken in the minds of others a kindred feeling concerning them, and that freshness of sensation which is the constant accompaniment of mental, no less than of bodily, convalescence. Who has not a thousand times seen snow fall on water? Who has not watched it with a new feeling, from the time that he has read Burns's comparison of sensual pleasure—

'To snow that falls upon a river,  
 A moment white—then gone for ever!'

*Biog. Lit.* vol. i. p. 85.—H. N. C.

Any one who has perused Coleridge's "Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare," will be fairly familiar with this last quotation. For "to" read "like."

existence of those dexterous cheats, those superior charlatans, the legislators and philosophers, who have known how to play so well upon the peacock-like vanity and follies of their fellow-mortals.

By the by, I wonder some of you lawyers (*sub rosa*, of course) have not quoted the pithy lines in Mandeville upon this registration question:—

“The lawyers, of whose art the basis  
Was raising feuds and splitting cases,  
*Opposed all Registers*, that cheats  
Might make more work with dipt estates;  
As 't were unlawful that one's own  
Without a lawsuit should be known!  
They put off hearings wilfully,  
To finger the refreshing fee;  
And to defend a wicked cause  
Examined and survey'd the laws,  
As burglars shops and houses do,  
To see where best they may break through.”

There is great Hudibrastic vigour in these lines; and those on the doctors are also very terse.

Look at that head of Cline,<sup>1</sup> by Chantrey! Is<sup>2</sup> that forehead, that nose, those temples and that chin, akin to the monkey tribe? No, no. To a man of sensibility no argument could disprove the bestial theory so convincingly as a quiet contemplation of that fine bust.

I cannot agree with the solemn abuse which the critics have poured out upon Bertram, in “All's Well that ends Well.” He was a young nobleman in feudal times, just bursting into manhood, with all the feelings of pride of birth and appetite for pleasure and liberty natural to such a character so circumstanced. Of course, he had never regarded Helena otherwise than as a dependant in the family; and of all that which she possessed of goodness and fidelity and courage, which might atone for her inferiority in other respects, Bertram was necessarily in a

<sup>1</sup> Chantrey exhibited his bust of Cline, executed for “the Royal College of Surgeons,” in 1813.

<sup>2</sup> Rather read “are”.

great measure ignorant. And after all, her *primâ facie* merit was the having inherited a prescription from her old father the doctor, by which she cures the king,—a merit which supposes an extravagance of personal loyalty in Bertram to make<sup>1</sup> conclusive to him in such a matter as that of taking a wife. Bertram had surely good reason to look upon the king's forcing him to marry Helena as a very tyrannical act. Indeed, it must be confessed, that her character is not very delicate, and it required all Shakspeare's consummate skill to interest us for her; and he does this chiefly by the operation of the other characters,—the Countess, Lafew, &c. We get to like Helena from their praising and commending her so much.

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In Beaumont and Fletcher's tragedies the comic scenes are rarely so interfused amidst the tragic as to produce a unity of the tragic on the whole, without which the intermixture is a fault. In Shakspeare, this is always managed with transcendent skill. The Fool in Lear contributes in a very sensible manner to the tragic wildness of the whole drama. Beaumont and Fletcher's serious plays or tragedies are complete hybrids,—neither fish nor flesh,—upon any rules, Greek, Roman, or Gothic; and yet they are very delightful notwithstanding. No doubt, they imitate the ease of gentlemanly conversation better than Shakspeare, who was unable *not* to be too much associated to succeed perfectly in this.

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When I was a boy, I was fondest of Æschylus; in youth and middle age, I preferred Euripides; now, in my declining years, I admire Sophocles. I can now at length see that Sophocles is the most perfect. Yet he never rises to the sublime simplicity of Æschylus—simplicity of design, I mean—nor diffuses himself in the passionate outpourings of Euripides. I understand why the ancients called Euripides the most tragic of their dramatists: he evidently embraces within the scope of the tragic poet many passions,—love, conjugal affection, jealousy, and so on, which Sophocles seems to have considered as incongruous with

<sup>1</sup> Insert "it" here, or after "which", above.

the ideal statuesqueness of the tragic drama. Certainly Euripides was a greater poet in the abstract than Sophocles. His choruses may be faulty as choruses, but how beautiful and affecting they are as odes and songs! I think the famous *Εὐίππων*, *ξένε*, in the *Cædipus Coloneus*,<sup>1</sup> cold in comparison with many of the odes of Euripides, as that song of the chorus in the *Hippolytus*—"*Ερωε*, "*Ερωε*,<sup>2</sup> and so on; and I remember a choric ode in the *Hecuba*, which always struck me as exquisitely rich and finished; I mean, where the chorus speaks of Troy and the night of the capture.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Εὐίππων ξένε, τᾶσδε χώρας  
ἴκου τὰ κράτιστα γᾶς ἔπαυλα,  
τὸν ἀργῆτα Κολωνόν*—κ. τ. λ. v. 668.

<sup>2</sup> "*Ερωε*, "*Ερωε*, ὁ κατ' ὀμμάτων  
στάζεις πόθον, εἰσάγων γλυκεῖαν  
ψυχὰ χάριν οὐς ἐπιστρατεύσει,  
μή μοι ποτὲ σὸν κακῷ φανείης,  
μήδ' ἄρρυθμος ἔλθοις—κ. τ. λ. v. 527.

<sup>3</sup> I take it for granted that Mr. Coleridge alluded to the chorus,—

*Σὺ μὲν, ὦ πατρίς Ἰλιάς,  
τῶν ἀπορρήτων πόλις  
οὐκέτι λέξει· τοῖον Ἐλ-  
λάνων νέφος ἀμφὶ σε κρύπτει,  
δορὶ δὴ, δορὶ πέρσαν*—κ. τ. λ. v. 899.

Thou, then, O natal Troy! no more  
The city of the unsack'd shalt be,  
So thick from dark Achaia's shore  
The cloud of war hath cover'd thee.

Ah! not again

I tread thy plain—

The spear—the spear hath rent thy pride;  
The flame hath scarr'd thee deep and wide;  
Thy coronal of towers is shorn,  
And thou most piteous art—most naked and forlorn!

I perish'd at the noon of night,  
When sleep had seal'd each weary eye;

When the dance was o'er,

And harps no more

Rang out in choral minstrelsy.

In the dear bower of delight

My husband slept in joy;

His shield and spear

Suspended near,

There is nothing very surprising in Milton's preference of Euripides, though so unlike himself. It is very common—very natural—for men to *like* and even admire an exhibition of power very different in kind from anything of their own. No jealousy arises. Milton preferred Ovid too, and I dare say he admired both as a man of sensibility admires a lovely woman, with a feeling into which jealousy or envy cannot enter. With Æschylus or Sophocles he might perchance have matched himself.

Secure he slept : that sailor band  
Full sure he deem'd no more should stand  
Beneath the walls of Troy.  
And I, too, by the taper's light,  
Which in the golden mirror's haze  
Flash'd its interminable rays,  
Bound up the tresses of my hair,  
That I Love's peaceful sleep might share.

I slept ; but, hark ! that war-shout dread,  
Which rolling through the city spread ;  
And this the cry,—“ When, Sons of Greece,  
When shall the lingering leaguer cease ?  
When will ye spoil Troy's watch-tower high,  
And home return ? ”—I heard the cry,  
And, starting from the genial bed,  
Veil'd, as a Doric maid, I fled,  
And knelt, Diana, at thy holy fane,  
A trembling suppliant—all in vain.

They led me to the sounding shore—  
Heavens ! as I pass'd the crowded way,  
My bleeding lord before me lay—  
I saw—I saw—and wept no more,  
Till, as the homeward breezes bore  
The bark returning o'er the sea,  
My gaze, O Ilium, turn'd on thee !  
Then, frantic, to the midnight air,  
I cursed aloud the adulterous pair :—  
“ They plunge me deep in exile's woe ;  
They lay my country low :  
Their love—no love ! but some dark spell,  
In vengeance breathed, by spirit fell.  
Rise, hoary sea, in awful tide,  
And whelm that vessel's guilty pride ;  
Nor e'er in high Mycene's hall,  
Let Helen boast in peace of mighty Ilium's fall.”

The translation was given to me by Mr. Justice Coleridge.—H. N. C.

In Euripides you have oftentimes a very near approach to comedy, and I hardly know any writer in whom you can find such fine models of serious and dignified conversation.

JULY 3, 1833.

*Style.—Cavalier Slang.—Junius.—Prose and Verse.—Imitation and Copy.*

THE collocation of words is so artificial in Shakspeare and Milton, that you may as well think of pushing a brick out of a wall with your fore-finger, as attempt to remove a word out of any of their finished passages.<sup>1</sup>

A good lecture upon style might be composed, by taking, on the one hand, the slang of L'Estrange, and perhaps even of Roger North,<sup>2</sup> which became so fashionable after the Restoration as a mark of loyalty; and, on the other, the Johnsonian magniloquence or the balanced metre of Junius; and then showing how each extreme is faulty, upon different grounds.

It is quite curious to remark the prevalence of the Cavalier slang style in the divines of Charles the Second's time. Barrow could not, of course, adopt such a mode of writing throughout, because he could not in it have communicated his elaborate thinkings and lofty rhetoric; but even Barrow

<sup>1</sup> "The amotion or transposition will alter the thought, or the feeling, or at least the tone. They are as pieces of mosaic work, from which you cannot strike the smallest block without making a hole in the picture."—*Quarterly Review*, No. CIII. p. 7.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> But Mr. Coleridge took a great distinction between North and the other writers commonly associated with him. In speaking of the *Examen* and the *Life of Lord North*, in the *Friend*, Mr. C. calls them "two of the most interesting biographical works in our language, both for the weight of the matter, and the *incuriosa felicitas* of the style. The pages are all alive with the genuine idioms of our mother tongue. A fastidious taste, it is true, will find offence in the occasional vulgarisms, or what we now call *slang*, which not a few of our writers, shortly after the Restoration of Charles the Second, seem to have affected as a mark of loyalty. These instances, however, are but a trifling drawback. They are not *sought for*, as is too often and too plainly done by L'Estrange, Collyer, Tom Brown, and their imitators. North never goes out of his way, either to seek them, or to avoid them; and, in the main, his language gives us the very nerve, pulse, and sinew of a hearty, healthy, conversational *English*."—Vol. ii. p. 307.—H. N. C.



not unfrequently lets slip a phrase here and there, in the regular Roger North way,—much to the delight, no doubt, of the largest part of his audience and contemporary readers. See particularly, for instances of this, his work on the Pope's supremacy. South is full of it.

The style of Junius is a sort of metre, the law of which is a balance of thesis and antithesis. When he gets out of this aphorismic metre into a sentence of five or six lines long, nothing can exceed the slovenliness of the English. Horne Tooke and a long sentence seem the only two antagonists that were too much for him. Still the antithesis of Junius is a real antithesis of images or thought; but the antithesis of Johnson is rarely more than verbal.

The definition of good prose is—proper words in their proper places;—of good verse—the most proper words in their proper places. The propriety is in either case relative. The words in prose ought to express the intended meaning, and no more; if they attract attention to themselves, it is, in general, a fault. In the very best styles, as Southey's, you read page after page, understanding the author perfectly, without once taking notice of the medium of communication;—it is as if he had been speaking to you all the while. But in verse you must do more;—there the words, the *media*, must be beautiful, and ought to attract your notice—yet not so much and so perpetually as to destroy the unity which ought to result from the whole poem. This is the general rule, but, of course, subject to some modifications, according to the different kinds of prose or verse. Some prose may approach towards verse, as oratory, and therefore a more studied exhibition of the *media* may be proper; and some verse may border more on mere narrative, and there the style should be simpler. But the great thing in poetry is, *quocunque modo*, to effect a unity of impression upon the whole; and a too great fulness and profusion of point in the parts will prevent this. Who can read with pleasure more than a hundred lines or so of Hudibras at one time? Each couplet or quatrain is so whole in itself, that you can't connect them. There is no fusion,—just as it is in Seneca.

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Imitation is the mesothesis of likeness and difference. The difference is as essential to it as the likeness; for without the difference it would be copy or fac-simile. But to borrow a term from astronomy, it is a librating mesothesis: for it may verge more to likeness as in painting, or more to difference, as in sculpture.

JULY 4, 1833.

*Dr. Johnson.—Boswell.—Burke.—Newton.—Milton.*

DR. JOHNSON'S fame now rests principally upon Boswell. It is impossible not to be amused with such a book. But his *bow-wow* manner must have had a good deal to do with the effect produced;—for no one, I suppose, will set Johnson before Burke,—and Burke was a great and universal talker;—yet now we hear nothing of this except by some chance remarks in Boswell. The fact is, Burke, like all men of genius who love to talk at all, was very discursive and continuous; hence he is not reported; he seldom said the sharp short things that Johnson almost always did, which produce a more decided effect at the moment, and which are so much more easy to carry off.<sup>1</sup> Besides, as to Burke's testimony to Johnson's powers,

<sup>1</sup> Burke, I am persuaded, was not so continuous a talker as Coleridge. Madame de Staël told a nephew of the latter, at Coppet, that Mr. C. was a master of monologue, *mais qu'il ne savait pas le dialogue*. There was a spice of vindictiveness in this, the exact history of which is not worth explaining. And if dialogue must be cut down in its meaning to small talk, I, for one, will admit that Coleridge, amongst his numberless qualifications, possessed it not. But I am sure that he could, when it suited him, converse as well as any one else, and with women he frequently did converse in a very winning and popular style, confining them, however, as well as he could, to the detail of facts or of their spontaneous emotions. In general, it was certainly otherwise. "You must not be surprised," he said to me, "at my talking so long to you—I pass so much of my time in pain and solitude, yet everlastingly thinking, that, when you or any other persons call on me, I can hardly help easing my mind, by pouring forth some of the accumulated mass of reflection and feeling, upon an apparently interested recipient." But the principal reason, no doubt, was the habit of his intellect, which was under a law of discoursing upon all subjects with reference to ideas or ultimate ends. You might interrupt him when you pleased, and he was patient of every sort of conversation except mere personality, which he absolutely hated.—H. N. C.

Southey introduced Coleridge to Madame de Staël, in London, in

you must remember that Burke was a great courtier; and after all, Burke said and wrote more than once that he thought Johnson greater in talking than writing, and greater in Boswell than in real life.<sup>1</sup>

Newton was a great man, but you must excuse me if I think that it would take many Newtons to make one Milton.

JULY 6, 1833.

*Painting.—Music.—Poetry.*

IT is a poor compliment to pay to a painter to tell him that his figure stands out of the canvas, or that you start at the likeness of the portrait. Take almost any daub, cut it out of the canvas, and place the figure looking into or out of a window, and any one may take it for life. Or take one of Mrs. Salmon's wax queens or generals, and you will very sensibly feel the difference between a copy, as they are, and an imitation, of the human form, as a good portrait ought to be. Look at that flower vase of Van Huysum, and at these wax or stone peaches and apricots! The last are likeliest to their original, but what pleasure do they give? None, except to children.<sup>2</sup>

Some music is above me; most music is beneath me. I

1813. His son-in-law relates that, on that occasion, Madame observed —*Pourtant, pour M. Coleridge, il est tout-à-fait un monologue.* See some amusing observations by Schiller, on the occasion of that lady's visit to Weimar, in the "Conversations of Schiller and Goethe."

<sup>1</sup> This was said, I believe, to the late Sir James Mackintosh.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> This passage, and those following, will evidence, what the readers even of this little work must have seen, that Mr. Coleridge had an eye, almost exclusively, for the ideal or universal in painting and music. He knew nothing of the details of handling in the one, or of rules of composition in the other. Yet he was, to the best of my knowledge, an unerring judge of the merits of any serious effort in the fine arts, and detected the leading thought or feeling of the artist, with a decision which used sometimes to astonish me. Every picture which I have looked at in company with him, seems now, to my mind, translated into English. He would sometimes say, after looking for a minute at a picture, generally a modern one, "There's no use in stopping at this; for I see the painter had no idea. It is mere mechanical drawing. Come on; *here* the artist *meant* something for the mind." It was just the same with his knowledge of music. His appetite for what he thought good,

like Beethoven and Mozart—or else some of the aërial compositions of the elder Italians, as Palestrina and Carissimi.<sup>1</sup>—And I love Purcell.

The best sort of music is what it should be—sacred ; the next best, the military, has fallen to the lot of the Devil.

Good music never tires me, nor sends me to sleep. I feel physically refreshed and strengthened by it, as Milton says he did.

I could write as good verses now as ever I did, if I were perfectly free from vexations, and were in the *ad libitum* hearing of fine music, which has a sensible effect in harmonising my thoughts, and in animating and, as it were, lubricating my inventive faculty. The reason of my not finishing *Christabel* is not, that I don't know how to do it—for I have, as I always had, the whole plan entire from beginning to end in my mind ; but I fear I could not carry on with equal success the execution of the idea, an extremely subtle and difficult one.<sup>2</sup> Besides, after this continuation of *Faust*, which they tell me is very poor,<sup>3</sup> who can have courage to attempt a reversal of the judgment of all criticism against continuations ? Let us except *Don Quixote*, however, although the second part of that transcendental work is not exactly *uno flatu* with the original conception.

was literally inexhaustible. He told me he could listen to fine music for twelve hours together, and go away *refreshed*. But he required in music either thought or feeling ; mere addresses to the sensual ear he could not away with ; hence his utter distaste for Rossini, and his reverence for Beethoven and Mozart.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina was born about 1529, and died in 1594. I believe he may be considered the founder or reformer of the Italian church music. His masses, motets, and hymns are tolerably well known amongst lovers of the old composers ; but Mr. Coleridge used to speak with delight of some of Palestrina's madrigals which he heard at Rome.

Giacomo Carissimi composed about the years 1640—1650. His style has been charged with effeminacy ; but Mr. C. thought it very graceful and chaste. Henry Purcell needs no addition in England.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> “The thing attempted in *Christabel* is the most difficult of execution in the whole field of romance—witchery by daylight—and the success is complete.”—*Quarterly Review*, No. CIII. p. 29.—H. N. C.

<sup>3</sup> Coleridge's inclination to disparage Goethe is as painful as it is pitiful. See Feb. 16, 1883.

JULY 8, 1833.

*Public Schools.—Mathematics and Modern Languages.\**

I AM clear for public schools as the general rule; but for particular children private education may be proper. For the purpose of moving at ease in the best English society,—mind, I don't call the London exclusive clique the best English society,—the defect of a public education upon the plan of our great schools and Oxford and Cambridge is hardly to be supplied. But the defect is visible positively in some men, and only negatively in others. The first *offend* you by habits and modes of thinking and acting directly attributable to their private education: in the others you only regret that the freedom and facility of the established and national mode of bringing up is not *added* to their good qualities.

I more than doubt the expediency of making even elementary mathematics a part of the routine in the system of the great schools. It is enough, I think, that encouragement and facilities should be given; and I think more will be thus effected than by compelling all. Much less would I incorporate the German or French, or any modern language, into the school labours. I think that a great mistake.<sup>1</sup>

AUGUST 4, 1833.

*Scott and Coleridge.*

DEAR Sir Walter Scott and myself were exact, but harmonious, opposites in this;—that every old ruin, hill, river, or tree called up in his mind a host of historical or biographical associations,—just as a bright pan of brass,

<sup>1</sup> "One constant blunder"—I find it so pencilled by Mr. C. on a margin—"of these New-Broomers—these Penny Magazine sages and philanthropists, in reference to our public schools, is to confine their view to what schoolmasters teach the boys, with entire oversight of all that the boys are excited to learn from each other and of themselves—with more geniality even *because* it is *not* a part of their compelled school knowledge. An Eton boy's knowledge of the St. Lawrence, Mississippi, Missouri, Orellana, &c., will be, generally, found in exact proportion to his knowledge of the Ilissus, Hebrus, Orontes, &c.: inas-

when beaten, is said to attract the swarming bees;—whereas, for myself, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson, I believe I should walk over the plain of Marathon without taking more interest in it than in any other plain of similar features. Yet I receive as much pleasure in reading the account of the battle, in Herodotus, as any one can. Charles Lamb wrote an essay<sup>1</sup> on a man who lived in past time:—I thought of adding another to it on one who lived not *in time* at all, past, present, or future,—but beside or collaterally.

AUGUST 10, 1833.

*Nervous Weakness.*—Hooker and Bull.—*Faith.*—*A Poet's Need of Praise.*

A PERSON, nervously weak, has a sensation of weakness which is as bad to him as muscular weakness. The only difference lies in the better chance of removal.

The fact that Hooker, and Bull, in their two palmary works respectively, are read in the Jesuit Colleges, is a curious instance of the power of mind over the most profound of all prejudices.

There are permitted moments of exultation through faith, when we cease to feel our own emptiness save as a capacity for our Redeemer's fulness.

There is a species of applause scarcely less genial to a poet, than the vernal warmth to the feathered songsters during their nest-breeding or incubation; a sympathy, an expressed hope, that is the open air in which the poet

much as modern travels and voyages are more entertaining and fascinating than Cellarius; or Robinson Crusoe, Dampier, and Captain Cook, than the *Periegesis*. Compare the *lads* themselves from Eton and Harrow, &c., with the *alumni* of the New-Broom Institution, and not the lists of school-lessons; and be that comparison the criterion.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> I know not when or where; but are not all the writings of this exquisite genius the effusions of one whose spirit lived in past time? The place which Lamb holds, and will continue to hold, in English literature, seems less liable to interruption than that of any other writer of our day.—H. N. C.

breathes, and without which the sense of power sinks back on itself, like a sigh heaved up from the tightened chest of a sick man.

AUGUST 14, 1833.

*Quakers.—Philanthropists.—Jews.—Epistle to the Romans.\**

A QUAKER is made up of ice and flame. He has no composition, no mean temperature. Hence he is rarely interested about any public measure but he becomes a fanatic, and oversteps, in his irrespective zeal, every decency and every right opposed to his course.

I have never known a trader in philanthropy who was not wrong in heart somewhere or other. Individuals so distinguished are usually unhappy in their family relations, —men not benevolent or beneficent to individuals, but almost hostile to them, yet lavishing money and labour and time on the race, the abstract notion. The cosmopolitism which does not spring out of, and blossom upon, the deep-rooted stem of nationality or patriotism, is a spurious and rotten growth.

When I read the ninth, tenth, and eleventh chapters of the Epistle to the Romans to that fine old man Mr. —, at Ramsgate, he shed tears. Any Jew of sensibility must be deeply impressed by them.

The two images farthest removed from each other which can be comprehended under one term, are, I think, Isaiah,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I remember Mr. Coleridge used to call Isaiah his ideal of the Hebrew prophet. He studied that part of the Scripture with unremitting attention and most reverential admiration. Although Mr. C. was remarkably deficient in the technical memory of words, he could say a great deal of Isaiah by heart, and he delighted in pointing out the hexametrical rhythm of numerous passages in the English version:—

“Hear, O heavens, and give ear, | O earth: for the Lord hath spoken.

I have nourished and brought up children, | and they have rebelled against me.

The ox knoweth his owner, | and the ass his master's crib:  
But Israel doth not know, | my people doth not consider.”

—H. N. C.

—"Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth!"—and Levi of Holywell Street—"Old clothes!"—both of them Jews, you'll observe. *Immane quantum discrepant!*

AUGUST 15, 1833.

*Sallust.—Thucydides.—Herodotus.—Gibbon.—Key to the Decline of the Roman Empire.*

I CONSIDER the two works of Sallust which have come down to us entire, as romances founded on facts; no adequate causes are stated, and there is no real continuity of action. In Thucydides, you are aware from the beginning that you are reading the reflections of a man of great genius and experience upon the character and operation of the two great political principles in conflict in the civilised world in his time; his narrative of events is of minor importance, and it is evident that he selects for the purpose of illustration. It is Thucydides himself whom you read throughout under the names of Pericles, Nicias, &c. But in Herodotus it is just the reverse. He has as little subjectivity as Homer; and, delighting in the great fancied epic of events, he narrates them without impressing any thing as of his own mind upon the narrative. It is the charm of Herodotus that he gives you the spirit of his age—that of Thucydides, that he reveals to you his own, which was above the spirit of his age.

The difference between the composition of a history in modern and ancient times is very great; still there are certain principles upon which the history of a modern period may be written, neither sacrificing all truth and reality, like Gibbon, nor descending into mere biography and anecdote.

Gibbon's style is detestable, but his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome. Few persons read the original authorities, even those which are classical; and certainly no distinct knowledge of the actual state of the empire can be obtained from Gibbon's rhetorical sketches. He takes notice of nothing but what may produce an effect; he skips on from eminence to eminence, without ever taking you through the



valleys between : in fact, his work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter in Gibbon I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog :—figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted or discoloured ; nothing is real, vivid, true ; all is scenical, and as it were, exhibited by candlelight. And then to call it a History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire ! Was there ever a greater misnomer ? I protest I do not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline or fall of that empire. How miserably deficient is the narrative of the important reign of Justinian ! And that poor scepticism, which Gibbon mistook for Socratic philosophy, has led him to misstate and mistake the character and influence of Christianity in a way which even an avowed infidel or atheist would not and could not have done. Gibbon was a man of immense reading ; but he had no philosophy ; and he never fully understood the principle upon which the best of the old historians wrote. He attempted to imitate their artificial construction of the whole work—their dramatic ordonnance of the parts—without seeing that their histories were intended more as documents illustrative of the truths of political philosophy than as mere chronicles of events.

The true key to the declension of the Roman empire—which is not to be found in all Gibbon's immense work—may be stated in two words :—the *imperial* character overlaying, and finally destroying, the *national* character. Rome under Trajan was an empire without a nation.

AUGUST 16, 1833.

*Dr. Johnson's Political Pamphlets.*—*Johnson and Nature.\**—*Taxation.*  
—*Direct Representation.*—*Universal Suffrage.*—*Right of Women to vote.*—*Horne Tooke.*—*Etymology of the final IVE.*

I LIKE Dr. Johnson's political pamphlets better than any other parts of his works :—particularly his "Taxa-

tion no Tyranny" is very clever and spirited, though he only sees half of his subject, and that not in a very philosophical manner. Plunder—Tribute—Taxation—are the three gradations of action by the sovereign on the property of the subject. The first is mere violence, bounded by no law or custom, and is properly an act only between conqueror and conquered, and that, too, in the moment of victory. The second supposes law; but law proceeding only from, and dictated by, one party—the conqueror; law, by which he consents to forego his right of plunder upon condition of the conquered giving up to him, of their own accord, a fixed commutation. The third implies compact, and negatives any right to plunder,—taxation being professedly for the direct benefit of the party taxed, that, by paying a part, he may through the labours and superintendence of the sovereign be able to enjoy the rest in peace. As to the right to tax being only commensurate with direct representation, it is a fable, falsely and treacherously brought forward by those who know its hollowness well enough. You may show its weakness in a moment, by observing that not even the universal suffrage of the Benthamites avoids the difficulty;—for although it may be allowed to be contrary to decorum that women should legislate; yet there can be no reason why women should not choose their representatives to legislate; and if it be said that they are merged in their husbands, let it be allowed where the wife has no separate property; but where she has a distinct taxable estate, in which her husband has no interest, what right can her husband have to choose for her the person whose vote may affect her separate interest?—Besides, at all events, an unmarried woman of age, possessing one thousand pounds a year, has surely as good a moral right to vote, if taxation without representation is tyranny, as any ten-pounder in the kingdom. The truth, of course, is, that direct representation is a chimera, impracticable in fact, and useless or noxious if practicable.

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Johnson had neither eye nor ear; for nature, therefore, he cared, as he knew, nothing. His knowledge of town

life was minute; but even that was imperfect, as not being contrasted with the better life of the country.

Horne Tooke was once holding forth on language, when, turning to me, he asked me if I knew what the meaning of the final *ive* was in English words. I said I thought I could tell what he, Horne Tooke, himself thought. "Why, what?" said he. "*Vis*," I replied; and he acknowledged I had guessed right. I told him, however, that I could not agree with him; but believed that the final *ive* came from *ick*—*vicus*, *οἶκος*; the root denoting collectivity and community, and that it was opposed to the final *ing*, which signifies separation, particularity, and individual property, from *ingle*, a hearth, or one man's place or seat: *οἶκος*, *vicus*, denoted an aggregation of *ingles*. The alternation of the *c* and *k* of the root into the *v* was evidently the work of the digammate power, and hence we find the *icus* and *ivus* indifferently as finals in Latin. The precise difference of the etymologies is apparent in these phrases:—The lamb is sportive; that is, has a nature or habit of sporting: the lamb is sporting; that is, the animal is now performing a sport. Horne Tooke, upon this, said nothing to my etymology; but I believe he found that he could not make a fool of me, as he did of Godwin and some other of his butts.

AUGUST 17, 1833.

"The Lord" in the English Version of the Psalms, etc.—Scotch Kirk and Irving.

IT is very extraordinary that, in our translation of the Psalms, which professes to be from the Hebrew, the name, Jehovah—'O \*ΩΝ—The Being, or God—should be omitted, and, instead of it, the *Κύριος*, or Lord, of the Septuagint be adopted. The Alexandrian Jews had a superstitious dread of writing the name of God, and put *Κύριος*, not as a translation, but as a mere mark or sign—every one readily understanding for what it really stood. We, who have no such superstition, ought surely to restore the Jehovah, and thereby bring out in the true force the

overwhelming testimony of the Psalms to the divinity of Christ, the Jehovah or manifested God.<sup>1</sup>

I cannot understand the conduct of the Scotch Kirk with regard to poor Irving. They might, with ample reason, have visited him for the monstrous indecencies of those exhibitions of the spirit;—perhaps the Kirk would not have been justified in overlooking such disgraceful breaches of decorum; but to excommunicate him on account of his language about Christ's body was very foolish. Irving's expressions upon this subject are ill-judged, inconvenient, in bad taste, and in terms false: nevertheless, his apparent meaning, such as it is, is orthodox. Christ's body—as mere body, or rather carcass (for body is an associated word), was no more capable of sin or righteousness than mine or yours;—that his *humanity* had a *capacity* of

<sup>1</sup> I find the same remark in the late most excellent Bishop Sandford's diary, under date 17th December, 1827:—"Χαίρει ἐν τῷ Κυρίῳ. *Képios* idem significat quod יררה apud Hebræos. Hebræi enim nomine יררה sanctissimo nempe Dei nomine, nunquam in colloquio utebantur, sed vice ejus אררי pronuntiabant, quod LXX per *Képios* exprimebant."—*Remains of Bishop Sandford*, vol. i. p. 207.

Mr. Coleridge saw this work for the first time many months after making the observation in the text. Indeed it was the very last book he ever read. He was deeply interested in the picture drawn of the Bishop, and said that the mental struggles and bodily sufferings indicated in the Diary had been his own for years past. He conjured me to peruse the Memoir and the Diary with great care:—"I have received," said he, "much spiritual comfort and strength from the latter. O! were my faith and devotion, like my sufferings, equal to that good man's! He felt, as I do, how deep a depth is prayer in faith."

In connexion with the text, I may add here, that Mr. C. said, that long before he knew that the late Bishop Middleton was of the same opinion, he had deplored the misleading inadequacy of our authorised version of the expression, *πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως* in the Epistle to the Colossians, i. 15: *ὃς ἔστιν εἰκὼν τοῦ Θεοῦ τοῦ ἀοράτου, πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως*. He rendered the verse in these words:—"Who is the manifestation of God the invisible, the begotten antecedently to all creation;" observing, that in *πρωτότοκος* there was a double superlative of priority, and that the natural meaning of "*first-born of every creature*,"—the language of our version,—afforded no premiss for the casual *ὄν* in the next verse. The same criticism may be found in the Statesman's Manual, p. 56, n.; and see Bishop Sandford's judgment to the same effect, vol. i. p. 165.—H. N. C.

sin, follows from its own essence. He was of like passions as we, and was tempted. How *could* he be tempted, if he had no formal capacity of being seduced?

It is Irving's error to use declamation, high and passionate rhetoric, not introduced and pioneered by calm and clear logic, which is—to borrow a simile, though with a change in the application, from the witty-wise, but not always wisely-witty, Fuller—like knocking a nail into a board, without wimbling a hole for it, and which then either does not enter, or turns crooked, or splits the wood it pierces.

AUGUST 18, 1833.

*Milton's Egotism.—Claudian.—Sterne.*

IN the *Paradise Lost*—indeed in every one of his poems—it is Milton himself whom you see; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.

Claudian deserves more attention than is generally paid to him. He is the link between the old classic and the modern way of thinking in verse. You will observe in him an oscillation between the objective poetry of the ancients and the subjective mood of the moderns. His power of pleasingly reproducing the same thought in different language is remarkable, as it is in Pope. Read particularly the *Phoenix*, and see how the single image of renascence is varied.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge referred to Claudian's first Idyll:—

"Oceani summo circumfluit æquore lucus  
Trans Indos Eurumque viret," &c.

See the lines—

"Hic neque concepto fetu, nec semine surgit;  
Sed pater est prolesque sibi, nulloque creante

I think highly of Sterne—that is, of the first part of *Tristram Shandy*: for as to the latter part about the widow Wadman, it is stupid and disgusting; and the *Sentimental Journey* is poor sickly stuff. There is a great deal of affectation in Sterne, to be sure; but still the characters of Trim and the two Shandies<sup>1</sup> are most individual and delightful. Sterne's morals are bad, but I don't think they can do much harm to any one whom they would not find bad enough before. Besides, the oddity and erudite grimaces under which much of his dirt is hidden take away the effect for the most part; although, to be sure, the book is scarcely readable by women.

AUGUST 20, 1833.

*Humour and Genius.*—*Talent.\**—*Great Poets Good Men.*—*Diction of the Old and New Testament Version.*—*Hebrew.*—*Vowels and Consonants.*—*Oriental Languages.\**

MEN of humour are always in some degree men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius may, amongst other gifts, possess wit, as Shakspeare.

Emeritos artus fœcunda morte reformat,  
Et petit alternam totidem per funera vitam.

Et cumulum texens pretiosa fronde Sabreum  
Componit bustumque sibi partumque futurum.

O senium positure rogo, falsisque sepulcris  
Natales habiture vices, qui sæpe renasci  
Exitio, proprioque soles pubescere leto,  
Accipe principium rursus.

Parturiente rogo — . . .

Victuri cineres — . . .

Qui fuerat genitor, natus nunc prosilit idem,  
Succeditque novus —

O felix, hæresque tui! quo solvimur omnes,  
Hoc tibi suppeditat vires; præbetur origo  
Per cinerem; moritur te non pereunte senectus."—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Coleridge considered the character of the father, the elder Shandy, as by much the finer delineation of the two. I fear his low

Genius must have talent as its complement and implement, just as, in like manner, imagination must have fancy. In short, the higher intellectual powers can only act through a corresponding energy of the lower.

Men of genius are rarely much annoyed by the company of vulgar people, because they have a power of looking at such persons as objects of amusement of another race altogether.

I quite agree with Strabo, as translated by Ben Jonson in his splendid dedication of the Fox<sup>1</sup>—that there can be no great poet who is not a good man, though not, perhaps, a *goody* man. His heart must be pure; he must have learned to look into his own heart, and sometimes to look at it; for how can he who is ignorant of his own heart know anything of, or be able to move, the heart of any one else?

I think there is a perceptible difference in the elegance and correctness of the English in our versions of the Old and New Testament. I cannot yield to the authority of many examples of usages which may be alleged from the New Testament version. St. Paul is very often most inadequately rendered, and there are slovenly phrases which would never have come from Ben Jonson, or any other good prose writer of that day.

Hebrew is so simple, and its words are so few and opinion of the Sentimental Journey will not suit a thorough Sterneist; but I could never get him to modify his criticism. He said, "The oftener you read Sterne, the more clearly will you perceive the *great* difference between Tristram Shandy and the Sentimental Journey. There is truth and reality in the one, and little beyond a clever affectation in the other."—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> Ἡ δὲ (ἀρετὴ) ποιητοῦ συνέζευκται τῇ τοῦ ἀνθρώπου· καὶ οὐχ οἷόν τε ἀγαθὸν γενέσθαι ποιητὴν, μὴ πρότερον γενηθέντα ἀνδρα ἀγαθόν.—Lib. I. p. 33, folio.

"For, if men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being the good poet without first being a good man."—H. N. C.

near the roots, that it is impossible to keep up any adequate knowledge of it without constant application. The meanings of the words are chiefly traditional. The loss of Origen's Heptaglott Bible, in which he had written out the Hebrew words in Greek characters, is the heaviest which biblical literature has ever experienced. It would have fixed the sounds as known at that time.

Brute animals have the vowel sounds; man only can utter consonants. It is natural, therefore, that the consonants should be marked first, as being the framework of the word; and no doubt a very simple living language might be written quite intelligibly to the natives without any vowel sounds marked at all. The words would be traditionally and conventionally recognised as in short hand—thus, *Gd crtd th Hvn nd th Rth*. I wish I understood Arabic; and yet I doubt whether, to the European philosopher or scholar, it is worth while to undergo the immense labour of acquiring that or any other Oriental tongue, except Hebrew.

AUGUST 23, 1833.

*Greek Accent and Quantity.*

THE distinction between accent and quantity is clear, and was, no doubt, observed by the ancients in the recitation of verse. But I believe such recitation to have been always an artificial thing, and that the common conversation was entirely regulated by accent. I do not think it possible to *talk* any language without confounding the quantity of syllables with their high or low tones;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This opinion, I need not say, is in direct opposition to the conclusion of Foster and Mitford, and scarcely reconcileable with the apparent meaning of the authorities from the old critics and grammarians. Foster's opponent was for rejecting the accents and attending only to the syllabic quantity; Mr. C. would, *in prose*, attend to the accents only as indicators of the quantity, being unable to conceive any practical distinction between time and tone in common speech. Yet how can we deal with the authority of Dionysius of Halicarnassus alone, who, on the one hand, discriminates quantity so exquisitely as to make four degrees of *shortness* in the penultimates of ὀδός, ῥ ὁδός, τρ ὅπος, and στρ ὄπος, and this expressly ἐν λόγοις ψαλμοῖς, or plain prose, as well as



although you may *sing* or *recitative* the difference well enough. Why should the marks of accent have been considered exclusively necessary for teaching the pronunciation to the Asiatic or African Hellenist, if the knowledge of the acuted syllable did not also carry the stress of time with it? If *ἄνθρωπος* was to be pronounced in common conversation with a perceptible distinction of the length of the penultima as well as of the elevation of the antepenultima, why was not that long quantity also marked? It was surely as important an ingredient in the pronunciation as the accent. And although the letter omega might in such a word show the quantity, yet what do you say to such words as *λελόγχασι*, *τύψασα*, and the like—the quantity of the penultima of which is not marked to the eye at all? Besides, can we altogether disregard the practice of the modern Greeks? Their confusion of accent and quantity in verse is of course a barbarism, though a very old one, as the *versus politici* of John Tzetzes<sup>1</sup> in the twelfth century and the *Anacreontics* prefixed to Proclus will show; but these

in verse, and on the other hand declares, according to the evidently correct interpretation of the passage, that the difference between music and ordinary speech consists in the number only, and not in the quality, of tones:—*τῷ Ποσῷ διαλλάττουσα τῆς ἐν ὡδαῖς καὶ ὀργάνοις, καὶ οὐχὶ τῷ Πιούῳ.* (Περὶ Συν. c. 11.?) The extreme sensibility of the Athenian ear to the accent in prose is, indeed, proved by numerous anecdotes, one of the most amusing of which, though, perhaps, not the best authenticated as a fact, is that of Demosthenes in the Speech for the Crown, asking, "Whether, O Athenians, does Æschines appear to you to be the mercenary (*μισθωτός*) of Alexander, or his guest or friend (*ζέως*)?" It is said that he pronounced *μισθωτός* with a false accent on the antepenultima, as *μισθωτος*, and that upon the audience immediately crying out, by way of correction, *μισθωτός*, with an emphasis, the orator continued coolly,—*ἀκούεις ἃ λέγουσι*—"You yourself hear what they say!" Demosthenes is also said, whether affectedly, or in ignorance, to have sworn in some speech by *Ἀσκληπίος*, throwing the accent falsely on the antepenultima, and that, upon being interrupted for it, he declared, in his justification, that the pronunciation was proper, for that the divinity was *ἥπιος*, mild. The expressions in Plutarch are very striking:—*"Θόρυβον ἐκίνησεν, ὡμνυε δὲ καὶ τὸν Ἀσκληπιὸν, προπαροξύνων Ἀσκληπίον, καὶ παρεδείκνυνεν αὐτὸν ὀρθῶς λέγοντα· εἶναι γὰρ τὸν θεὸν ἥπιον καὶ ἐπὶ τούτῳ πολλάκις ἐθορυβήθη."* *Dec. Orat.*—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup> See his *Chiliads*. The sort of verses to which Mr. Coleridge alluded are the following, which those who consider the scansion to be accental, take for tetrameter catalectic iambs, like—

very examples prove *à fortiori* what the common pronunciation in prose then was.

AUGUST 24, 1833.

*Consolation in Distress.—Mock Evangelicals.—Autumn Day.*

I AM never very forward in offering spiritual consolation to any one in distress or disease. I believe that such resources, to be of any service, must be self-evolved, in the first instance. I am something of the Quaker's mind in this, and am inclined to *wait* for the spirit.

The most common effect of this mock evangelical spirit, especially with young women, is self-inflation and busy-bodyism.

How strange and awful is the synthesis of life and death in the gusty winds and falling leaves of an autumnal day!

(ὥς ἰδὺν καὶ | νοῖς πράγμασιν | καὶ δεξιῶις | ὀμλεῖν—)

ὁπόσον δὲ | ναυτο λαβεῖν | ἐκέλευε | χρυσίον.

Κροῖσον κινῆ | πρὸς γέλωτα βαδίσει καὶ τῇ θεᾷ.

Ὁ Ἄρτακάμας βασιλεὺς Φρυγίας τῆς μεγάλης.

Ἡρόδοτος τὸν Γύγην δὲ ποιμένα μὲν οὐ λέγει.

Ἡ Ἑοεχθῆως Πρέκρις τε καὶ Πραξιθέας κόρη.

Ἀντίβας ὡς Διόδωρος γράφει καὶ Δίων ἱμα. —

*Chil. I.*

I'll climb the frost | y mountains high | , and there I'll coin | the weather;

I'll tear the rain | bow from the sky | , and tie both ends | together.

Some critics, however, maintain these verses to be trochaics, although very loose and faulty. See Foster, p. 113. A curious instance of the early confusion of accent and quantity may be seen in Prudentius, who shortens the penultima in *eremus* and *idola*, from *ἐρημος* and *εἰδωλα*.

Cui jejuna *eremi* saxa loquacibus  
Exundant scatebris, &c.

*Cathemer. V. 89.*

— cognatumque malum, pigmenta, Camœnas,

*Idola*, conflavit fallendi trina potestas.

*Cont. Symm. 47.—II. N. C.*

AUGUST 25, 1833.

*Rossetti on Dante.—Laughter: Farce and Tragedy.*

ROSSETTI'S view of Dante's meaning is in great part just, but he has pushed it beyond all bounds of common sense. How could a poet—and such a poet as Dante—have written the details of the allegory as conjectured by Rossetti? The boundaries between his allegory and his pure picturesque are plain enough, I think, at first reading.

To resolve laughter into an expression of contempt is contrary to fact, and laughable enough. Laughter is a convulsion of the nerves; and it seems as if nature cut short the rapid thrill of pleasure on the nerves by a sudden convulsion of them, to prevent the sensation becoming painful. Aristotle's definition is as good as can be:—surprise at perceiving anything out of its usual place, when the unusualness is not accompanied by a sense of serious danger. *Such* surprise is always pleasurable; and it is observable that surprise accompanied with circumstances of danger becomes tragic. Hence farce may often border on tragedy; indeed, farce is nearer tragedy in its essence than comedy is.

AUGUST 28, 1833.

*Baron Von Humboldt.—Modern Diplomats.*

BARON VON HUMBOLDT, brother of the great traveller, paid me the following compliment at Rome:—"I confess, Mr. Coleridge, I had my suspicions that you were here in a political capacity of some sort or other; but upon reflection I acquit you. For in Germany and, I believe, elsewhere on the Continent, it is generally understood that the English government, in order to divert the envy and jealousy of the world at the power, wealth, and ingenuity of your nation, makes a point, as a *ruse de guerre*, of sending out none but fools of gentlemanly birth and connexions as diplomatists to the courts abroad. An exception is, perhaps, sometimes made for a clever fellow, if

sufficiently libertine and unprincipled." Is the case much altered now, do you know?

What dull coxcombs your diplomatists at home generally are. I remember dining at Mr. Frere's once in company with Canning and a few other interesting men. Just before dinner Lord—— called on Frere, and asked himself to dinner. From the moment of his entry he began to talk to the whole party, and in French—all of us being genuine English—and I was told his French was execrable. He had followed the Russian army into France, and seen a good deal of the great men concerned in the war: of none of those things did he say a word, but went on, sometimes in English and sometimes in French, gabbling about cookery and dress and the like. At last he paused for a little—and I said a few words remarking how a great image may be reduced to the ridiculous and contemptible by bringing the constituent parts into prominent detail, and mentioned the grandeur of the deluge and the preservation of life in Genesis and the *Paradise Lost*,<sup>1</sup> and the ludicrous effect produced by Drayton's description in his *Noah's Flood*:—

"And now the beasts are walking from the wood,  
As well of ravine, as that chew the cud.  
The king of beasts his fury doth suppress,  
And to the Ark leads down the lioness;  
The bull for his beloved mate doth low,  
And to the Ark brings on the fair-eyed cow," &c.

Hereupon Lord—— resumed, and spoke in raptures of a picture which he had lately seen of Noah's Ark, and said the animals were all marching two and two, the little ones first, and that the elephants came last in great majesty and filled up the fore-ground. "Ah! no doubt, my lord," said Canning; "your elephants, wise fellows! staid behind to pack up their trunks!" This floored the ambassador for half an hour.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries almost all our ambassadors were distinguished men.<sup>2</sup> Read Lloyd's

<sup>1</sup> Genesis, c. vi. vii. Par. Lost, book xi., v. 728, &c.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> Yet Diego de Mendoza, the author of *Lazarillo de Tormes*, himself

State Worthies. The third-rate men of those days possessed an infinity of knowledge, and were intimately versed not only in the history, but even in the heraldry, of the countries in which they were resident. Men were almost always, except for mere compliments, chosen for their dexterity and experience—not, as now, by parliamentary interest.

The sure way to make a foolish ambassador is to bring him up to it. What can an English minister abroad really want but an honest and bold heart, a love for his country and the ten commandments? Your art diplomatic is stuff:—no truly great man now would negotiate upon any such shallow principles.

AUGUST 30, 1833.

*Man cannot be Stationary.—Fatalism and Providence.—Sympathy in Joy.*

IF a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it, he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts: they are worse, a great deal worse.

The conduct of the Mohammedan and Western nations on the subject of contagious plague illustrates the two extremes of error on the nature of God's moral government of the world. The Turk changes Providence into fatalism;

a veteran diplomatist, describes his brethren of the craft, and their duties, in the reigns of Charles the Emperor and Philip the Second, in the following terms:—

O embajadores, puros majaderos,  
Que si los reyes quieren engañar,  
Comienzan por nosotros los primeros.  
*Nuestro mayor negocio es, no dañar,  
Y jamas hacer cosa, ni dezilla,  
Que no corramos riesgo de enseñar.*

What a pity it is that modern diplomatists, who, for the most part, very carefully observe the precept contained in the last two lines of this passage, should not equally bear in mind the importance of the preceding remark—that their principal business is just to do no mischief.—H. N. C.

the Christian relies upon it—when he has nothing else to rely on. He does not practically rely upon it at all.

For compassion a human heart suffices; but for full and adequate sympathy with joy, an angel's only. And ever remember, that the more exquisite and delicate a flower of joy, the tenderer must be the hand that plucks it.

SEPTEMBER 2, 1833.

*Characteristic Temperament of Nations.—Greek Particles.—Latin Compounds.—Virgil.\*—Propertius—Tibullus.—Lucan. — Statius.—Valerius Flaccus.—Claudian.—Persius.—Prudentius.—Hermesianax.*

THE English affect stimulant nourishment—beef and beer. The French, excitants, irritants—nitrous oxide, alcohol, champagne. The Austrians, sedatives—hyoscyamus. The Russians, narcotics—opium, tobacco, and beng.

It is worth particular notice how the style of Greek oratory, so full, in the times of political independence, of connective particles, some of passions, some of sensation only, and escaping the classification of mere grammatical logic, became, in the hands of the declaimers and philosophers of the Alexandrian æra, and still later, entirely deprived of this peculiarity. So it was with Homer as compared with Nonnus, Tryphiodorus, and the like. In the latter there are in the same number of lines fewer words by one half than in the Iliad. All the appoggiaturas of time are lost.

All the Greek writers after Demosthenes and his contemporaries, what are they but the leavings of tyranny, in which a few precious things seem sheltered by the mass of rubbish! Yet, whenever liberty began but to hope and strive, a Polybius appeared. Theocritus is almost the only instance I know of a man of true poetic genius flourishing under a tyranny.

The old Latin poets attempted to compound as largely as the Greek; hence in Ennius such words as *belligerentes*, &c. In nothing did Virgil show his judgment more than in rejecting these, except just where common usage had sanc-

tioned them, as *omnipotens* and a few more. He saw that the Latin was too far advanced in its formation, and of too rigid a character, to admit such composition or agglutination. In this particular respect Virgil's Latin is very admirable and deserving preference. Compare it with the language of Lucan or Statius, and count the number of words used in an equal number of lines, and observe how many more short words Virgil has.

I cannot quite understand the grounds of the high admiration which the ancients expressed for Propertius, and I own that Tibullus is rather insipid to me. Lucan was a man of great powers; but what was to be made of such a shapeless fragment of party warfare, and so recent too! He had fancy rather than imagination, and passion rather than fancy. His taste was wretched, to be sure; still the *Pharsalia* is in my judgment a very wonderful work for such a youth as Lucan<sup>1</sup> was.

I think Statius a truer poet than Lucan, though he is very extravagant sometimes. Valerius Flaccus is very pretty in particular passages. I am ashamed to say, I have never read Silius Italicus. Claudian I recommend to your careful perusal, in respect of his being properly the first of the moderns, or at least the transitional link between the Classic and the Gothic mode of thought.<sup>2</sup>

I call Persius hard—not obscure. He had a bad style; but I dare say, if he had lived,<sup>3</sup> he would have learned to express himself in easier language. There are many passages in him of exquisite felicity, and his vein of thought is manly and pathetic.

Prudentius<sup>4</sup> is curious for this,—that you see how Christianity forced allegory into the place of mythology. Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Lucan died by the command of Nero, A.D. 65, in his twenty-sixth year. I think this should be printed at the beginning of every book of the *Pharsalia*.—H. N. C.

The effect would be sufficiently curious. Imagine a heading on each page of Chatterton's works,—“died at eighteen.”

<sup>2</sup> See August 18, 1833.

<sup>3</sup> Aulus Persius Flaccus died in the 30th year of his age, A.D. 62.—H. N. C.

<sup>4</sup> Aurelius Prudentius Clemens was born A.D. 348, in Spain.—H. N. C.

Frere [ὁ φιλόκαλος, ὁ καλοκαγαθός] used to esteem the Latin Christian poets of Italy very highly, and no man in our times was a more competent judge than he.

How very pretty are those lines of Hermesianax in Athenæus about the poets and poetesses of Greece!<sup>1</sup>

SEPTEMBER 4, 1833.

*Destruction of Jerusalem.*—*Epic Poem.*—*Paradise Lost.*—*Bacchus.\**—*German and English.*—*Modern Travels.*

I HAVE already told you that in my opinion the destruction of Jerusalem is the only subject now left for an epic poem of the highest kind. Yet, with all its great capabilities, it has this one grand defect—that, whereas a poem, to be epic, must have a personal interest,—in the destruction of Jerusalem no genius or skill could possibly preserve the interest for the hero from being merged in the interest for the event. The fact is, the event itself is too sublime and overwhelming.

In my judgment, an epic poem must either be national or mundane. As to Arthur, you could not by any means make a poem on him national to Englishmen. What have *we* to do with him? Milton saw this, and with a judgment at least equal to his genius, took a mundane theme—one common to all mankind. His Adam and Eve are all men and women inclusively. Pope satirises Milton for making God the Father talk like a school divine.<sup>2</sup> Pope was hardly the man to criticise Milton. The truth is, the judgment of Milton in the conduct of the celestial part of his story is

<sup>1</sup> See the fragment from the Leontium:—

Οἶν μὲν φίλος νιδς ἀνήγαγεν Οἶάγοιο  
 Ἀγριώων θρῆσαν στελάμενος καθάρην  
 Αἰδόμεν' κ. τ. λ. *Athen.* xiii. s. 71.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> "Milton's strong pinion now not Heaven can bound,  
 Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;  
 In quibbles angel and archangel join,  
 And God the Father turns a school divine."

HOR., *Epist.* II. i., 90-102.—H. N. C.



very exquisite. Wherever God is represented as directly acting as Creator, without any exhibition of his own essence, Milton adopts the simplest and sternest language of the Scriptures. He ventures upon no poetic diction, no amplification, no pathos, no affection. It is truly the Voice of the Word of the Lord coming to, and acting on, the subject Chaos. But, as some personal interest was demanded for the purposes of poetry, Milton takes advantage of the dramatic representation of God's address to the Son, the Filial Alterity, and in *those addresses* slips in, as it were by stealth, language of affection, or thought, or sentiment. Indeed, although Milton was undoubtedly a high Arian in his mature life, he does in the necessity of poetry give a greater objectivity to the Father and the Son, than he would have justified in argument. He was very wise in adopting the strong anthropomorphism of the Hebrew Scriptures at once. Compare the *Paradise Lost* with Klopstock's Messiah, and you will learn to appreciate Milton's judgment and skill quite as much as his genius.

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The conquest of India by Bacchus might afford scope for a very brilliant poem of the fancy and the understanding.

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It is not that the German can express external imagery more *fully* than English; but that it can flash more images *at once* on the mind than the English can. As to mere power of expression, I doubt whether even the Greek surpasses the English. Pray, read a very pleasant and acute dialogue in Schlegel's *Athenæum* between a German, a Greek, a Roman, Italian, and a Frenchman, on the merits of their respective languages.

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I wish the naval and military officers who write accounts of their travels would just spare us their sentiment. The Magazines introduced this cant. Let these gentlemen read and imitate the old captains and admirals, as Dampier, &c.

OCTOBER 15, 1833.

*The Trinity.—Incarnation.—Redemption.—Education.*

THE Trinity is the idea: the Incarnation, which implies the Fall, is the fact: the Redemption is the mesothesis of the two—that is—the religion.

If you bring up your children in a way which puts them out of sympathy with the religious feelings of the nation in which they live, the chances are, that they will ultimately turn out ruffians or fanatics—and one as likely as the other.

OCTOBER 23, 1833.

*Elegy.—Ode.\*—Lavacrum Pallados.—Greek and Latin Pentameter.—Milton's Latin Poems.—Poetical Filter.—Wordsworth.\*—Gray and Cotton.*

ELEGY is the form of poetry natural to the reflective mind. It may treat of any subject, but it must treat of no subject *for itself*; but always and exclusively with reference to the poet himself. As he will feel regret for the past or desire for the future, so sorrow and love become the principal themes of elegy. Elegy presents every thing as lost and gone, or absent and future. The elegy is the exact opposite of the Homeric epic, in which all is purely external and objective, and the poet is a mere voice.

The true lyric ode is subjective too; but then it delights to present things as actually existing and visible, although associated with the past, or coloured highly by the subject of the ode itself.

I think the Lavacrum Pallados of Callimachus very beautiful indeed, especially that part about the mother of Tiresias and Minerva.<sup>1</sup> I have a mind to try how it would bear translation; but what metre have we to answer in feeling to the elegiac couplet of the Greeks?

<sup>1</sup> Παῖδες, Ἀθαναία νύμφαν μίαν ἐν ποκα Θήβαις  
 πούλυ τι καὶ περὶ δὴ φίλατο τᾶν ἑτέρων,  
 ματέρα Τειρεσίαο, καὶ οὐποκα χωρὶς ἔγεντο.—κ. τ. λ.—v. 57, &c.—H. N. C.

I greatly prefer the Greek rhythm of the short verse to Ovid's, though, observe, I don't dispute his taste with reference to the genius of his own language. Augustus Schlegel gave me a copy of Latin elegiacs on the King of Prussia's going down the Rhine, in which he had almost exclusively adopted the manner of Propertius. I thought them very elegant.

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You may find a few minute faults in Milton's Latin verses; but you will not persuade me that, if these poems had come down to us *as* written in the age of Tiberius, we should not have considered them to be very beautiful.

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I once thought of making a collection,—to be called "The Poetical Filter,"—upon the principle of simply omitting from the old pieces of lyrical poetry which we have, those parts in which the whim or the bad taste of the author or the fashion of his age prevailed over his genius. You would be surprised at the number of exquisite *wholes* which might be made by this simple operation, and, perhaps, by the insertion of a single line or half a line, out of poems which are now utterly disregarded on account of some odd or incongruous passages in them;—just as whole volumes of Wordsworth's poems were formerly neglected or laughed at, solely because of some few wilfulnesses, if I may so call them, of that great man—whilst at the same time five-sixths of his poems would have been admired, and indeed popular, if they had appeared without those drawbacks, under the name of Byron or Moore or Campbell, or any other of the fashionable favourites of the day. But he has won the battle now, ay! and will wear the crown, whilst English is English.

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I think there is something very majestic in Gray's Installation Ode; but as to the Bard and the rest of his lyrics, I must say I think them frigid and artificial. There is more real lyric feeling in Cotton's Ode on Winter.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Let me borrow Mr. Wordsworth's account of, and quotation from, this poem:—

"Finally, I will refer to Cotton's 'Ode upon Winter,' an admirable

NOVEMBER 1, 1833.

*Homeric Heroes in Shakspere.—Dryden.—Dr. Johnson.—Scott's Novels.*  
*—Scope of Christianity.—Egoism.\**

COMPARE Nestor, Ajax, Achilles, &c., in the *Troilus* and *Cressida* of Shakspere with their namesakes in the *Iliad*. The old heroes seem all to have been at school ever

composition, though stained with some peculiarities of the age in which he lived, for a general illustration of the characteristics of Fancy. The middle part of this ode contains a most lively description of the entrance of Winter, with his retinue, as 'a palsied king,' and yet a military monarch, advancing for conquest with his army; the several bodies of which, and their arms and equipments, are described with a rapidity of detail, and a profusion of *fanciful* comparisons, which indicate, on the part of the poet, extreme activity of intellect, and a correspondent hurry of delightful feeling. He retires from the foe into his fortress, where—

a magazine  
 Of sovereign juice is cellared in;  
 Liquor that will the siege maintain  
 Should Phœbus ne'er return again.

Though myself a water-drinker, I cannot resist the pleasure of transcribing what follows, as an instance still more happy of Fancy employed in the treatment of feeling than, in its preceding passages, the poem supplies of her management of forms.

'Tis that, that gives the Poet rage,  
 And thaws the gelly'd blood of Age;  
 Matures the Young, restores the Old,  
 And makes the fainting coward bold.

It lays the careful head to rest,  
 Calms palpitations in the breast,  
 Renders our lives' misfortune sweet;  
 \* \* \* \*

Then let the *chill* Scirocco blow,  
 And gird us round with hills of snow;  
 Or else go whistle to the shore,  
 And make the hollow mountains roar:

Whilst we together jovial sit  
 Careless, and crowned with mirth and wit;  
 Where, though bleak winds confine us home,  
 Our fancies round the world shall roam.

since. I scarcely know a more striking instance of the strength and pregnancy of the Gothic mind.

Dryden's genius was of that sort which catches fire by its own motion; his chariot wheels *get* hot by driving fast.

Dr. Johnson seems to have been really more powerful in discoursing *vivâ voce* in conversation than with his pen in hand. It seems as if the excitement of company called something like reality and consecutiveness into his reasonings, which in his writings I cannot see. His antitheses are almost always verbal only; and sentence after sentence in the Rambler may be pointed out to which you cannot attach any definite meaning whatever. In his political pamphlets there is more truth of expression than in his other works, for the same reason that his conversation is

We'll think of all the friends we know,  
And drink to all worth drinking to;  
When, having drunk all thine and mine,  
We rather shall want healths than wine.

But where friends fail us, we'll supply  
Our friendships with our charity;  
Men that remote in sorrows live  
Shall by our lusty brimmers thrive.

We'll drink the wanting into wealth,  
And those that languish into health,  
Th' afflicted into joy, th' opprest  
Into security and rest.

The worthy in disgrace shall find  
Favour return again more kind,  
And in restraint who stifled lie  
Shall taste the air of liberty.

The brave shall triumph in success,  
The lovers shall have mistresses,  
Poor unregarded virtue, praise,  
And the neglected poet, bays.

Thus shall our healths do others good,  
Whilst we ourselves do all we would;  
For, freed from envy and from care,  
What would we be but what we are?"

*Preface to the editions of Mr. W.'s Poems, in 1815 and 1820.—H. N. C.*

better than his writings in general. He was more excited and in earnest.

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When I am very ill indeed, I can read Scott's novels, and they are almost the only books I can then read. I cannot at such times read the Bible; my mind reflects on it, but I can't bear the open page.

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Unless Christianity be viewed and felt in a high and comprehensive way, how large a portion of our intellectual and moral nature does it leave without object and action!

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Let a young man separate I from Me as far as he possibly can, and remove Me till it is almost lost in the remote distance. "I am me," is as bad a fault in intellectuals and morals as it is in grammar, whilst none but one—God—can say, "I am I," or "That I am."

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NOVEMBER 9, 1833.

*Times of Charles I.*

HOW many books are still written and published about Charles the First and his times! Such is the fresh and enduring interest of that grand crisis of morals, religion, and government! But these books are none of them works of any genius or imagination; not one of these authors seems to be able to throw himself back into that age; if they did, there would be less praise and less blame bestowed on both sides.

DECEMBER 21, 1833.

*Messenger of the Covenant.—Prophecy.—Logic of Ideas and of Syllogisms.*

WHEN I reflect upon the subject of the messenger of the covenant, and observe the distinction taken in the prophets between the teaching and suffering Christ,—the Priest, who was to precede, and the triumphant Messiah, the Judge, who was to follow,—and how Jesus always seems to speak of the Son of Man in a future sense, and yet always at the same time as identical with himself; I sometimes

think that our Lord himself in his earthly career was the Messenger; and that the way is *now still preparing* for the great and visible advent of the Messiah of Glory. I mention this doubtingly.

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What a beautiful sermon or essay might be written on the growth of prophecy!—from the germ, no bigger than a man's hand, in Genesis, till the column of cloud gathers size and height and substance, and assumes the shape of a perfect man; just like the smoke in the Arabian Nights' tale, which comes up and at last takes a genie's shape.<sup>1</sup>

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The logic of ideas is to that of syllogisms as the infinitesimal calculus to common arithmetic; it proves, but at the same time supersedes.

JANUARY 1, 1834.

*Landon's Poetry.—Beauty.—Chronological Arrangement of Works.*

WHAT is it that Mr. Landon wants, to make him a poet? His powers are certainly very considerable, but he seems to be totally deficient in that modifying faculty, which compresses several units into one whole. The truth is, he does not possess imagination in its highest form,—that of stamping *il più nell' uno*. Hence his poems, taken as wholes, are unintelligible; you have eminences excessively bright, and all the ground around and between them in darkness. Besides which, he has never learned, with all his energy, how to write simple and lucid English.

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The useful, the agreeable, the beautiful, and the good, are distinguishable. You are wrong in resolving beauty

<sup>1</sup> The passage in Mr. Coleridge's mind was, I suppose, the following:—"He (the fisherman) set it before him, and while he looked upon it attentively, there came out a very thick smoke, which obliged him to retire two or three paces from it. The smoke ascended to the clouds, and extending itself along the sea, and upon the shore, formed a great mist, which, we may well imagine, did mightily astonish the fisherman. When the smoke was all out of the vessel, it reunited itself, and became a solid body, of which there was formed a genie twice as high as the greatest of giants." *Story of the Fisherman*. Ninth Night.—H. N. C.

into expression or interest; it is quite distinct; indeed it is opposite, although not contrary. Beauty is an immediate presence, between (*inter*) which and the beholder *nihil est*. It is always one and tranquil; whereas the interesting always disturbs and is disturbed. I exceedingly regret the loss of those essays on beauty, which I wrote in a Bristol newspaper.<sup>1</sup> I would give much to recover them.

After all you can say, I still think the chronological order<sup>2</sup> the best for arranging a poet's works. All your divisions are in particular instances inadequate, and they destroy the interest which arises from watching the progress, maturity, and even the decay of genius.

JANUARY 3, 1834.

*Toleration.*—Calvin.\*—*Servetus*.\*—*Norwegians*.

I HAVE known books written on Tolerance, the proper title of which would be—intolerant or intolerable books on tolerance. Should not a man who writes a book expressly to inculcate tolerance learn to treat with respect, or at least with indulgence, articles of faith which tens of thousands ten times told of his fellow-subjects or his fellow-creatures believe with all their souls, and upon the truth of which they rest their tranquillity in this world, and their hopes of salvation in the next,—those articles being at least maintainable against his arguments, and most certainly innocent in themselves?—Is it fitting to run Jesus Christ in a silly parallel with Socrates—the Being whom thousand millions of intellectual creatures, of whom I am

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge doubtless alludes to three "Essays on the Fine Arts," contributed to "Felix Farley's Bristol Journal," in Aug. 1814. They are preserved in the Appendix to Cottle's "Early Recollections." We shall reproduce them in a later volume.

<sup>2</sup> We think so, also. The difficulty is to decide what is the chronological order, when a poet, as Coleridge did, leaves his editors to discover it for themselves. At the very moment when the note above was written, H. N. C. was arranging, with such aid as he could elicit, his father-in-law's poems. Yet he does not attempt a "chronological order." And where would you place a poem, the first half of which was written ten years before the second? or one greatly modified, or re-written, three or four times, at intervals of years? Coleridge's remark is at once amusing and exasperating, and his easy manner, in making it, recalls Mr. Skimpole.



a humble unit, take to be their Redeemer, with an Athenian philosopher, of whom we should know nothing except through his glorification in Plato and Xenophon?—And then to hitch Latimer and Servetus together! To be sure there was a stake and a fire in each case, but where the rest of the resemblance is I cannot see. What ground is there for throwing the odium of Servetus's death upon Calvin alone? Why, the mild Melancthon wrote to Calvin,<sup>1</sup> expressly to testify his concurrence in the act, and no doubt he spoke the sense of the German reformers; the Swiss churches *advised* the punishment in formal letters, and I rather think there are letters from the English divines, approving Calvin's conduct!—Before a man deals out the slang of the day about the great leaders of the Reformation, he should learn to throw himself back to the age of the Reformation, when the two great parties in the church were eagerly on the watch to fasten a charge of heresy on the other. Besides, if ever a poor fanatic thrust himself into the fire, it was Michael Servetus. He was a rabid enthusiast, and did every thing he could in the way of insult and ribaldry to provoke the feeling of the Christian church. He called the Trinity *triceps monstrum et Cerberum quendam tripartitum*, and so on.

Indeed, how should the principle of religious toleration have been acknowledged at first?—It would require stronger arguments than any which I have heard as yet, to prove that men in authority have not a right, involved in an imperative duty, to deter those under their control from teaching or countenancing doctrines which they believe to be damnable, and even to punish with death those who violate such prohibition. I am sure that Bellarmine would have had small difficulty in turning Locke round his fingers' ends upon this ground. A *right* to protection I can understand; but a *right* to toleration seems to me a contradiction in terms. Some criterion must in any case be adopted by the state; otherwise it might be compelled to admit whatever hideous doctrine and practice

<sup>1</sup> Melancthon's words are :—"Tuo judicio prorsus assentior. Affirmo etiam vestros magistratus juste fecisse quod hominem blasphemum, re ordine judicata, *interfecerunt*." 14th Oct. 1554.—H. N. C.

any man or number of men may assert to be his or their religion, and an article of his or their faith. It was the same Pope who commanded the Romanists of England to separate from the national church, which previously their own consciences had not dictated, nor the decision of any council,—and who also commanded them to rebel against Queen Elizabeth, whom they were bound to obey by the laws of the land; and if the Pope had authority for one, he must have had it for the other. The only true argument, as it seems to me, apart from Christianity, for a discriminating toleration is, that *it is of no use* to attempt to stop heresy or schism by persecution, unless, perhaps, it be conducted upon the plan of direct warfare and massacre. You *cannot* preserve men in the faith by such means, though you may stifle for a while any open appearance of dissent. The experiment has now been tried, and it has failed; and that is by a great deal the best argument for the magistrate against a repetition of it.

I know this,—that if a parcel of fanatic missionaries were to go to Norway, and were to attempt to disturb the fervent and undoubting Lutheranism of the fine independent inhabitants of the interior of that country, I should be right glad to hear that the busy fools had been quietly shipped off—any where. I don't include the people of the seaports in my praise of the Norwegians;—I speak of the agricultural population. If that country could be brought to maintain a million more of inhabitants, Norway might defy the world; it would be *αἰρακὴς* and impregnable; but it is much under-handed now.

JANUARY 12, 1834.

*Articles of Faith.*—*The Two Sacraments.\*—Modern Quakerism.—Devotional Spirit.*—*Saint Teresa.\*—Romish Errors.\*—Ebionites.\*—Sec-tarianism.—Origen.*

I HAVE drawn up four or perhaps five articles of faith, by subscription, or rather by assent, to which I think a large comprehension might take place. My articles would exclude Unitarians, and I am sorry to say, members of the church of Rome, but with this difference—that the exclu-

sion of Unitarians would be necessary and perpetual; that of the members of the church of Rome depending on each individual's own conscience and intellectual light. What I mean is this:—that the Romanists hold the faith in Christ,—but unhappily they also hold certain opinions, partly ceremonial, partly devotional, partly speculative, which have so fatal a facility of being degraded into base, corrupting, and even idolatrous practices, that if the Romanist will make *them* of the essence of his religion, he must of course be excluded. As to the Quakers, I hardly know what to say. An article on the sacraments would exclude them. My doubt is, whether Baptism and the Eucharist are properly any *parts* of Christianity, or not rather Christianity itself;—the one, the initial conversion or light,—the other, the sustaining and invigorating life;—both together the  $\phi\omega\varsigma$  καὶ  $\zeta\omega\eta$ , which are Christianity. A line can only begin once; hence, there can be no repetition of baptism; but a line may be endlessly prolonged by continued production; hence the sacrament of love and life lasts for ever.

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But really there is no knowing what the modern Quakers are, or believe, excepting this—that they are altogether degenerated from their ancestors of the seventeenth century. I should call modern Quakerism, so far as I know it as a scheme of faith, a Socinian Calvinism. Penn himself was a Sabellian, and seems to have disbelieved even the historical fact of the life and death of Jesus—most certainly Jesus of Nazareth was not Penn's Christ, if he had any. It is amusing to see the modern Quakers appealing now to history for a confirmation of their tenets and discipline—and by so doing, in effect abandoning the stronghold of their founders. As an *imperium in imperio*, I think the original Quakerism a conception worthy of Lycurgus. Modern Quakerism is like one of those gigantic trees which are seen in the forests of North America—apparently flourishing, and preserving all its greatest stretch and spread of branches; but when you cut through an enormously thick and gnarled bark, you find the whole inside hollow and rotten. Modern Quakerism, like such a tree

stands upright by help of its inveterate bark alone. *Bark* a Quaker, and he is a poor creature.

How much the devotional spirit of the church has suffered by that necessary evil, the Reformation, and the sects which have sprung up subsequently to it! All our modern prayers seem tongue-tied. We appear to be thinking more of avoiding an heretical expression or thought than of opening ourselves to God. We do not pray with that entire, unsuspecting, unfearing, childlike profusion of feeling, which so beautifully shines forth in Jeremy Taylor and Andrewes and the writings of some of the older and better saints of the Romish church, particularly of that remarkable woman, St. Theresa.<sup>1</sup> And certainly Protestants, in their anxiety to have the historical argument on their side, have brought down the origin of the Romish errors too late. Many of them began, no doubt, in the Apostolic age itself;—I say errors—not heresies, as that dullest of the fathers, Epiphanius, calls them. Epiphanius is very long and fierce upon the Ebionites. There may have been real heretics under that name; but I believe that, in the beginning, the name was, on account of its Hebrew meaning, given to, or adopted by, some poor mistaken men—perhaps of the Nazarene way—who sold all their goods and lands, and were then obliged to beg. I think it not improbable that Barnabas was one of these chief mendicants; and that the collection made by St. Paul was for them. You should read Rhenferd's account of the early heresies. I think he demonstrates about eight of Epiphanius's heretics to be mere nick-names given by the Jews to the Christians. Read "Hermas, or the Shepherd," of the genuineness of which and of the epistle of Barnabas I have no doubt. It is perfectly orthodox, but full of the most ludicrous tricks of gnostic fancy—the wish to find the New Testament in the Old. This gnosis is perceptible

<sup>1</sup> She was a native of Avila in Old Castile, and a Carmelite nun. Theresa established an order which she called the "Reformed," and which became very powerful. Her works are divided into ten books, of which her autobiography forms a remarkable part. She died in 1582, and was canonised by Gregory XV., in 1622.—H. N. C.

in the Epistle to the Hebrews, but kept exquisitely within the limit of propriety. In the others it is rampant, and most truly "puffeth up," as St. Paul said of it.

What between the sectarians and the political economists, the English are denationalised. England I see as a country, but the English nation seems obliterated. What could redintegrate us again? Must it be another threat of foreign invasion?

I never can digest the loss of most of Origen's works: he seems to have been almost the only very great scholar and genius combined amongst the early Fathers. Jerome was very inferior to him.

JANUARY 20, 1834.<sup>1</sup>

*Some men like Musical Glasses.—Sublime and Nonsense.—Atheist.*

SOME men are like musical glasses;—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.

Well! that passage is what I call the sublime dashed to pieces by cutting too close with the fiery-four-in-hand round the corner of nonsense.

How did the Atheist get his idea of that God whom he denies?

FEBRUARY 22, 1834.

*Proof of Existence of God.—Kant's Attempt.—Plurality of Worlds.*

ASSUME the existence of God,—and then the harmony and fitness of the physical creation may be shown to correspond with and support such an assumption;—but to set about *proving* the existence of a God by such means is a mere circle, a delusion.<sup>2</sup> It can be no proof to a good reasoner, unless he violates all syllogistic logic, and presumes his conclusion.

Kant once set about proving the existence of God, and a

<sup>1</sup> Our editor certainly brought away little of value on Jan. 20, 1834.

<sup>2</sup> In the same way, the hypothesis of the law of gravitation explains the phenomena, but the phenomena do not prove the existence of the law.

masterly effort it was.<sup>1</sup> But in his later great work, the "Critique of the Pure Reason," he saw its fallacy, and said of it—that *if* the existence could be *proved* at all, it must be on the grounds indicated by him.

I never could feel any force in the arguments for a plurality of worlds, in the common acceptation of that term. A lady once asked me—"What then could be the intention in creating so many great bodies, so apparently useless to us?" I said—I did not know, except, perhaps, to make dirt cheap.<sup>2</sup> The vulgar inference is *in alio genere*. What in the eye of an intellectual and omnipotent Being is the whole sidereal system to the soul of one man for whom Christ died?

MARCH 1, 1834.

*A Reasoner.*

I AM by the law of my nature a reasoner. A person who should suppose I meant by that word, an arguer, would not only not understand me, but would understand the contrary of my meaning. I can take no interest whatever in hearing or saying anything merely as a fact—merely as having happened. It must refer to something within me before I can regard it with any curiosity or care. My mind is always energetic—I don't mean energetic; I require in everything what, for lack of another word, I may call *propriety*,—that is, a reason, why the thing *is* at all, and why it is *there* or *then* rather than elsewhere or at another time.

MARCH 5, 1834.

*Shakspeare's Intellectual Action.*—Crabbe and Southey.—Peter Simple and Tom Cringle's Log.

SHAKSPERE'S intellectual action is wholly unlike that of Ben Jonson or Beaumont and Fletcher. The latter

<sup>1</sup> In his essay, "*Der einzig mögliche Beweisgrund zu einer Demonstration des Daseyns Gottes.*"—"The only possible argument or ground of proof for a demonstration of the existence of God." It was published in 1763; the "Critique" in 1781.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> What would the second Jew of July 8, 1830, have thought of this remark? And what becomes of the "may be shown" of the first paragraph?

see the totality of a sentence or passage, and then project it entire. Shakspeare goes on creating, and evolving B. out of A., and C. out of B., and so on, just as a serpent moves, which makes a fulcrum of its own body, and seems for ever twisting and untwisting its own strength.<sup>1</sup>

I think Crabbe and Southey are something alike; but Crabbe's poems are founded on observation and real life—Southey's on fancy and books. In facility they are equal, though Crabbe's English is of course not upon a level with Southey's, which is next door to faultless. But in Crabbe there is an absolute defect of the high imagination; he gives me little or no pleasure: yet, no doubt, he has much power of a certain kind, and it is good to cultivate, even at some pains, a catholic taste in literature. I read all sorts of books with some pleasure, except modern sermons and treatises on political economy.

I have received a great deal of pleasure from some of the modern novels, especially Captain Marryat's "Peter Simple." That book is nearer Smollett than any I remember. And "Tom Cringle's Log" in Blackwood is also most excellent.

MARCH 15, 1834.

*Chaucer.*—*Shakspeare.*—*Ben Jonson.*—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*—*Daniel.*  
—*Massinger.*

I TAKE unceasing delight in Chaucer. His manly cheerfulness is especially delicious to me in my old age.<sup>2</sup> How exquisitely tender he is, and yet how perfectly free from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping! The sympathy of the poet with the subjects of his poetry is particularly remarkable in Shakspeare and

<sup>1</sup> In the first edition follows here an interesting specimen of Shaksperian criticism:—"Perhaps the true reading in 'Macbeth' is *blank height* of the dark—and not 'blanket.'" Had Tennyson surmised this, he would probably not have written "a blanket wraps the day."

<sup>2</sup> Eighteen years before, Mr. Coleridge entertained the same feelings

Chaucer; but what the first effects by a strong act of imagination and mental metamorphosis, the last does without any effort, merely by the inborn kindly joyousness of his nature. How well we seem to know Chaucer! How absolutely nothing do we know of Shakspeare!

I cannot in the least allow any necessity for Chaucer's poetry, especially the *Canterbury Tales*, being considered obsolete. Let a few plain rules be given for sounding the final *è* of syllables, and for expressing the termination of such words as *océan*, and *natiôn*, &c., as dissyllables,—or let the syllables to be sounded in such cases be marked by a competent metrist. This simple expedient would, with a very few trifling exceptions, where the errors are inveterate, enable any reader to feel the perfect smoothness and harmony of Chaucer's verse. As to understanding his language, if you read twenty pages with a good glossary, you surely can find no further difficulty, even as it is; but I should have no objection to see this done:—Strike out those words which are now obsolete, and I will venture to say that I will replace every one of them by words still in use out of Chaucer himself, or Gower his disciple. I don't want this myself: I rather like to see the significant terms which Chaucer unsuccessfully offered as candidates for admission into our language; but surely so very slight a change of the text may well be pardoned, even by black-letterati, for the purpose of restoring so great a poet to his ancient and most deserved popularity.

Shakspeare is of no age. It is idle to endeavour to support his phrases by quotations from Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, &c. His language is entirely his own, and the younger dramatists imitated him. The construction of Shakspeare's sentences, whether in verse or prose, is the necessary and homogeneous vehicle of his peculiar manner of thinking. His is not the style of the age. More particularly, Shakspeare's blank verse is an absolutely new

towards Chaucer:—"Through all the works of Chaucer there reigns a cheerfulness, a manly hilarity, which makes it almost impossible to doubt a correspondent habit of feeling in the author himself."—*Biog. Lit.* vol. i. p. 32.—H. N. C.



creation. Read Daniel<sup>1</sup>—the admirable Daniel—in his “Civil Wars,” and “Triumphs of Hymen.” The style and language are just such as any very pure and manly writer of the present day—Wordsworth, for example—would use;<sup>2</sup> it seems quite modern in comparison with the style of Shakspeare. Ben Jonson’s blank verse is very masterly and individual, and perhaps Massinger’s is even still nobler. In Beaumont and Fletcher it is constantly slipping into lyricisms.

I believe Shakspeare was not a whit more intelligible in his own day than he is now to an educated man, except for a few local allusions of no consequence. As I said, he is of no age—nor, I may add, of any religion, or party, or profession. The body and substance of his works came out of the unfathomable depths of his own oceanic mind: his observation and reading, which was considerable, supplied him with the drapery of his figures.<sup>3</sup>

As for editing Beaumont and Fletcher, the task would be one *immensi laboris*. The confusion is now so great, the errors so enormous, that the editor must use a boldness quite unallowable in any other case. All I can say as to Beaumont and Fletcher is, that I can point out well enough

<sup>1</sup> “This poet’s well-merited epithet is that of the ‘well-languaged Daniel;’ but, likewise, and by the consent of his contemporaries, no less than all succeeding critics, the ‘prosaic Daniel.’ Yet those who thus designate this wise and amiable writer, from the frequent incorrespondency of his diction with his metre, in the majority of his compositions, not only deem them valuable and interesting on other accounts, but willingly admit that there are to be found throughout his poems, and especially in his *Epistles* and in his *Hymen’s Triumph*, many and exquisite specimens of that style, which, as the neutral ground of prose and verse, is common to both.”—*Biog. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 82.—H. N. C.

<sup>2</sup> See remarks under Sept. 11, 1831. Wordsworth would hardly have relished being, by innuendo, styled “prosaic,” yet whoso has succeeded in reading *The Prelude*,—that “Orphic song, indeed,” according to our editor,—will feel how true is the epithet.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Coleridge called Shakspeare “the myriad-minded man,” ἀνρ μυριονοῦς—“a phrase,” said he, “which I have borrowed from a Greek monk, who applies it to a patriarch of Constantinople. I might have said, that I have *reclaimed*, rather than borrowed, it, for it seems to belong to Shakspeare *de jure singulari, et ex privilegio naturæ*.” See *Biog. Lit.* vol. ii. p. 13.—H. N. C.

where something has been lost, and that something so and so was probably in the original; but the law of Shakspeare's thought and verse is such, that I feel convinced that not only could I detect the spurious, but supply the genuine, word.

MARCH 20, 1834.

Lord Byron and H. Walpole's "*Mysterious Mother*." Lewis's "*Jamaica Journal*."

LORD BYRON, as quoted by Lord Dover,<sup>1</sup> says, that the "*Mysterious Mother*" raises Horace Walpole above every author living in his, Lord Byron's, time. Upon which I venture to remark, first, that I do not believe that Lord Byron spoke sincerely; for I suspect that he made a tacit exception in favour of himself at least; secondly, that it is a miserable mode of comparison which does not rest on difference of kind. It proceeds of envy and malice and detraction<sup>2</sup> to say that A. is higher than B., unless you show that they are *in pari materia*;—thirdly, that the "*Mysterious Mother*" is the most disgusting, vile, detest-

<sup>1</sup> In the memoir prefixed to the correspondence with Sir H. Mann, Lord Byron's words are: "He is the *ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the '*Mysterious Mother*,' a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love play. He is the father of the first romance, and of the last tragedy, in our language; and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may." *Preface to Marino Faliero*. Is not "*Romeo and Juliet*" a love play? But why reason about such insincere, splenetic trash?—H. N. C.

But Byron would not have called "*Romeo and Juliet*" a *puling* love play.

<sup>2</sup> Byron, through whose influence, mainly, Coleridge's play of "*Remorse*" was produced at Drury Lane, writes to him in 1815, to induce him to attempt a second. ("*Zapolya*" was accordingly written, but it was rejected.) "We have had nothing," writes Byron, "to be mentioned in the same breath with '*Remorse*' for very many years." This, also, might be insincerity, but it was well meant, and does not seem to have given offence. Had Coleridge been thinking, as he made his remarks in the text, that they would ever appear in print, we are sure he would have been more reticent. His nephew's note he would surely have cancelled, had he revised the proof-sheets of the *Table Talk*. Hear how he speaks of Byron, whom he saw much of in 1816, in a letter of April 10, of that year: "If you had seen Lord Byron, you could scarcely disbelieve him—so beautiful a countenance I scarcely ever saw—his eyes the open portals of the sun, . . ." &c. See Gilman's *Life*, i. 267.

able composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it. As to the blank verse, it is indeed better than Rowe's and Thomson's, which was execrably bad:—any approach, therefore, to the manner of the old dramatists was, of course, an improvement; but the loosest lines in Shirley are superior to Walpole's best.

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Lewis's "Jamaica Journal" is delightful; it is almost the only unaffected book of travels or touring I have read of late years. You have the man himself, and not an inconsiderable man,—certainly a much finer mind than I supposed before from the perusal of his romances, &c. It is by far his best work, and will live and be popular. Those verses on the Hours are very pretty; but the Isle of Devils is, like his romances,—a fever dream—horrible, without point or terror.

APRIL 16, 1834.

*Sicily.—Malta.—Sir Alexander Ball.*

I FOUND that everything in and about Sicily had been exaggerated by travellers, except two things—the folly of the government and the wretchedness of the people. *They* did not admit of exaggeration.

Really you may learn the fundamental principles of political economy in a very compendious way, by taking a short tour through Sicily, and simply reversing in your own mind every law, custom, and ordinance you meet with. I never was in a country in which everything proceeding from man was so exactly wrong. You have peremptory ordinances *against* making roads, taxes on the passage of common vegetables from one miserable village to another, and so on.

By the by, do you know any parallel in modern history to the absurdity of our giving a legislative assembly to the Sicilians? It exceeds anything I know. This precious legislature passed two bills before it was knocked on the head: the first was, to render lands inalienable; and the second, to cancel all debts due before the date of the bill.

And then consider the gross ignorance and folly of our laying a tax upon the Sicilians! Taxation in its proper sense can only exist where there is a free circulation of capital, labour, and commodities throughout the community. But to tax the people in countries like Sicily and Corsica, where there is no internal communication, is mere robbery and confiscation. A crown taken from a Corsican living in the sierras would not get back to him again in ten years.

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It is interesting to pass from Malta to Sicily—from the highest specimen of an inferior race, the Saracenic, to the most degraded class of a superior race, the European.

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No tongue<sup>1</sup> can describe the moral corruption of the Maltese when the island was surrendered to us. There was not a family in it in which a wife or a daughter was not a kept mistress. A marquis of ancient family applied to Sir Alexander Ball to be appointed his valet. "My valet!" said Ball, "what can you mean, sir?" The marquis said, he hoped he should then have had the honour of presenting petitions to his Excellency. "Oh, that is it, is it?" said Sir Alexander: "my valet, sir, brushes my clothes and brings them to me. If he dared to meddle with matters of public business, I should kick him down stairs."

In short, Malta was an Augean stable, and Ball had all the inclination to be a Hercules.<sup>2</sup> His task was most difficult, although his qualifications were most remarkable. I remember an English officer of very high rank soliciting

<sup>1</sup> H. N. Coleridge has omitted, in his second edition, portions of this paragraph which appeared in the first. He might judiciously have discarded the whole.

<sup>2</sup> I refer the reader to the five concluding essays of the third volume of the "Friend," as a specimen of what Mr. C. might have done as a biographer, if an irresistible instinct had not devoted him to profounder labours. As a sketch—and it pretends to nothing more—is there anything more perfect in our literature than the monument raised in those essays to the memory of Sir Alexander Ball?—and there are some touches added to the character of Nelson, which the reader, even of Southey's matchless Life of our hero, will find both new and interesting.—H. N. C.

him for the renewal of a pension to an abandoned woman who had been notoriously treacherous to us. That officer had promised the woman as a matter of course,—she having sacrificed her daughter to him. Ball was determined, as far as he could, to prevent Malta from being made a nest of home patronage. He considered, as was the fact, that there was a contract between England and the Maltese. Hence the government at home, especially Dundas, disliked him, and never allowed him any other title than that of Civil Commissioner. We have, I believe, nearly succeeded in alienating the hearts of the inhabitants from us. Every officer in the island ought to be a Maltese, except those belonging to the immediate executive: £100 per annum to a Maltese, to enable him to keep a gilt carriage, will satisfy him, where an Englishman must have £2,000.

MAY 1, 1834.

*Cambridge Petition to admit Dissenters.*

THERE are, to my grief, the names of some men to the Cambridge petition for admission of the Dissenters to the University, whose cheeks I think must have burned with shame at the degrading patronage and befouling eulogies of the democratic press, and at seeing themselves used as the tools of the open and rancorous enemies of the church. How miserable to be held up for the purpose of inflicting insult upon men, whose worth and ability and sincerity you well know,—and this by a faction banded together like obscene dogs and cats and serpents, against a church which you profoundly revere! The *time*—the *time*—the *occasion* and the  *motive* ought to have been argument enough, that even if the measure were right or harmless in itself, not *now*, nor with such as *these*, was it to be effected!

MAY 3, 1834.

*Corn Laws.*

THOSE who argue that England may safely depend upon a supply of foreign corn, if it grow none or an insufficient quantity of its own, forget that they are subj-

gating the necessities of life itself to the mere luxuries or comforts of society. Is it not certain that the price of corn abroad will be raised upon us as soon as it is once known that we *must* buy?—and when that fact is known, in what sort of a situation shall we be? Besides this, the argument supposes that agriculture is not a positive good to the nation, taken in and by itself, as a mode of existence for the people, which supposition is false and pernicious; and if we are to become a great horde of manufacturers, shall we not, even more than at present, excite the ill-will of all the manufacturers of other nations? It has been already shown, in evidence which is before all the world, that some of our manufacturers have acted upon the accursed principle of deliberately injuring foreign manufacturers, if they can, even to the ultimate disgrace of the country and loss to themselves.

MAY 19, 1834.

*Christian Sabbath.*

HOW grossly misunderstood the genuine character of the Christian sabbath, or Lord's day, seems to be even by the church! To confound it with the Jewish sabbath, or to rest its observance upon the fourth commandment, is, in my judgment, heretical, and would so have been considered in the primitive church. That cessation from labour on the Lord's day could not have been absolutely incumbent on Christians for two centuries after Christ, is apparent; because during that period the greater part of the Christians were either slaves or in official situations under Pagan masters or superiors, and had duties to perform for those who did not recognise the day. And we know that St. Paul sent back Onesimus to his master, and told every Christian slave, that, being a Christian, he was free in his mind indeed, but still must serve his earthly master, although he might laudably seek for his personal freedom also. If the early Christians had refused to work on the Lord's day, rebellion and civil war must have been the immediate consequences. But there is no notice of any such cessation.

The Jewish sabbath was commemorative of the termination of the great act of creation; it was to record that the world had not been from eternity, nor had arisen as a dream by itself, but that God had created it by distinct acts of power, and that he had hallowed the day or season in which he rested or desisted from his work. When our Lord arose from the dead, the old creation was, as it were, superseded, and the new creation then began; and therefore the first day and not the last day, the commencement and not the end, of the work of God was solemnised.

Luther, in speaking of the *good by itself*, and the good for *its expediency alone*, instances the observance of the Christian day of rest,—a day of repose from manual labour, and of activity in spiritual labour,—a day of joy and co-operation in the work of Christ's creation. "Keep it holy"—says he—"for its use" sake, both to body and soul! But if anywhere the day is made holy for the mere day's sake,—if anywhere any one sets up its observance upon a Jewish foundation, then I order you to work on it, to ride on it, to dance on it, to feast on it—to do anything that shall reprove this encroachment on the Christian spirit and liberty."

The early church distinguished the day of Christian rest so strongly from a fast, that it was unlawful for a man to bewail even *his own sins*, as such only, on that day. He was to bewail the sins of *all*, and to pray as one of the whole of Christ's body.

And the English Reformers evidently took the same view of the day as Luther and the early church. But, unhappily, our church, in the reigns of James and Charles the First, was so identified with the undue advancement of the royal prerogative, that the puritanical Judaising of the Presbyterians was but too well seconded by the patriots of the nation, in resisting the wise efforts of the church to prevent the incipient alteration in the character of the day of rest. After the Restoration, the bishops and clergy in general adopted the view taken and enforced by their enemies.

By the by, it is curious to observe, in this semi-infidel and Malthusian Parliament, how the Sabbatarian spirit unites itself with a rancorous hostility to that one institu-

tion, which alone, according to reason and experience, can insure the continuance of any general religion at all in the nation at large. Some of these gentlemen, who are for not letting a poor labouring man have a dish of baked potatoes on a Sunday, *religionis gratia*—(God forgive that audacious blasphemy!)—are foremost among those who seem to live but in vilifying, weakening, and impoverishing the national church. I own my indignation boils over against such contemptible fellows.

I sincerely wish to preserve a decent quiet on Sunday. I would prohibit compulsory labour, and put down operas, theatres, &c., for this plain reason—that if the rich be allowed to play, the poor will be forced, or, what comes to the same thing, will be induced, to work. I am not for a Paris Sunday. But to stop coaches, and let the gentleman's carriage run, is monstrous.

MAY 25, 1834.

*High Prizes and Revenues of the Church.*

**Y**OUR argument against the high prizes in the church might be put strongly thus:—Admit that in the beginning it might have been fairly said, that some eminent rewards ought to be set apart for the purpose of stimulating and rewarding transcendent merit; what have you to say now, after centuries of experience to the contrary?—*Have* the high prizes been given to the highest genius, virtue, or learning? Is it not rather the truth, as Jortin said, that twelve votes in a contested election will do more to make a man a bishop than an admired commentary on the twelve minor prophets?—To all which and the like I say again, that you ought not to reason from the abuse, which may be rectified, against the inherent uses of the thing. *Appoint* the most deserving—and the prize *will* answer its purpose. As to the bishops' incomes,—in the first place, the net receipts—that which the bishops may spend—have been confessedly exaggerated beyond measure; but, waiving that, and allowing the highest estimate to be correct, I should like to have the disposition of the episcopal revenue in any one year by the late or the present Bishop of Dur-



ham, or the present Bishops of London or Winchester, compared with that of the most benevolent nobleman in England, of any party in politics. I firmly believe that the former give away in charity of one kind or another, public, official, or private, three times as much in proportion as the latter. You may have a hunks or two, now and then; but so you would much more certainly, if you were to reduce the incomes to £2,000 per annum. As a body, in my opinion, the clergy of England do in truth act as if their property were impressed with a trust to the utmost extent that can be demanded by those who affect to believe, ignorantly or not, that lying legend of a tripartite or quadripartite division of the tithe by law.

MAY 31, 1834.

*Sir C. Wetherell's Speech.—National Church.—Dissenters.—Papacy.—Universities.*

I THINK Sir Charles Wetherell's speech before the Privy Council very effective. I doubt if any other lawyer in Westminster Hall could have done the thing so well.

The National Church requires, and is required by, the Christian Church for the perfection of each. For if there were no national Church, the mere spiritual Church would either become, like the Papacy, a dreadful tyranny over mind and body;—or else would fall abroad into a multitude of enthusiastic sects, as in England in the seventeenth century. It is my deep conviction that, in a country of any religion at all, liberty of conscience can only be permanently preserved by means and under the shadow of a national Church,—a political establishment connected with, but distinct from, the Spiritual Church.

I sometimes hope that the undisguised despotism of temper of the Dissenters may at last awaken a jealousy in the laity of the Church of England. But the apathy and inertness are, I fear, too profound—too providential.

Whatever the Papacy may have been on the Continent, it was always an unqualified evil to this country. It destroyed what was rising of good, and introduced a thousand evils of its own. The Papacy was and still is essentially extra-national;—it affects, *temporally*, to do that which the spiritual Church of Christ can alone do—to break down the natural distinctions of nations. Now, as the Roman Papacy is in itself local and peculiar, of course this attempt is nothing but a direct attack on the political independence of other nations.

The institution of Universities was the single check on the Papacy. The Pope always hated and maligned the Universities. The old cœnobitic establishments of England were converted—perverted, rather—into monasteries and other monking receptacles. You see it was at Oxford that Wicliffe alone found protection and encouragement.

JUNE 2, 1834.

*Schiller's Versification.—German Blank Verse.*

SCHILLER'S blank verse is bad. He moves in it as a fly in a glue bottle. His thoughts have their connection and variety, it is true, but there is no sufficiently corresponding movement in the verse. How different from Shakspeare's endless rhythms!

There is a nimiety—a too-muchness—in all Germans. It is the national fault. Lessing had the best notion of blank verse. The trochaic termination of German words renders blank verse in that language almost impracticable. We have it in our dramatic hendecasyllable; but then we have a power of interweaving the iambic close *ad libitum*.

JUNE 14, 1834.

*Roman Catholic Emancipation.—Duke of Wellington.—Coronation Oath.*

THE Roman Catholic Emancipation Act—carried in the violent, and, in fact, unprincipled manner it was—was in effect a Surinam toad;—and the Reform Bill, the Dissenters' admission to the Universities, and the attack on

the Church, are so many toadlets, one after another detaching themselves from their parent brute.

If you say there is nothing in the Romish religion, sincerely felt, inconsistent with the duties of citizenship and allegiance to a territorial Protestant sovereign, *cadit questio*. For if *that* is once admitted, there can be no answer to the argument from numbers. Certainly, if the religion of the majority of the *people* be innocuous to the interests of the *nation*, the majority have a natural right to be trustees of the nationality—that property which is set apart for the nation's use, and rescued from the gripe of private hands. But when I say—for the *nation's use*—I mean the very reverse of what the Radicals mean. They would convert it to relieve taxation, which I call a private, personal, and perishable use. A nation's uses are immortal.

How lamentable it is to hear the Duke of Wellington expressing himself doubtfully on the abominable sophism that the Coronation Oath only binds the King as the executive power—thereby making a Highgate oath of it! But the Duke is conscious of the ready retort which his language and conduct on the Emancipation Bill afford to his opponents. He is hampered by that affair.

JUNE 20, 1834.

*Corn Laws.—Modern Political Economy.*

IN the argument on the Corn Laws there is a *μετάβασις εἰς ἄλλο γένος*. It may be admitted that the great principles of commerce require the interchange of commodities to be free; but commerce, which is barter, has no proper range beyond luxuries or conveniences;—it is properly the complement to the full existence and development of a state. But how can it be shown that the principles applicable to an interchange of conveniences or luxuries apply also to an interchange of necessities? No state can be such properly, which is not self-subsistent at least; for no state that is not so, is essentially independent. The nation that cannot even exist without the commodity of another nation, is

in effect the slave of that other nation. In common times, indeed, pecuniary interest will prevail, and prevent a ruinous exercise of the power which the nation supplying the necessary must have over the nation which has only the convenience or luxury to return; but such interest, both in individuals and nations, will yield to many stronger passions. Is Holland any authority to the contrary? If so, Tyre and Sidon and Carthage were so! Would you put England on a footing with a country, which can be overrun in a campaign, and starved in a year?

The entire tendency of the modern or Malthusian political economy is to denationalize. It would dig up the charcoal foundations of the temple of Ephesus to burn as fuel for a steam-engine!

JUNE 21, 1834.

*Hans Sachs.\**

**M**R. —, in his poem, makes trees co-eval with Chaos;—which is next door to Hans Sachs,<sup>1</sup> who, in describing Chaos, said it was so pitchy dark, that even the very *cats* ran against each other!

JUNE 23, 1834.

*Socinianism.—Unitarianism.—Fancy and Imagination.—Political Economy.\**

**F**AUSTUS SOCINUS worshipped Jesus Christ, and said that God had given him the power of being omnipresent. Davidi, with a little more acuteness, urged that mere audition or creaturely presence could not possibly justify worship from men;—that a man, how glorified soever, was no nearer God in essence than the vulgarest of the race. Prayer, therefore, was inapplicable. And how could a *man* be a mediator between God and man? How could a *man* with sins himself offer any compensation for, or expiation of, sin, unless the most arbitrary caprice were admitted into the counsels of God?—And so, at last, you

<sup>1</sup> Hans Sachs was born 1494, and died 1576.—H. N. C.

see, it was discovered by the better logicians amongst the Socinians, that there was no such thing as sin at all.

It is wonderful how any Socinian can read the works of Philo Judæus without some pause of doubt in the truth of his views as to the person of Christ. Whether Philo wrote on his own ground as a Jew, or borrowed from the Christians, the testimony as to the then Jewish expectation and belief, is equally strong. You know Philo calls the Logos *υἱὸς Θεοῦ*, the *Son of God*, and *ἀγαπητὸν τέκνον*, *beloved Son*. He calls him *ἀρχιερεὺς*, *high priest*, *δευτέρος Θεός*, *second divinity*, *εἰκὼν Θεοῦ*, *image of God*, and describes him as *ἐγγυρᾶτω μηδενὸς ὄντος μεθορίου διαστήματος*, *the nearest possible to God without any intervening separation*. And there are numerous other remarkable expressions of the same sort.<sup>1</sup>

My faith is this:—God is the Absolute Will: it is his Name and the meaning of it. It is the Hypostasis. As begetting his own Alterity, the Jehovah, the Manifested—He is the Father; but the Love and the Life—the Spirit—proceeds from both.

I think Priestley must be considered the author of the modern Unitarianism. I owe, under God, my return to the faith, to my having gone much further than the Unitarians, and so having come round to the other side. I can truly say, I never falsified the Scripture. I always told them that their interpretations of the Scripture were intolerable upon any principles of sound criticism; and that, if they were to offer to construe the will of a neighbour as they did that of their Maker, they would be scouted out of society. I said then plainly and openly, that it was clear enough that John and Paul were not Unitarians. But at that time I had a strong sense of the repugnancy of the doctrine of vicarious atonement to the moral being, and I thought nothing could counterbalance that. "What care I," I said, "for the Platonisms of John, or the Rabbinisms of Paul?—My conscience revolts!" That was the ground of my Unitarianism.

Always believing in the government of God, I was a fervent Optimist. But as I could not but see that the present

<sup>1</sup> This paragraph is not to be found in the first edition.

state of things was not the best, I was necessarily led to look forward to some future state.

You may conceive the difference in kind between the Fancy and the Imagination in this way,—that if the check of the senses and the reason were withdrawn, the first would become delirium, and the last mania. The Fancy brings together images which have no connection natural or moral, but are yoked together by the poet by means of some accidental coincidence; as in the well-known passage in *Hudibras* :—

“The sun had long since in the lap  
Of Thetis taken out his nap,  
And like a lobster boy’d, the morn  
From black to red began to turn.”<sup>1</sup>

The Imagination modifies images, and gives unity to variety; it sees all things in one, *il più nell’ uno*. There is the epic imagination, the perfection of which is in Milton; and the dramatic, of which Shakspeare is the absolute master. The first gives unity by throwing back into the distance; as after the magnificent approach of the Messiah to battle,<sup>2</sup> the poet, by one touch from himself—

—“far off their coming shone!”—

<sup>1</sup> Part II., c. 2, v. 29.

<sup>2</sup> —“Forth rush’d with whirlwind sound

The chariot of Paternal Deity,  
Flashing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,  
Itself instinct with spirit, but convoy’d  
By four cherubic shapes; four faces each  
Had wonderous; as with stars their bodies all  
And wings were set with eyes; with eyes the wheels  
Of beryl, and careering fires between;  
Over their heads a crystal firmament,  
Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure  
Amber, and colours of the showery arch.  
He, in celestial panoply all arm’d  
Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought,  
Ascended; at his right hand Victory  
Sat eagle-wing’d; beside him hung his bow  
And quiver, with three-bolted thunder stored;  
And from about him fierce effusion roll’d  
Of smoke, and bickering flame, and sparkles dire;

makes the whole one image. And so at the conclusion of the description of the appearance of the entranced angels, in which every sort of image from all the regions of earth and air is introduced to diversify and illustrate,—the reader is brought back to the single image by—

“He call’d so loud, that all the hollow deep  
Of Hell resounded.”<sup>1</sup>

The dramatic imagination does not throw back, but brings close; it stamps all nature with one, and that its own, meaning, as in Lear throughout.

At the very outset, what are we to think of the soundness of this modern system of political economy, the direct tendency of every rule of which is to denationalize, and to make the love of our country a foolish superstition?

JUNE 28, 1834.

*Mr. Coleridge's System.—Biographia Literaria.—Dissenters.—Baxter.\**

YOU may not understand my system, or any given part of it,—or by a determined act of wilfulness, you may, even though perceiving a ray of light, reject it in anger and disgust:—but this I will say,—that if you once master it, or any part of it, you cannot hesitate to acknowledge it as the truth. You cannot be sceptical about it.

Attended with ten thousand thousand saints,  
He onward came; *far off their coming shone*;  
And twenty thousand (I their number heard)  
Chariots of God, half on each hand, were seen:  
He on the wings of cherub rode sublime  
On the crystalline sky, in sapphire throned,  
Illustrious far and wide; but by his own  
First seen.”—P. L., book vi., ver. 749, &c.—H. N. C.

<sup>1</sup>

—“and call’d  
His legions, angel forms, who lay intranced  
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,  
High over-arch’d, embower; or scatter’d sedge  
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm’d  
Hath vex’d the Red-Sea coast, whose waves o’erthrew  
Busiris, and his Memphian Chivalry,

The metaphysical disquisition at the end of the first volume of the "Biographia Literaria" is unformed and immature;—it contains the fragments of the truth, but it is not fully thought out. It is wonderful to myself to think how infinitely more profound my views now are, and yet how much clearer they are withal. The circle is completing; the idea is coming round to, and to be, the common sense.

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The generation of the modern worldly Dissenter was thus: Presbyterian, Arian, Socinian, and last, Unitarian.

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Is it not most extraordinary to see the Dissenters calling themselves the descendants of the old Nonconformists, and yet clamouring for a divorce of Church and State? Why—Baxter, and the other great leaders, would have thought a man an atheist who had proposed such a thing. *They* were rather for merging the State in the Church. But these our modern gentlemen, who are blinded by political passion, give the kiss of alliance to the harlot of Rome, and walk arm in arm with those who deny the God that redeemed them, if so they may but wreak their insane antipathies on the National Church! Well! I suppose they have counted the cost, and know what it is they would have, and can keep.

JULY 5. 1834.

Lord Brooke.—Barrow and Dryden.—Peter Wilkins and Stothard.—Fielding and Richardson.—Bishop Sandford.—Roman Catholic Religion.

I DO not remember a more beautiful piece of prose in English than the consolation addressed by Lord Brooke

While with perfidious hatred they pursued  
The sojourners of Goschen, who beheld  
From the safe shore their floating carcasses  
And broken chariot wheels; so thick bestrown,  
Abject and lost lay these, covering the flood,  
Under amazement of their hideous change.  
*He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep*  
*Of Hell resounded."*—P. L., book i., ver. 300, &c.—H. N. C.



(Fulke Greville) to a lady of quality on certain conjugal infelicities. The diction is such that it might have been written now, if we could find any one combining so thoughtful a head with so tender a heart and so exquisite a taste.

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Barrow often debased his language merely to evidence his loyalty. It was, indeed, no easy task for a man of so much genius, and such a precise mathematical mode of thinking, to adopt even for a moment the slang of L'Estrange and Tom Brown; but he succeeded in doing so sometimes. With the exception of such parts, Barrow must be considered as closing the first great period of the English language. Dryden began the second. Of course there are numerous subdivisions.

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Peter Wilkins is to my mind a work of uncommon beauty; and yet Stothard's illustrations have *added* beauties to it. If it were not for a certain tendency to affectation, scarcely any praise could be too high for Stothard's designs. They give me great pleasure. I believe that Robinson Crusoe and Peter Wilkins could only have been written by islanders. No continentalist could have conceived either tale. Davis's story is an imitation of Peter Wilkins; but there are many beautiful things in it; especially his finding his wife crouching by the fire-side,—she having, in his absence, plucked out all her feathers—to be like him!

It would require a very peculiar genius to add another tale, *ejusdem generis*, to Robinson Crusoe and Peter Wilkins. I once projected such a thing; but the difficulty of a pre-occupied ground stopped me. Perhaps La Motte Fouqué might effect something; but I should fear that neither he, nor any other German, could entirely understand what may be called the "*desert island*" feeling. I would try the marvellous line of Peter Wilkins, if I attempted it, rather than the *real* fiction of Robinson Crusoe.

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What a master of composition Fielding was! Upon my word I think the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, the *Alchemist*, and

Tom Jones, the three most perfect plots ever planned. And how charming, how wholesome, Fielding always is! To take him up after Richardson, is like emerging from a sick room heated by stoves, into an open lawn, on a breezy day in May.

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I have been very deeply interested in the account of Bishop Sandford's life, published by his son. He seems to have been a thorough gentleman upon the model of St. Paul, whose manners were the finest of any man's upon record.

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I think I could have conformed to the then dominant Church before the Reformation. The errors existed, but they had not been riveted into peremptory articles of faith before the Council of Trent. If a Romanist were to ask me the question put to Sir Henry Wotton,<sup>1</sup> I should content myself by answering, that I could not exactly say when my religion, as he was pleased to call it, began—but that it was certainly some sixty or seventy years before *his*, at all events—which began at the Council of Trent.

JULY 10, 1834.

*Euthanasia.*

I AM dying, but without expectation of a speedy release.

Is it not strange that very recently bygone images, and scenes of early life, have stolen into my mind, like breezes blown from the spice-islands of Youth and Hope—those twin realities of this phantom world! I do not add Love,—for what is Love but Youth and Hope embracing, and so seen as *one*? I say *realities*; for reality is a thing of

<sup>1</sup> "Having, at his being in Rome, made acquaintance with a pleasant priest, who invited him, one evening, to hear their vesper music at church; the priest, seeing Sir Henry standing obscurely in a corner, sends to him by a boy of the choir this question, writ in a small piece of paper:—'Where was your religion to be found before Luther?' To which question, Sir Henry presently underwrit:—'My religion was to be found then, where yours is not to be found now—in the written word of God.'"—*Izaak Walton's Life of Sir Henry Wotton.*—H. N. C.

degrees, from the Iliad to a dream; καὶ γὰρ τ' ὕραρ ἐκ Διὸς ἔστι. Yet, in a strict sense, reality is not predicable at all of aught below Heaven. "Es enim in cælis, Pater noster, qui tu vere es!" Hooker wished to live to finish his Ecclesiastical Polity:—so I own I wish life and strength had been spared to me to complete my Philosophy.<sup>1</sup> For, as God hears me, the originating, continuing, and sustaining wish and design in my heart were to exalt the glory of his name; and, which is the same thing in other words, to promote the improvement of mankind. But *visum aliter Deo*, and his will be done.

\* \* This note may well finish the present specimens. What followed was for the memory of private friends only. Mr. Coleridge was then extremely ill; but certainly did not believe his end to be quite so near as it was.—H. N. C.

The following Recollections of Mr. Coleridge, written in May, 1811, have been also communicated to me by my brother, Mr. Justice Coleridge:—

"APRIL 20, 1811, at Richmond.

"We got on politics, and he related some curious facts of the Prince and Perceval. Then, adverting to the present state of affairs in Portugal, he said that he rejoiced, not so much in the mere favourable turn, as in the end that must now be put to the base reign of opinion respecting the superiority and invincible skill of the French generals. Brave as Sir John Moore was, he thought him deficient in that greater and more essential manliness of soul, which should have made him not hold his enemy in such fearful respect, and which should have taught him to care less for the opinion of the world at home.

"We then got, I know not how, to German topics. He said that the language of their literature was entirely factitious, and had been formed by Luther from the two dialects, High and Low German; that he had made it, grammatically, most correct, more so, perhaps, than any

<sup>1</sup> See Sept. 12, 1831.

other language; it was equal to the Greek, except in harmony and sweetness. And yet the Germans themselves thought it sweet;<sup>1</sup>—Klopstock had repeated to him an ode of his own to prove it, and really had deceived himself, by the force of association, into a belief that the harsh sounds, conveying, indeed, or being significant of, sweet images or thoughts, were themselves sweet. Mr. C. was asked what he thought of Klopstock. He answered, that his fame was rapidly declining in Germany; that an Englishman might form a correct notion of him by uniting the moral epigram of Young, the bombast of Hervey, and the minute description of Richardson. As to sublimity, he had, with all Germans, one rule for producing it;—it was, to take something very great, and make it very small in comparison with that which you wish to elevate. Thus, for example, Klopstock says,—‘As the gardener goes forth, and scatters from his basket seed into the garden; so does the Creator scatter worlds with his right hand.’ Here *worlds*, a large object, are made small in the hands of the Creator; consequently, the Creator is very great. In short, the Germans were not a poetical nation in the very highest sense. Wieland was their best poet: his subject was bad, and his thoughts often impure; but his language was rich and harmonious, and his fancy luxuriant. Sotheby’s translation had not at all caught the manner of the original. But the Germans were good metaphysicians and critics: they criticised on principles previously laid down; thus, though they might be wrong, they were in no danger of being self-contradictory, which was too often the case with English critics.

“Young, he said, was not a poet to be read through at once. His love of point and wit had often put an end to his pathos and sublimity; but there were parts in him which must be immortal. He (Mr. C.) loved to read a page of Young, and walk out to think of him.

“Returning to the Germans, he said that the state of their religion, when he was in Germany, was really shocking. He had never met one clergyman a Christian; and

<sup>1</sup> Goethe speaks of the language as a most unmanageable instrument for a poet.

he found professors in the universities lecturing against the most material points in the Gospel. He instanced, I think, Paulus, whose lectures he had attended. The object was to resolve the miracles into natural operations; and such a disposition evinced was the best road to preferment. He severely censured Mr. Taylor's book, in which the principles of Paulus were explained and insisted on with much gratuitous indelicacy. He then entered into the question of Socinianism, and noticed, as I recollect, the passage in the Old Testament; 'The people bowed their faces, and worshipped God and the king.' He said, that all worship implied the presence of the object worshipped: the people worshipped, bowing to the sensuous presence of the one, and the conceived omnipresence of the other. He talked of his having constantly to defend the Church against the Socinian Bishop of Llandaff, Watson. The subject then varied to Roman Catholicism, and he gave us an account of a controversy he had had with a very sensible priest in Sicily, on the worship of saints. He had driven the priest from one post to another, till the latter took up the ground, that though the saints were not omnipresent, yet God, who was so, imparted to them the prayers offered up, and then they used their interference with Him to grant them. 'That is, father, (said C. in reply)—excuse my seeming levity, for I mean no impiety—that is; I have a deaf and dumb wife, who yet understands me, and I her, by signs. You have a favour to ask of me, and want my wife's interference; so you communicate your request to me, who impart it to her, and she, by signs back again, begs me to grant it.' The good priest laughed, and said, '*Populus vult decipi, et decipiatur!*'

"We then got upon the Oxford controversy, and he was decidedly of opinion that there could be no doubt of Copleston's complete victory. He thought the Review had chosen its points of attack ill, as there must doubtless be in every institution so old much to reprehend and carp at. On the other hand, he thought that Copleston had not been so severe or hard upon them as he might have been; but he admired the critical part of his work, which he thought very highly valuable, independently of the controversy.

He wished some portion of mathematics was more essential to a degree at Oxford, as he thought a gentleman's education incomplete without it, and had himself found the necessity of getting up a little, when he could ill spare the time. He every day more and more lamented his neglect of them when at Cambridge.

"Then glancing off to Aristotle, he gave a very high character of him. He said that Bacon objected to Aristotle the grossness of his examples, and Davy now did precisely the same to Bacon: both were wrong; for each of those philosophers wished to confine the attention of the mind in their works to the *form* of reasoning only, by which other truths might be established or elicited, and therefore the most trite and common-place examples were in fact the best. He said that during a long confinement in his room, he had taken up the Schoolmen, and was astonished at the immense learning and acute knowledge displayed by them; that there was scarcely anything which modern philosophers had proudly brought forward as their own, which might not be found clearly and systematically laid down by them in some or other of their writings. Locke had sneered at the Schoolmen unfairly, and had raised a foolish laugh against them by citations from their *Quid libet* questions, which were discussed on the eves of holidays, and in which the greatest latitude was allowed, being considered mere exercises of ingenuity. We had ridiculed their *quiddities*, and why? Had we not borrowed their *quantity* and their *quality*, and why then reject their *quiddity*, when every schoolboy in logic must know, that of everything may be asked, *Quantum est? Quale est?* and *Quid est?* the last bringing you to the most material of all points, its individual being. He afterwards stated, that in a History of Speculative Philosophy which he was endeavouring to prepare for publication, he had proved, and to the satisfaction of Sir James Mackintosh, that there was nothing in Locke which his best admirers most admired, that might not be found more clearly and better laid down in Descartes, or the old Schoolmen; not that he was himself an implicit disciple of Descartes, though he thought that Descartes had been much misinterpreted.

"When we got on the subject of poetry and Southey, he gave us a critique of the *Curse of Kehama*, the fault of which he thought consisted in the association of a plot and a machinery so very wild with feelings so sober and tender: but he gave the poem high commendation, admired the art displayed in the employment of the Hindu monstrosities, and begged us to observe the noble feeling excited of the superiority of virtue over vice; that Kehama went on, from the beginning to the end of the poem, increasing in power, whilst Kailyal gradually lost her hopes and her protectors; and yet by the time we got to the end, we had arrived at an utter contempt and even carelessness of the power of evil, as exemplified in the almighty Rajah, and felt a complete confidence in the safety of the unprotected virtue of the maiden. This he thought the very great merit of the poem.

"When we walked home with him to the inn, he got on the subject of the English Essay for the year at Oxford,<sup>1</sup> and thought some consideration of the corruption of language should be introduced into it. It originated, he thought, in a desire to abbreviate all expression as much as possible; and no doubt, if in one word, without violating idiom, I can express what others have done in more, and yet be as fully and easily understood, I have manifestly made an improvement; but if, on the other hand, it becomes harder, and takes more time to comprehend a thought or image put in one word by Apuleius than when expressed in a whole sentence by Cicero, the saving is merely of pen and ink, and the alteration is evidently a corruption."

APRIL 21.—*Richmond.*

"BEFORE breakfast we went into Mr. May's delightful book-room, where he was again silent in admiration of the prospect. After breakfast, we walked to church. He seemed full of calm piety, and said he always felt the most delightful sensations in a Sunday church-yard,—that it struck him as if God had given to man fifty-two springs

<sup>1</sup> On Etymology.

in every year. After the service, he was vehement against the sermon, as common-place, and invidious in its tone towards the poor. Then he gave many texts from the lessons and gospel of the day, as affording fit subjects for discourses. He ridiculed the absurdity of refusing to believe everything that you could not understand; and mentioned a rebuke of Dr. Parr's to a man of the name of Frith, and that of another clergyman to a young man, who said he would believe nothing which he could not understand:—'Then, young man, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know.'

"As we walked up Mr. Cambridge's meadows towards Twickenham, he criticised Johnson and Gray as poets, and did not seem to allow them high merit. The excellence of verse, he said, was to be untranslatable into any other words without detriment to the beauty of the passage;—the position of a single word could not be altered in Milton without injury. Gray's personifications, he said, were mere printer's devils' personifications—persons with a capital letter, abstract qualities with a small one. He thought Collins had more genius than Gray, who was a singular instance of a man of taste, poetic feeling, and fancy, without imagination. He contrasted Dryden's opening of the 10th satire of Juvenal with Johnson's:—

"'Let observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from Ganges to Peru;—'

which was as much as to say,—

"'Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind.'

"After dinner he told us a humorous story of his enthusiastic fondness for Quakerism, when he was at Cambridge, and his attending one of their meetings, which had entirely cured him. When the little children came in, he was in raptures with them, and descanted upon the delightful mode of treating them now, in comparison with what he had experienced in childhood. He lamented the haughtiness with which Englishmen treated all foreigners abroad, and the facility with which our government had always given up any people which had allied itself to us, at the end



of a war; and he particularly remarked upon our abandonment of Minorca. These two things, he said, made us universally disliked on the Continent; though, as a people, most highly respected. He thought a war with America inevitable; and expressed his opinion, that the United States were unfortunate in the prematurity of their separation from this country, before they had in themselves the materials of moral society—before they had a gentry and a learned class,—the former looking backwards, and giving the sense of stability—the latter looking forwards, and regulating the feelings of the people.

“Afterwards in the drawing-room, he sat down by Professor Rigaud, with whom he entered into a discussion of Kant’s System of Metaphysics. The little knots of the company were speedily silent: Mr. C.’s voice grew louder; and abstruse as the subject was, yet his language was so ready, so energetic, and so eloquent, and his illustrations so very neat and apposite, that the ladies even paid him the most solicitous and respectful attention. They were really entertained with Kant’s Metaphysics! At last I took one of them, a very sweet singer, to the piano-forte; and, when there was a pause, she began an Italian air. She was anxious to please him, and he was enraptured. His frame quivered with emotion, and there was a titter of uncommon delight on his countenance. When it was over, he praised the singer warmly, and prayed she might finish those strains in heaven!

“This is nearly all, except some anecdotes, which I recollect of our meeting with this most interesting, most wonderful man. Some of his topics and arguments I have enumerated; but the connection and the words are lost. And nothing that I can say can give any notion of his eloquence and manner,—of the hold which he soon got on his audience—of the variety of his stores of information—or, finally, of the artlessness of his habits, or the modesty and temper with which he listened to, and answered arguments, contradictory to his own.”—J. T. C.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is interesting to observe that there is hardly one idea in Mr. Justice Coleridge’s notes with which we were not familiar.

The following address has been printed before; but it cannot be too widely circulated, and it will form an appropriate conclusion to this volume.

*To Adam Steinmetz K—.*

MY DEAR GODCHILD,

I offer up the same fervent prayer for you now, as I did kneeling before the altar, when you were baptized into Christ, and solemnly received as a living member of his spiritual body, the Church.

Years must pass before you will be able to read, with an understanding heart, what I now write. But I trust that the all-gracious God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of Mercies, who by his only-begotten Son (all mercies in one sovereign mercy!) has redeemed you from the evil ground, and willed you to be born out of darkness, but into light—out of death, but into life—out of sin, but into righteousness, even into the “Lord our Righteousness;” I trust that he will graciously hear the prayers of your dear parents, and be with you as the spirit of health and growth in body and mind!

My dear Godchild!—You received from Christ’s minister at the baptismal font, as your Christian name, the name of a most dear friend of your father’s, and who was to me even as a son, the late Adam Steinmetz, whose fervent aspiration, and ever paramount aim, even from early youth, was to be a Christian in thought, word, and deed—in will, mind, and affections.

I too, your Godfather, have known what the enjoyments and advantages of this life are, and what the more refined pleasures which learning and intellectual power can bestow; and with all the experience that more than threescore years can give, I now, on the eve of my departure, declare to you, (and earnestly pray that you may hereafter live and act on the conviction,) that health is a great blessing—competence obtained by honourable industry a great blessing,—and a great blessing it is to have kind, faithful, and loving friends and relatives; but that the greatest of all blessings, as it is the most ennobling of all privileges, is to be indeed a Christian. But I have been likewise, through a large por-

tion of my later life, a sufferer, sorely afflicted with bodily pains, languors, and manifold infirmities; and, for the last three or four years, have, with few and brief intervals, been confined to a sick-room, and, at this moment, in great weakness and heaviness, write from a sick-bed, hopeless of a recovery, yet without prospect of a speedy removal; and I, thus on the very brink of the grave, solemnly bear witness to you, that the Almighty Redeemer, most gracious in his promises to them that truly seek him, is faithful to perform what he hath promised, and has preserved, under all my pains and infirmities, the inward peace that passeth all understanding, with the supporting assurance of a reconciled God, who will not withdraw his spirit from me in the conflict, and in his own time will deliver me from the Evil One!

O, my dear Godchild! eminently blessed are those who begin early to seek, fear, and love their God, trusting wholly in the righteousness and mediation of their Lord, Redeemer, Saviour, and everlasting High Priest, Jesus Christ!

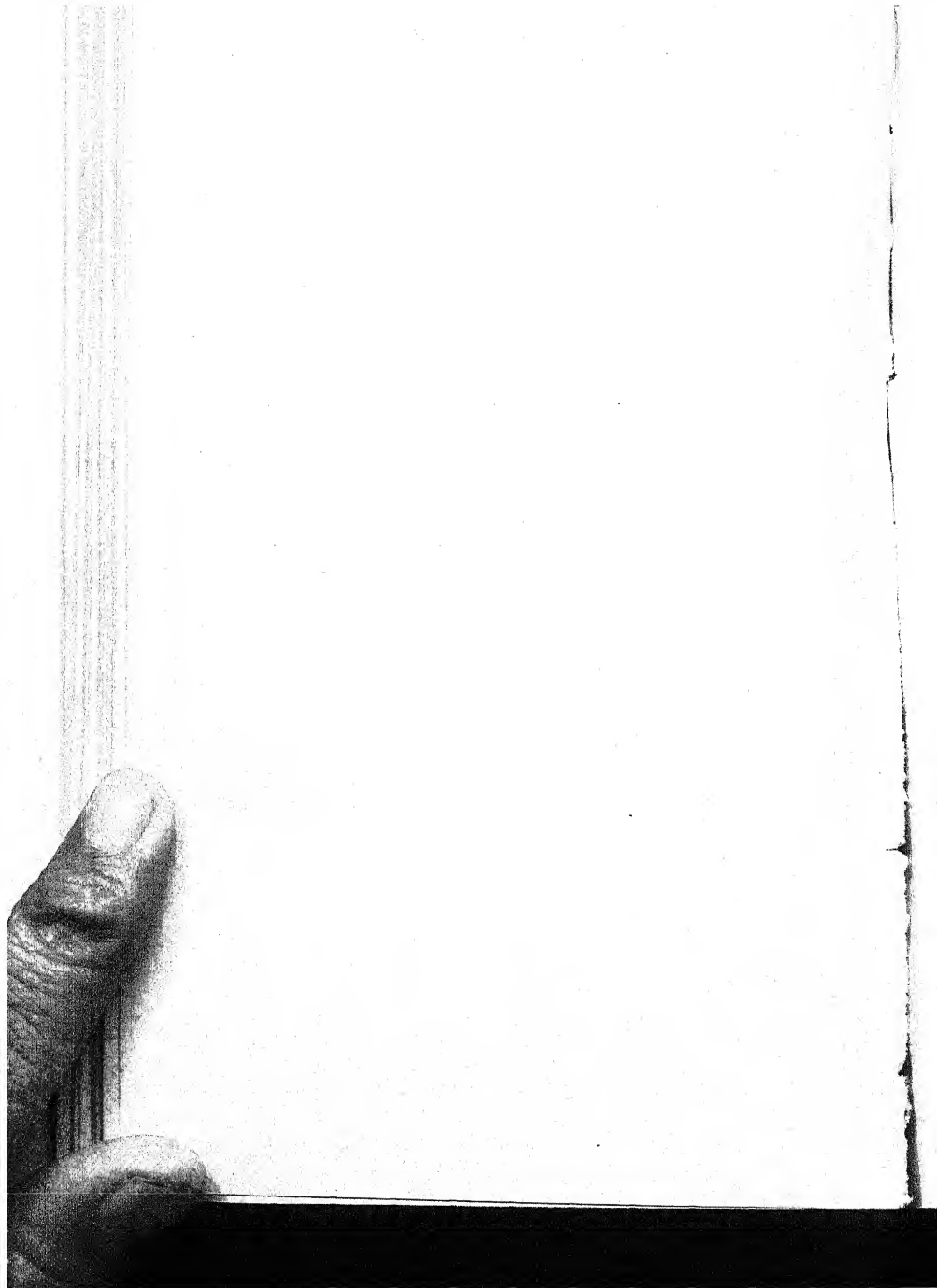
O preserve this as a legacy and bequest from your unseen Godfather and friend,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

GROVE, HIGHGATE,  
*July 13, 1834.*

He died on the 25th day of the same month.

ADDITIONAL TABLE TALK.



## ADDITIONAL TABLE TALK.<sup>1</sup>

### *Flattery.*

WHEN I was young I used to laugh at flattery, as, on account of its absurdity, I now abhor it, from my repeated observations of its mischievous effects. Amongst these, not the least is, that it renders honourable natures more slow and reluctant in expressing their real feelings in praise of the deserving, than, for the interests of truth and virtue, might be desired. For the weakness of our moral and intellectual being, of which the comparatively strongest are often the most, and the most painfully conscious, needs the confirmation derived from the coincidence and sympathy of the friend, as much as the voice of honour within us denounces the pretences of the flatterer.—*Jan. 28, 1818.*

<sup>1</sup> We have put together this additional Table Talk from "Letters, Conversations, and Recollections of S. T. Coleridge," 1836. The editor, Thomas Allsop, was an intimate friend of Coleridge, during the latter's residence at Highgate, and his friendliness and undisguised admiration led Coleridge to communicate to him, in a manner singularly unreserved, his griefs and regrets. The book is unpretentious, and most interesting, and particularly valuable, as revealing to us a portion of Coleridge's life comparatively little known. It is not easy to say what is Table Talk proper and what is extracts from letters. Whenever, in our text, a quotation bears a date, it is an extract from a letter. The headings are ours throughout.

Allsop made Coleridge's acquaintance in 1818, and survived him nearly fifty years. As far as can be made out, his notes chiefly cover the period of 1818-22, immediately preceding the appearance of H. N. Coleridge on the scene.

*Cobbett.*

Have you seen Cobbett's last number? It is the most plausible and the best written of anything I have seen from his pen, and apparently written in a less fiendish spirit than the average of his weekly effusions. The self-complacency with which he assumes to himself exclusively, truths which he can call his own only as a horse-stealer can appropriate a stolen horse, by adding mutilation and deformities to robbery, is as artful as it is amusing. Still, however, he has given great additional publicity to weighty truths, as *ex. gr.* the hollowness of commercial wealth; and from whatever dirty corner or straw moppet the ventriloquist Truth causes her words to proceed, I not only listen, but must bear witness that it is Truth talking. His conclusions, however, are palpably absurd—give to an over-peopled island the countless back settlements of America, and countless balloons to carry thither man and maid, wife and brat, beast and baggage—and then we might rationally expect that a general crash of trade, manufactures, and credit, might be as mere a summer thunderstorm in Great Britain as he represents it to be in America.

One deep, most deep, impression of melancholy, did Cobbett's letter to Lord Liverpool leave on my mind,—the conviction that, wretch as he is, he is an overmatch in intellect for those, in whose hands Providence, in its retributive justice, seems to place the destinies of our country; and who yet rise into respectability, when we compare them with their parliamentary opponents.—Dec. 13, 1819.

*Sir W. Scott.*<sup>1</sup>

I selected Scott for the very reason, that I do hold him

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge's remarks on Scott must be discounted. He was constantly making an effort to do justice to Scott, and as constantly failed. Scott had read *Christabel* in manuscript, before his own rhymed romances appeared, and the fame of those poems implanted in Coleridge a feeling that, somehow, he had been defrauded; and this feeling produced in him an unconscious tendency to disparage Scott's work. Consult the Introductory Note to *Christabel*, and Coleridge's *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare*, pp. 13, 14, 16.

for a man of very extraordinary powers; and when I say that I have read the far greater part of his novels twice, and several three times over, with undiminished pleasure and interest; and that, in my reprobation of the *Bride of Lammermoor* (with the exception, however, of the almost Shaksperian old-witch wives at the funeral) and of the *Ivanhoe*, I mean to imply the grounds of my admiration of the others, and the permanent nature of the interest which they excite. In a word, I am far from thinking that Old Mortality or *Guy Mannering* would have been less admired in the age of Sterne, Fielding, and Richardson, than they are in the present times; but only that Sterne, &c., would not have had the same immediate popularity in the present day as in their own less stimulated and, therefore, less languid reading world.

Of Sir Walter Scott's poems I cannot speak so highly, still less of the Poetry in his Poems; though even in these the power of presenting the most numerous figures, and figures with the most complex movements, and under rapid succession, in true picturesque unity, attests true and peculiar genius.

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Though I cannot pretend to have found in any of these novels a character that even approaches in genius, in truth of conception, or boldness and freshness of execution, to Parson Adams, Bliffl, Strap, Lieutenant Bowling, Mr. Shandy, Uncle Toby and Trim, and Lovelace; and though Scott's female characters will not, even the very best, bear a comparison with Miss Byron, Clementina Emily, in Sir Charles Grandison; nor the comic ones with Tabitha Bramble, or with Betty (in Mrs. Bennet's Beggar Girl); and though by the use of the Scotch dialect, by Ossianic mock-highland motley-heroic, and by extracts from the printed sermons, memoirs, &c., of the fanatic preachers, there is a good deal of false effect and stage trick: still the number of characters *so good* produced by one man, and in so rapid a succession, must ever remain an illustrious phenomenon in literature, after all the subtractions for those borrowed from English and German sources, or compounded by



blending two or three of the old drama into one—*ex. gr.* the Caleb in the *Bride of Lammermoor*.

Scott's great merit, and, at the same time, his felicity, and the true solution of the long-sustained interest novel after novel excited, lie in the nature of the subject; not merely, or even chiefly, because the struggle between the Stuarts and the Presbyterians and sectaries, is still in lively memory, and the passions of the adherency to the former, if not the adherency itself, extant in our own fathers' or grand-fathers' times; nor yet (though this is of great weight) because the language, manners, &c., introduced are sufficiently different from our own for poignancy, and yet sufficiently near and similar for sympathy; nor yet because, for the same reason, the author, speaking, reflecting, and descanting in his own person, remains still (to adopt a painter's phrase) in sufficient keeping with his subject matter, while his characters can both talk and feel interesting to *us* as men, without recourse to antiquarian interest, and nevertheless without moral anachronism (in all which points the *Ivanhoe* is so wofully the contrary, for what Englishman cares for Saxon or Norman, both brutal invaders, more than for Chinese and Cochinchinese?)—yet great as all these causes are, the essential wisdom and happiness of the subject consists in this,—that the contest between the loyalists and their opponents can never be obsolete, for it is the contest between the two great moving principles of social humanity; religious adherence to the past and the ancient, the desire and the admiration of permanence, on the one hand; and the passion for increase of knowledge, for truth, as the offspring of reason—in short, the mighty instincts of progression and free agency, on the other. In all subjects of deep and lasting interest, you will detect a struggle between two opposites, two polar forces, both of which are alike necessary to our human well-being, and necessary each to the continued existence of the other. Well, therefore, may we contemplate with intense feelings those whirlwinds which are for free agents the appointed means, and the only possible condition of that equilibrium in which our moral Being subsists; while the disturbance

of the same constitutes our sense of life. Thus in the ancient Tragedy, the lofty struggle between irresistible fate and unconquerable free will, which finds its equilibrium in the Providence and the future retribution of Christianity. If, instead of a contest between Saxons and Normans, or the Fantees and Ashantees,—a mere contest of indifferents! of minim surges in a boiling fish-kettle,—Walter Scott had taken the struggle between the men of arts and the men of arms in the time of Becket, and made us feel how much to claim our well-wishing there was in the cause and character of the priestly and papal party, no less than in those of Henry and his knights, he would have opened a new mine, instead of translating into Leadenhall Street Minerva Library sentences, a cento of the most common incidents of the stately self-congruous romances of D'Urfe, Scuderi, &c. N.B. I have not read the *Monastery*, but I suspect that the thought or element of the faery work is from the German. I perceive from that passage in the *Old Mortality*, where Morton is discovered by old Alice in consequence of calling his dog Elphin, that Walter Scott has been reading Tieck's *Phantasies* (a collection of faery or witch tales), from which both the incident and name is<sup>1</sup> borrowed.—*April 8,*<sup>2</sup> 1820.

### *Thought and Language.*

I believe that processes of thought might be carried on independent and apart from spoken or written language. I do not in the least doubt, that if language had been denied or withheld from man, or that he had not discovered and improved that mode of intercommunication, thought, as thought, would have been a process more simple, more easy, and more perfect than the present, and would both have

<sup>1</sup> Read "are."

<sup>2</sup> The two previous paragraphs relating to Scott are extracted from the same letter. For other observations on Sir Walter's writings, see the paragraphs headed "Popularity," and "Scott's Poetry," on pp. 320 and 321.

included and evolved other and better means for its own manifestations, than any that exist now.<sup>1</sup>

*Charles Lamb's Christianity.*

No, no; Lamb's scepticism has not come lightly, nor is he a sceptic. The harsh reproof to Godwin for his contemptuous allusion to Christ before a well-trained child, proves that he is not a sceptic. His mind, never prone to analysis, seems to have been disgusted with the hollow pretences, the false reasonings, and absurdities of the rogues and fools with which all establishments, and all creeds seeking to become established, abound. I look upon Lamb as one hovering between earth and heaven; neither hoping much nor fearing anything.

It is curious that he should retain many usages which he learnt or adopted in the fervour of his early religious feelings, now that his faith is in a state of suspended animation. Believe me, who know him well, that Lamb, say what he will, has more of the essentials of Christianity than ninety-nine out of a hundred professing Christians. He has all that would still have been Christian had Christ never lived or been made manifest upon earth.

*Miracles.*

I deprecate a literal still more than an ideal religion. The miracles may be fairly illustrated by the familiar example of a lecture with experiments at the institution. A man ignorant of the law whence these conjurations proceeded would be acted upon in a very different manner, when compared with the philosopher who, familiar with the law, or the principle whence they emanate, and with which they are congruous, sees in them only the natural results, hardly the confirmation, of that which had previously been known. Compare this with the no-results

<sup>1</sup> This fancy is on a par with that of Rogers:—"It is a favourite fancy of mine that perhaps in the next world the use of words may be dispensed with,—that our thoughts may stream into each other's minds without any verbal communication."—*Table Talk*, 1856, p. 43.

obtained from meteorology, a science so misnamed, which so far from being in its infancy is not yet in its fetal state. The meteorological journals are as little to be relied upon, as would be the account of a ploughman, taken to an experimental lecture at the institution. Ignorant of the law and the principle, he would give an account of the results, so different from the actual facts, that no one could conjecture a law from *his* evidence. So with the miracles. They are supererogatory. The law of God and the great principles of the Christian religion would have been the same had Christ never assumed humanity.

### *Atheism.*

Not one man in a thousand has either strength of mind or goodness of heart to be an atheist. I repeat it. Not one man in ten thousand has goodness of heart or strength of mind to be an atheist.

### *Rulers and Men of Letters.*

All men in power are jealous of the pre-eminence of men of letters; they feel, as towards them, conscious of inferior power, and a sort of misgiving that they are, indirectly, and against their own will, mere instruments and agents of higher intellects.

Men in power, for instance Lord Castlereagh, are conscious of inferiority, and are yet ashamed to own, even to themselves, the fact, which is only the more evident by their neglect of men of letters. So entirely was Mr. Pitt aware of this, that he would never allow of any intercourse with literary men of eminence; fearing, doubtless, that the charm which spell-bound his political adherents would, at least for the time, fail of its effect.

### *Christabel.*

If I should finish "Christabel," I shall certainly extend it and give new characters, and a greater number of inci-

dents. This the "reading public" require, and this is the reason that Sir Walter Scott's Poems, though so loosely written, are pleasing, and interest us by their picturesqueness.

If a genial recurrence of the ray divine should occur for a few weeks, I shall certainly attempt it. I had the whole of the two cantos in my mind before I began it; certainly the first canto is more perfect, has more of the true wild weird spirit than the last. I laughed heartily at the continuation<sup>1</sup> in *Blackwood*, which I have been told is by Maginn: it is in appearance, and in appearance only, a good imitation; I do not doubt but that it gave more pleasure, and to a greater number, than a continuation by myself in the spirit of the two first cantos.

The "Ancient Mariner" cannot be imitated, nor the poem, "Love." They may be excelled; they are not imitable.

*Other-Worldliness.*

As there is a worldliness or the too-much of this life, so there is another-worldliness, or rather other-worldliness, equally hateful and selfish with this-worldliness.

*Lord Erskine.*

Lord Erskine, speaking of animals, hesitating to call them brutes, hit upon that happy phrase—"the mute creation."

*Lord Kenyon.*

Lord Kenyon, on the trial of a bookseller, for publishing Paine's "Age of Reason," in his charge to the jury, enumerated many celebrated men who had been sincere Christians; and, after having enforced the example of Locke and Newton,—both of whom were Unitarians, and therefore

<sup>1</sup> This continuation appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1819, where it is signed "Morgan O'Doherty",—a pseudonym of Dr. Maginn. A previous professed continuation of the poem will be found in the *European Magazine*, April, 1815, at which date *Christabel* still existed only in manuscript.

not Christians,—proceeded:—“Nor, gentlemen, is this belief confined to men of comparative seclusion, since men, the greatest and most distinguished both as philosophers and as monarchs, have enforced this belief, and shown its influence by their conduct. Above all, gentlemen, need I name to you the Emperor Julian, who was so celebrated for the practice of every Christian virtue that he was called Julian the Apostle.”

### *Thought.*

One thought includes all thought, in the sense that a grain of sand includes the universe.

A single thought is that which it is from other thoughts, as a wave of the sea takes its form and shape from the waves which precede and follow it.

### *Influence of Mountains.*

Wordsworth has remarked (in the Brothers,<sup>1</sup> I believe),

“The thought of death sits light upon the man  
That has been bred, and dies among the mountains.”

But I fear that this, like some other few of Wordsworth's *many* striking passages, means less than it seems, or rather promises, to mean. Poets (especially if philosophers too) are apt to represent the effect made upon themselves as general; the geese of Phœbus are all swans; and Wordsworth's shepherds and estates men are Wordsworth's, even (as in old Michael) in the unpoetic traits of character. Whether mountains have any particular effect on the native inhabitants by virtue of being mountains exclusively, and what that effect is, would be a difficult problem.

<sup>1</sup> The parenthesis may possibly be Allsop's. The lines in *The Brothers* are—

“The thought of death sits *easy* on the man  
*Who* has been *born* and dies among the mountains.”

Coleridge has unconsciously improved the expression.

If independent tribes, mountaineers are robbers of the lowlanders; brave, active, and with all the usual warlike good and bad qualities that result from habits of adventurous robbery. Add clanship and superstitions that are the surviving precipitate of an established religion, both which are common to the uncivilized Celtic tribes, in plain no less than in mountain, and you have the Scottish Highlanders. But where the inhabitants exist as states, or civilized parts of civilized states, they appear to be in mind and character just what their condition and employments would render them in level plain, the same as amid Alpine heights. At least the influence acts indirectly only, as far as the mountains are the *causa causæ* or occasion of a pastoral life instead of an agricultural; thus combining a lax and common property, possessed by a whole district, with small hereditary estates sacred to each, while the properties in sheep seem to partake of both characters. And truly, to this circumstance, aided by the favourable action of a necessarily scanty population (for man is an oak that wants room, not a plantation tree), we must attribute whatever superiority the mountaineers of Cumberland and Westmoreland and of the Swiss and Tyrolese Alps possess, as the shocking contrast of the Welsh mountaineers too clearly evinces.

*Lord Brougham.*

I recollect meeting Mr. Brougham well. I met him at Mr. Sharp's with Mr. Horner. They were then aspirants for political adventures. Mr. Horner bore in his conversation and demeanour evidence of that straight-forward and generous frankness which characterized him through life. You saw, or rather you felt, that you could rely upon *his* integrity. His mind was better fitted to reconcile discrepancies than to discover analogies. He had fine, nay, even high talent, rather than genius. Mr. Brougham, on the contrary, had an apparent restlessness, a consciousness, not of superior powers, but of superior activity, a man whose heart was placed in what should have been his head: you were never sure of him—you always doubted his sincerity.

He was at that time a hanger-on upon Lord Holland, Mr. Horner being under the auspices of Lord Lansdowne.

From that time I lost sight of Mr. Brougham for some time. When we next met, the subject of the parliamentary debates was alluded to, previously to which Mr. Brougham had expressed opinions which were in unison with my own upon a matter at that time of great public interest.

I said, "I could never rely upon what was given for the future in the newspapers, as they had made him say directly the contrary; I was glad to be undeceived."

"Oh," said Brougham, in a tone of voice half confidential and half jocular, "Oh, it was very true I said so in Parliament, where there is a party, but *we* know better."

I said nothing; but I did not forget it.

#### *Judaism.*

Compared to the Jewish law, given as it was in thunders and in terrible convulsions of the elements, the miracles of the Christian dispensation were devoid of interest.

There can be no doubt that a religion like that of the Jews, a religion of punishments and threatenings only, was incomplete; it must, *therefore*, be false, or it required to be perfected.

#### *Baxter.*

Baxter tried to reconcile the almost irreconcilable tenets of Calvinism and Arminianism. He more than any other man was the cause of the Restoration, and more than any other sectarian was he persecuted by Charles II.

#### *Fox and Pitt, and the French War.*

The grand mistake of Mr. Fox was, that he did not separate the causes of the war from the consequences, but acted as though, having espoused the cause of the French revolution, he must in every instance advocate its measures. This lost him his party, and swelled the ranks of



Mr. Pitt, a man utterly unfitted for the conduct of a war, all his plans being based upon, so called, expediency, and pernicious short-sightedness, which would never allow him to take into his calculation the future.

*Political Economy.*

It is not uncommon for 100,000 *operatives* (mark this word, for words *in this sense* are things) to be out of employment at once in the cotton districts (this<sup>1</sup> was in 1820), and, thrown upon parochial relief, are<sup>2</sup> dependent upon hard-hearted taskmasters for food. The Malthusian doctrine would indeed afford a certain means of relief, if this were not a two-fold question. If, when you say to a man,—“You have no claim upon me: you have your allotted part to perform in the world, so have I. In a state of nature, indeed, had I food, I should offer you a share from sympathy, from humanity; but in this advanced and artificial state of society, I cannot afford you relief; you must starve. You came into the world when it could not sustain you.” What would be this man’s answer? He would say,—“You disclaim all connection with me; I have no claims upon you? I can then have no duties towards you, and this pistol shall put me in possession of your wealth. You may leave a law behind you which shall hang me, but what man who saw assured starvation before him, ever feared hanging.” It is this accursed practice of ever considering *only* what seems *expedient* for the occasion, disjoined from all principle or enlarged systems of action, of never listening to the true and unerring impulses of our better nature, which has led the colder-hearted men to the study of political economy, which has turned our Parliament into a real committee of public safety. In it is all power vested; and in a few years we shall either be governed by an aristocracy, or, what is still more likely, by a contemptible democratical oligarchy of glib economists, compared to which the worst form of aristocracy would be a blessing.

<sup>1</sup> The parenthesis is clearly Allsop’s, in this case.

<sup>2</sup> For “are” read “to be.”

*Commerce.*

Commerce has enriched thousands, it has been the cause of the spread of knowledge and of science, but has it added one particle of happiness or of moral improvement? Has it given us a truer insight into our duties, or tended to revive and sustain in us the better feelings of our nature? No! no! when I consider what the consequences have been, when I consider that whole districts of men, who would otherwise have slumbered on in comparatively happy ignorance, are now little less than brutes in their lives, and something worse than brutes in their instincts, I could almost wish that the manufacturing districts were swallowed up as Sodom and Gomorrah.

*The Mind.*

The idea of the mind forming images of itself, is as absurd as the belief of Descartes with respect to the external world. There is nothing in the mind which was not previously in the senses, except the mind itself. Philosophy, properly so called, began with Pythagoras. He saw that the mind, in the common sense of the word, was itself a fact, that there was something in the mind not individual; this was the pure reason, *something in which we are, not which is in us.*

*Socrates.*

Socrates seems to have been continually oscillating between the good and the useful.

*Experience.*

To most men, experience is like the stern lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

*Dr. Aikin.*

On William Smith, of Norwich, asking me what I

thought of the Monthly Review or Magazine, and of Dr. Aikin, its editor, I was provoked, by his evident wish that I should say something in its favour, to reply,—“That all men of science or literature could attest that the one was a void Aikin, and the other an aching void.”

### *Popularity.*

Neither philosophy nor poetry ever did, nor as long as they are terms of comparative excellence and contradistinction, ever can be popular, nor honoured with the praise and favour of contemporaries. But, on the other hand, there never was a time in which either books, that were held for excellent as poetic or philosophic, had so extensive and rapid a sale, or men reputed poets and philosophers of a high rank were so much looked up to in society, or so munificently, almost profusely, rewarded. Walter Scott's poems and novels <sup>1</sup> (except only the two wretched abortions, *Ivanhoe* and the *Bride of Ravensmuir*, or whatever its name may be) supply both instance and solution of the present conditions and components of popularity, viz., to amuse without requiring any effort of thought, and without exciting any deep emotion. The age seems sore from excess of stimulation, just as, a day or two after a thorough debauch and long sustained drinking match, a man feels all over like a bruise. Even to admire otherwise than on the whole, and where “I admire” is but a synonym for “I remember I liked it very much when I was reading it,” is too much an effort, would be too disquieting an emotion. Compare *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, and *Co.*, with works that had an immediate run in the last generation, *Tristram Shandy*, *Roderick Random*, *Sir Charles Grandison*, *Clarissa Harlowe*, and *Tom Jones* (all which became popular as soon as published, and therefore instances fairly in point), and you will be convinced that the difference of taste is real, and not any fancy or croaking of my own.—*Jan.*, 1821.

<sup>1</sup> Compare pp. 308-9.

*Husbands and Wives.*

I sometimes think I shall write a book on the duties of women, more especially to their husbands. If such a book were well written, I cannot doubt but that its results would be most salutary. I am inclined to think that both men and women err in their conduct and demeanour towards each other, quite as much from ignorance and unconsciousness of what is displeasing, as from selfishness or disregard. But to the execution of such a work, or rather such works (for "A New Duty of Man" is quite as much required, and this must be written by an affectionate and right-minded woman), the present sickly delicacy, the over-delicacy (and therefore essential indelicacy) of the present taste would be opposed. To be of any use it should be a plain treatise, the results of experience, and should be given to all newly married couples by their parents, not in the form of admonition, but rather as containing much important information which *they* can no where else obtain.

*Scott's Poetry.*

Not twenty lines of Scott's poetry will ever reach posterity; it has relation to nothing.

*Few Poets from the Lower Classes.*

It is very singular that no *true poet* should have arisen from the lower classes, when it is considered that every peasant who can read knows more of books now than did Æschylus, Sophocles, or Homer; yet if we except Burns, none<sup>1</sup> such have been.

*Crashaw.*

Crashaw seems in his poems to have given the first ebullience of his imagination, unshapen into form, or much of,

<sup>1</sup> In after years he excepted Elliot, the smith, though he held his judgment in very slight estimation.—*Note by Allsop.*

what we now term, sweetness. In the poem *Hope*, by way of question and answer, his superiority to Cowley is self-evident. In that on the name of Jesus equally so; but his lines on St. Theresa are the finest.

Where he does combine richness of thought and diction nothing can excel,<sup>1</sup> as in the lines you so much admire—

“ Since ’tis not to be had at home,  
 She’l travel to a martyrdom.  
 No home for her confesses she,  
 But where she may a martyr be.  
 She’l to the Moores, and trade with them  
 For this invaluable diadem;  
 She offers<sup>2</sup> them her dearest breath,  
 With Christ’s name in’t, in change for death.  
 She’l bargain with them, and will give  
 Them God, and teach them how to live  
 In Him, or if they this deny,  
 For Him she’l teach them how to die.  
 So shall she leave amongst them sown  
 The Lord’s blood, or, at least, her own.  
 Farewell then, all the world—adieu,  
 Teresa is no more for you :  
 Farewell all pleasures, sports, and joys,  
 Never till now esteemed toys—  
 Farewell whatever dear’st may be,  
 Mother’s arms or father’s knee;  
 Farewell house, and farewell home,  
 She’s for the Moores and martyrdom.”

These verses were ever present to my mind whilst writing the second part of *Christabel*; if, indeed, by some subtle process of the mind they did not suggest the first thought of the whole poem.

#### *Shakspeare’s Intuition.*

The wonderful faculty which Shakspeare above all other men possessed, or rather the power which possessed *him* in the highest degree, of anticipating everything, evidently is the result—at least partakes—of meditation, or that mental

<sup>1</sup> Some word or words are wanting after “ excel.”

<sup>2</sup> Coleridge gives the text of the first edition of *Steps to the Temple*, 1646. For “ she offers ” the edition of 1652 substitutes “ she’l offer,” and “ Her Lord’s ” for “ The Lord’s ”, below,—both improvements.

process which consists in the submitting to the operation of thought every object of feeling, or impulse, or passion observed *out* of it. I would be willing to live only as long as Shakspeare were the mirror to nature.

*The Sublime.*

What can be finer in any poet than that beautiful passage in Milton—

“ ——— Onward he moved  
And thousands of his saints around.”

This is grandeur, but it is grandeur without completeness: but he adds—

“ Far off their coming shone; ”

which is the highest sublime. There is *total* completeness.

So I would say that the Saviour praying on the Mountain, the Desert on one hand, the Sea on the other, the city at an immense distance below, was sublime. But I should say of the Saviour looking towards the City, his countenance full of pity, that he was majestic, and of the situation that it was grand.

When the whole and the parts are seen at once, as mutually producing and explaining each other, as unity in multiety, there results shapeliness—*forma formosa*. Where the perfection of *form* is combined with pleasurable in the sensations, excited by the matters or substances so formed, there results the beautiful.

*Corollary.*—Hence colour is eminently subservient to beauty, because it is susceptible of forms, *i.e.* outline, and yet is a sensation. But a rich mass of scarlet clouds, seen without any attention to the *form* of the mass or of the parts, may be a delightful but not a beautiful object or colour.

When there is a deficiency of unity in the line forming the whole (as angularity, for instance), and of number in the plurality or the parts, there arises the formal.

When the parts are numerous, and impressive, and predominate, so as to prevent or greatly lessen the attention to the whole, there results the grand.

Where the impression of the whole, *i.e.* the sense of unity,

predominates, so as to abstract the mind from the parts—the majestic.

Where the parts by their harmony produce an effect of a whole, but there is no seen form of a whole producing or explaining the parts, *i.e.* when the parts only are seen and distinguished, but the whole is felt—the picturesque.

Where neither whole nor parts, but unity, as boundless or endless *allness*—the sublime.

### *Luck.*

It often amuses me to hear men impute all their misfortunes to fate, luck, or destiny, whilst their successes or good fortune they ascribe to their own sagacity, cleverness, or penetration. It never occurs to such minds that light and darkness are one and the same, emanating from, and being part of, the same nature.

### *The Inadequateness of Reason.*

Is it then true, that reason to man is the ultimate faculty, and that, to convince a *reasonable* man, it is sufficient to adduce adequate reasons or arguments? How, if this be so, does it happen that we reject as insufficient the *reasoning* of a friend in our affliction for this or that *cause* or *reason*, yet are comforted, soothed, and reassured, by similar or far less sufficient *reasons*, when urged by a friendly and affectionate woman? It is no answer to say that women were made *comforters*; that it is the tone, and, in the instance of man's chief, best comforter, the wife of his youth, the mother of his children, the oneness with himself, which gives value to the consolation; the *reasons* are the same, whether urged by man, woman, or child. It must be, therefore, that there is something in the will itself, above and beyond, if not higher than, reason. Besides, is reason or the reasoning always the same, even when free from passion, film, or fever? I speak of the same person. Does he hold the doctrine of temperance in equal reverence when hungry as after he is sated? Does he at forty retain the same *reason*, only extended, and developed, as he possessed

at four and twenty? Does he not love the meat in his youth which he cannot endure in his old age? But these are appetites, and therefore no part of him. Is not a man one to-day and another to-morrow? Do not the very ablest and wisest of men attach greater weight at one moment to an argument or a *reason* than they do at another? Is this a want of sound and stable judgment? If so, what then is this perfect reason? for we have shown what it is not.

### *Sympathy.*

I have often been pained by observing in others, and was fully conscious in myself,<sup>1</sup> of a *sympathy* with those of rank and condition in preference to their inferiors, and never discovered the source of this sympathy until one day at Keswick I heard a thatcher's wife crying her heart out for the death of her little child. It was given me all at once to feel, that I sympathized equally with the poor and the rich in all that related to the best part of humanity—the affections; but that, in what relates to fortune, to *mental* misery, struggles, and conflicts, we reserve consolation and sympathy for those who can appreciate its force and value.

### *Philosophy and Religion.*

Whenever philosophy has taken into its plan religion, it has ended in scepticism; and whenever religion excludes philosophy, or the spirit of free inquiry, it leads to wilful blindness and superstition. Scotus, the first of the schoolmen, held that religion might be above, but could not be adverse to, true philosophy.

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge in a letter to Allsop, of March 4, 1822, with that simple candour of a man who is too genuine to shrink from stating the truth, says that, from Christ's Hospital onwards, he had looked on men of rank as his superiors. But he adds,—with equal simplicity,—“as individual to individual, from my childhood, I do not remember feeling myself *superior or inferior*” (the italics are ours) “to any human being, except by an act of my own will in cases of real or imagined moral or intellectual superiority.”



*"The Friend."*

The "Friend" is a secret which I have entrusted to the public; and, unlike most secrets, it hath been well kept.

*Humour.*

Humour is consistent with pathos, whilst wit is not.

*Reason, Understanding, and Goodness.*

All that is good is in the reason,<sup>1</sup> not in the understanding; which is proved by the malignity of those who lose their reason. When a man is said to be out of his wits, we do not mean that he has lost his reason, but only his understanding, or the power of choosing his means or perceiving their fitness to the end. Don Quixote (and in a less degree, the Pilgrim's Progress) is an excellent example of a man who had lost his wits or understanding, but not his reason.

*The Wisdom of Confiding our Grievs to a Friend.*

We can none of us, not the wisest of us, brood over any source of affliction inwardly, keeping it back, and as it were pressing it in on ourselves, but we must magnify it. We cannot see it clearly, much less distinctly; and as the object enlarges beyond its real proportions, so it becomes vivid; and the feelings that blend with it assume a proportionate undue intensity. So the one acts on the other, and what at first was effect, in its turn becomes a cause; and when at length we have taken heart, and given the whole thing, with all its several parts, the proper distance from our mind's eye, by confiding it to a true friend, we are ourselves surprised to find what a dwarf the giant

<sup>1</sup> May we intrude for once to say, that much of what is *best* is in neither, but in the heart,—“deceitful above all things, &c. &c.,” as, no doubt, it is.

shrinks into, as soon as it steps out of the mist into clear sunlight.—*Sept. 15, 1821.*

*Troilus and Cressida.*

“Read the *Troilus and Cressida*; dwelt much upon the fine distinction made by Shakspeare between the *affection* of *Troilus* and the passion of *Cressida*. This does not escape the notice of *Ulysses*, who thus depicts her on her first arrival in the *Trojan camp*:—

“———— Fie! fie upon her!  
There’s language in her eye, her cheek, her lip,  
Nay, her foot speaks. Her wanton spirits look out  
At every joint of her body. Set such down<sup>1</sup>  
For sluttish spoils of opportunity  
And daughters of the game.”

The profound affection of *Troilus* alone deserves the name of love.”—*Allsop loq.*

*The Highest Good.*

Certainly the highest good is to live happily, and not through a life of mortification to expect a happy death. Should we attain felicity in life, death will be easy, as it will be natural and in due season. Whereas by the present system of *religious teaching*, men are enjoined to value chiefly happiness at the end of life, which, if they were implicitly to follow, they would, by neglecting the first great duty, that of innocent enjoyment during existence, effectually preclude themselves from attaining.

*Marriage.*

There is no condition (evil as it may be in the eye of

<sup>1</sup> For this line will be found in the original—

“At every joint and motive of her body.  
O, these encounterers, so glib of tongue,  
That give accosting welcome ere it comes,  
And wide unclasp the tables of their thoughts  
To every ticklish reader! set them down, &c.”

ACT IV. SC. 5.

reason), which does not include, or seem to include when it has become familiar, some good, some redeeming or reconciling qualities. I agree, however, that marriage is not one of these. Marriage has, as you say, no *natural* relation to love. Marriage belongs to society; it is a social contract. It should not merely include the conditions of esteem and friendship, it should be the ratification of their manifestation. Still I do not know how it can be replaced; *that* belongs to the future, and it is a question which the future only can solve. I however quite agree that we can now, better than at any former time, say what *will not*, what *cannot* be.

#### *Morality.*

Truly, when I think of what has entered into ethics, what has been considered moral in the early ages of the world, and even now by civilized nations in the east, I incline to believe that morality *is* conventional; but when I see the doctrines propounded under the name of political economy, I earnestly *hope* that it is so.—As illustrations of the opinions held by philosophers, which to us appear abominable or indecent, I refer to some of the rules of Zeno, some parts of the philosophy of Plato, the whole conduct of Phædon, and the practice of Cato the Censor.

#### *Pythagoras.*

Pythagoras first asserted that the earth was a globe, and that there were antipodes. He also seems to have been acquainted with the properties of the atmosphere, at least its weight and pressure. He was the most wonderful of those men whom Greece, that treasure-house of intellect, produced, to show her treasures, and to be the ornament and gaze of our nature during all time. In his doctrines, the Copernican system may clearly be traced.

Pythagoras used the mysteries as one of the means to retain the doctrine of an unity while the multitude sunk into Polytheism.

It is quite certain most of the ancient philosophers were

adverse to the popular worship, as tending to degrade the idea of the Divine Being, and to defile the national manners. Idol worship always demoralizes a people who adopt it.

Witness the Jews, whose idolatry was followed by universal chastisement. Witness Rome, Greece, and Egypt, where idol worship led to immorality and vice of the most frightful kind.

*Amantium Irae.*

Quarrels of anger ending in tears are favourable to love in its spring-tide, as plants are found to grow very rapidly after a thunderstorm with rain.

*Tolerance.*

We are none of us tolerant in what concerns us deeply and entirely.

*Campbell.*

Jeffrey, speaking of Campbell, said, "He is one of the best fellows in the world. If, however, he has a fault, it is that he is envious, and to that degree that he wishes the walls may fall and crush any one who may excel him. He is one of my most intimate friends, and with that *little* drawback, one of the best fellows in the world."

*Books and Conversation.*

In one respect, and in one only, are books better than conversation. In a book, the mind of the writer is before you, and you can read and re-peruse it in case of doubt, whilst in conversation a link once lost is irrecoverable. Thus in all reported conversations, unless we are intimate with the mind of the person speaking, we often draw a wrong conclusion, and attribute *that* to discontent, to envy, or some other unworthy feeling, which, if we were in possession of the author's reasons and feelings, we should sym-

pathize with, if indeed we did not in every case acquiesce in, his conclusions.

*Buonaparte.*

When I first heard from Stuart of the Courier that Buonaparte had declared that the interests of small states must always succumb to great ones, I said, "Thank God! he has sealed his fate: from this moment his fall is certain."

*Jeffrey.*

Clarkson (the moral steam engine, or Giant with one idea) had recently published his book, and being in a very irritable state of mind, his wife expressed great fears of the effect of any severe review in the then state of his feelings. I wrote to Jeffrey, and expressed to him my opinion of the cruelty of any censure being passed upon the work *as a composition*. In return I had a very polite letter, expressing a wish that I should review it. I did so: but when the Review was published, in the place of some just eulogiums due to Mr. Pitt, and which I stated were upon the best authority (in fact, they were from Tom Clarkson himself), was substituted some abuse and detraction. Yet Clarkson expressed himself gratified and satisfied with the effect of the review, and would not allow me to expose the transaction. Again, Jeffrey had said to me that it was hopeless to persuade men to prefer Hooker and Jeremy Taylor to Johnson and Gibbon. I wrote him two letters, on two sheets, detailing, at great length, my opinions. *This* he never acknowledged; but in an early number of the Review he inserted the whole of my communication in an article of the Review, and added at the conclusion words to this effect: "We have been anxious to be clear on this subject, as much has been said on this matter by men who evidently do not understand it. Such are Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, and Miss Baillie."

*Haydon and Immortality.*

On my return I found a double letter, for which two

shillings had been paid. I tore it open, and found it to contain a long communication from Haydon the Artist, which, in allusion to my Poem on Mont Blanc, ended thus : "From this moment you are immortal." I was ungrateful enough to consider Mr. Haydon's immortality dear at two shillings !

*Vivid Impressions in Youth.*

Vivid impressions are too frequently mistaken by the young and ardent, for clear conceptions.

*Teachers of Youth.*

Teachers of youth are, by a necessity of their present condition, either unsound or uncongenial. If they possess that buoyancy of spirit, which best fits them for communicating to those under their charge the knowledge it is held useful for them to acquire, they are deemed unsound. If they possess a subdued sobriety of disposition, the result of a process compared to which the course of a horse in a mill is positive enjoyment, they of necessity become ungenial. Is this a fitting condition, a meet and just return for the class, Instructors ? And yet have I not truly described them ? Has any one known a teacher of youth who, having attained any repute as such, has also retained any place in society as an individual ? Are not all such men "Dominie Sampsons" in what relates to their duties, interests, and feelings as citizens ; and, with respect to females, do they not all possess a sort of mental odour ? Are not all masters, all those who are held in estimation, not scholars, but always masters, even in their sports ; and are not the female teachers always teaching and setting right ? whilst both not only lose the freshness of youth, both of mind and body, but seem as though they never had been young. They who have to teach, can never afford to learn ; hence their improgression.

To the above remarks, true as they are in themselves, I am desirous to draw your particular attention. Those who have to teach, a duty which if ably discharged is the

highest and most important which society imposes, are placed in a position in which they necessarily acquire a general or generic character, and this, for the most part, unfits them for mixing in society with ease to themselves or to others. Is this just, is it for the advantage of the community, that those to whom the highest and most responsible trusts are confided, should be rendered unfit to associate with their fellow men, by something which is imposed upon them, or which they are made to acquire, as teachers? Does not Society owe it to this meritorious class, to examine into the causes of these peculiarities with a view to remove ascertained evils, or by developing them to bring constantly before our eyes the necessity, in their case, of results which at present have such evil influences upon the more genial feelings of so large, and every way estimable and intelligent, a portion of our fellow-men?

*Foley, the Fiddler.*

The most extraordinary and the best attested instance of enthusiasm existing in conjunction with perseverance is related of the founder of the Foley family. This man, who was a fiddler living near Stourbridge, was often witness of the immense labour and loss of time, caused by dividing the rods of iron, necessary in the process of making nails. The discovery of the process called splitting, in works called splitting mills, was first made in Sweden, and the consequences of this advance in art were most disastrous to the manufacturers of iron about Stourbridge. Foley the fiddler was shortly missed from his accustomed rounds, and was not again seen for many years. He had mentally resolved to ascertain by what means the process of splitting of bars of iron was accomplished; and, without communicating his intention to a single human being, he proceeded to Hull, and thence, without funds, worked his passage to the Swedish iron port. Arrived in Sweden, he begged and fiddled his way to the iron foundries, where, after a time, he became a universal favourite with the workmen; and, from the apparent entire absence of intelligence or anything like ultimate object, he was received into the works,

to every part of which he had access. He took the advantage thus offered, and having stored his memory with observations and all the combinations, he disappeared from amongst his kind friends as he had appeared, no one knew whence or whither.

On his return to England he communicated his voyage and its results to Mr. Knight and another person in the neighbourhood, with whom he was associated, and by whom the necessary buildings were erected and machinery provided.—When at length everything was prepared, it was found that the machinery would not act, at all events it did not answer the sole purpose of its erection—it would not split the bar of iron.

Foley disappeared again, and it was concluded that shame and mortification at his failure had driven him away for ever. Not so: again, though somewhat more speedily, he found his way to the Swedish iron works, where he was received most joyfully, and to make sure of their fiddler, he was lodged in the splitting mill itself. Here was the very aim and end of his life attained beyond his utmost hope. He examined the works and very soon discovered the cause of his failure. He now made drawings or rude tracings, and, having abided an ample time to verify his observations and to impress them clearly and vividly on his mind, he made his way to the port, and once more returned to England. This time he was completely successful, and by the results of his experience enriched himself and greatly benefited his countrymen. This I hold to be the most extraordinary instance of *credible* devotion in modern times.

*Phillips, the Bookseller.*

Phillips left Nottingham, where he had first established himself, at an early age. He afterwards kept a hosiery shop in St. Paul's, and sold the Magazine at the back. He used to boast that he could do more by puffing than all the other booksellers. It is certain that he was a great annoyance to them at one time. He had a host of writers in his pay, whom, however, he never retained. A gross flatterer.



I recollect hearing him address some fulsome compliments to Dr. Beddoes, to which the Doctor appeared to listen with patience. He was, after a peroration of ten minutes' duration, told by the Doctor that he was wrong in his chronology.

"Not right in my chronology!" said the surprised bookseller; "what has chronology to do with the matter?"

"Only this: that so far back as the year 1540, this kind of complimentary insult had become obsolete."

The Knight said no more, but decamped at once.

Once, when in an abstruse argument with Mrs. Barbauld on the Berkleian controversy, she exclaimed,—“Mr. Coleridge! Mr. Coleridge!”

The Knight was present. No sooner did he hear my name mentioned than he came up to my chair, and after making several obsequious obeisances, expressed his regret that he should have been half-an-hour in the company of so great a man without being aware of his good fortune, adding shortly afterwards, “I would have given nine guineas a sheet for his conversation during the last hour and a half!” This too at a time when I had not been at all publicly known more than a month.

He avowed, indeed, afterwards, that he never feared offending by flattery, being convinced that for one man who was offended ninety-nine were pleased with that, which, if presented to others, they would have deemed nauseating and disgusting.

#### *Elder Sisters.*

It is a great advantage both in respect of temper, manners, and the quickening of the faculties, for a boy to have a sister or sisters a year or two older than himself.

#### *Feeling and Expression.*

I devote this brief scroll to Feeling: so no more of disquisition, except it be to declare the entire coincidence of my experience with yours as to the very rare occurrence of strong and deep Feeling in conjunction with free power

and vivacity in the expression of it. The most eminent Tragedians, Garrick for instance, are known to have had their emotions as much at command, and almost as much on the surface, as the muscles of their countenances; and the French, who are all Actors, are proverbially heartless. Is it that it is a false and feverous state for the Centre to live in the Circumference? The vital warmth seldom rises to the surface in the form of sensible Heat, without becoming hectic and inimical to the Life within, the only source of real sensibility. Eloquence itself—I speak of it as habitual and at call—too often is, and is always like to engender, a species of histrionism.—*June 29, 1822.*

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

I have been reading Antony and Cleopatra. It is with me a prime favourite. It is one of the most gorgeous and sustained of all Shakspeare's dramas. In particular do I dote upon the last half of the fifth act.

*Men and Women.*

Men are not more generous than women. Men desire the happiness of women apart from themselves, chiefly, if not only, *when and where* it would be an imputation upon a woman's affections for her to be happy; and women, on their part, seldom cordially carry their wish for their husband's happiness and enjoyment beyond the threshold. Whether it is that women have a passion for nursing, or from whatever cause, they invariably discourage all attempts to seek for health itself, beyond their own abode. When balloons, or those new roads upon which they say it will be possible to travel fifteen miles an hour for a day together, shall become the common mode of travelling, women will become more locomotive;—the health of all classes will be materially benefited. Women will then spend less time in attiring themselves—will invent some more simple head gear, or dispense with it altogether.

Thousands of women, attached to their husbands by the most endearing ties, and who would deplore their death for

months, would oppose a separation for a few weeks in search of health, or assent so reluctantly, and with so much dissatisfaction, as to deprive the remedy of all value—rather make it an evil. I speak of affectionate natures and of the various, but always selfish, guises of self-will.

Caresses and endearment on this side of sickening *fondness*, and affectionate interest in all that concerns himself, from a wife freely chosen, are what every man loves, whether he be communicative or reserved, staid or sanguine. But affection, where it exists, will always prompt or discover its own most appropriate manifestation. All men, even the most surly, are influenced by affection, even when little fitted to excite it.

#### *Accomplishments in Women.*

The notion, that affections are of less importance than advantages, or that the latter dare even be weighed in the scales, is less truly described as opposite to my opinion than as alien from my very nature. As to accomplishments, I do not know whether it is right to cherish a positive opinion of an indifferent thing, that is neither good nor evil. If we leave all moral relations out of view, such as vanity, or the disposition to underrate the solidities of the soul, male or female, &c. &c., the question of *accomplishments* (as they are absurdly called) seems to me to depend on the individual woman, in the same way that dress does. Of two equally amiable and equally beloved women, one looks better in an evening, the other in a morning dress. It is just as it *suits*, and so with accomplishments.

#### *Erasmus.*

I think the Praise of Folly is the most pleasant Book of Erasmus.

The distich which he returned to Sir Thomas More in the place of the horse he had borrowed, is as good as was any steed in the stable of that most excellent Utopian. I cannot see how a good Catholic could refuse to receive it. *He* ought to be prepared to renounce *his* religion who

shrinks from the necessary, inevitable, and legitimate consequences to which it must lead. Here it is :

“Quod mihi dixisti  
De corpore Christi  
Crede quod edas et edis,  
Sic tibi rescribo  
De tuo Palfrido  
Crede quod habeas et habes.”

*Garrick and Shakspeare.*

The warmest admirers of histrionic merit would not willingly be supposed to overlook the difference, both in kind and degree, between an excellence that in its very nature is transient, or continuing, only as an echo, in the memory of a single generation, while the name alone remains for posterity, and a power, enduring as the Soul of Man and commensurate with the human language.

But, without dreading the imputation of a wish to balance weights so unequal, we may assert that if ever two great men might seem to have been made for each other, we have this correspondence presented to us in the instance of Garrick and Shakspeare. It will be sufficient for me to direct attention to one peculiarity, the common and exclusive characteristic of both,—the union of the highest Tragic and Comic Excellence in the same individual. This indeed supersedes the necessity of mentioning the particular merits which it implies and comprehends, while it is eminently and in the exactest sense of the word *characteristic*, inasmuch as this transcendent power sprung from the same source in both,—from an insight into human nature at its fountain head, which exists in those creations of Genius alone, in which the substance and essential forms are the gifts of Meditation and self-research, and the individualizing accidents, and the requisite drapery, are supplied by observation and acquaintance with the world. We may then hope for a second Garrick or of an approach to a Shakspeare where we find a knowledge of Man united to an equal knowledge of Men, and both co-existing with the power of giving Life and Individuality to the products of

both. For such a being possesses the rudiments of every character in himself, and acquires the faculty of *becoming*, for the moment, whatever character he may choose to represent. He combines in his own person at once the materials and the workman. The precious proofs of this rare excellence in our greatest Dramatic Poet are in the hands of all men. To exhibit the same excellence in our greatest actor, we can conceive no more lively or impressive way than by presenting him in the two extreme poles of his creative and almost Protean genius—in his Richard the Third and his Abel Drugger.

*Clubs and the Like.*

In the language of prophecy, the first and prominent symptom of a good or evil will, or influencing tendency, is brought forward as the condition or occasion of all that follows. The first link in the chain of effects is made the representative of the common cause of them all, or the good or evil state of the moral Being of the agents. So, for instance, a turbulent malcontent disposition in large classes of a country, with the assertion of *Rights*, unqualified by, and without any reference to, duties, a vague Lust for Power, mistaken for, and counterfeiting the love of, Liberty,—

“Licence they mean when they cry Liberty,  
For who loves *that*, must first be wise and good,—”

show themselves first in clubs, societies, political unions, &c. &c. And this, as the first prominent symptom, foretells and becomes itself a powerful efficient cause of the disruption, disorganization, and anarchy that follow. Most truly, therefore,—indeed what great truth and principle of State Wisdom can be mentioned which is not to be found in the oracle of the Hebrew Prophets?—most truly doth Isaiah proclaim—ch. viii. v. 9,—“Associate yourselves, O ye people! and ye shall be broken in pieces. Give ear, all ye of far countries! Gird yourselves (*i.e.* form yourselves into Clubs as with Girdles), and ye shall be broken in pieces.”

*Burke.*

Burke possessed and had sedulously sharpened that eye which sees all things, actions, and events, in relation to the laws which determine their existence and circumscribe their possibility. He referred habitually to principles: he was a scientific statesman, and therefore a Seer. For every principle contains in itself the germs of a prophecy; and, as the prophetic power is the essential privilege of science, so the fulfilment of its oracles supplies the outward, and (to men in general) the only test, of its claim to the title. There is not one word I would add or withdraw from this, scarcely one which I would substitute. I can read Burke, and apply everything not merely temporary to the present most fearful condition of our country. I cannot conceive a time or a state of things in which the writings of Burke will not have the highest value.

*Shakspeare and Sneerers.*

Observe the fine humanity of Shakspeare in that his sneerers are all worthless villains. Too cunning to attach value to *self-praise*, and unable to obtain approval from those whom they are compelled to respect, they propitiate their own *self-love* by disparaging and lowering others.

*Wordsworth all Man.*

Of all the men I ever knew, Wordsworth has the least femineity in his mind. He is *all man*. He is a man of whom it might have been said,—“It is good for him to be alone.”

*Domestication.*

I have shown in the *Biographia Literaria* the great evil of too entire domestication. My after-experience would confirm, nay, even extend, this. I incline to think that, unless the husband is abroad the whole day, and therefore only a partaker of his wife's social parties, that in the

choice of their associates they should be independent. To exclude all that a woman or a man might wish to exclude from his or her help-mate's society, might leave the rest of little value, and lead to mutual discomfort. The Turkish method is good: they have no difference of opinion in that fine country; but, as our own habits and customs are different, we should seek to make arrangements in harmony with them; and this I think may be accomplished. Why insist upon a married pair—paired not matched—agreeing in the choice of their visitors? The less the independence of married people, especially that of man, is trenched upon, the better chance of happiness for both. Are there any men to whom the wife has a dislike?—why should she be annoyed with their presence? Are there women amongst his wife's acquaintance who to him are ungenial?—why force them upon the husband's distaste or dislike? I have known permanent aversions, and, what is the same thing, permanent alienations, proceed from this cause, all which might have been avoided by each of the parties simply agreeing to see their own friends without the presence or intervention of the other. In the one case the range of the more kindly sympathies may appear to be circumscribed, in the other, dislike is quickly ripened into aversion.

OMNIANA.





## OMNIANA.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

IN 1812 Longmans issued two small volumes of miscellaneous scraps of criticism and the like, entitled "Omniana, or Horae Otiosiores." The work was anonymous, and had not a word of preface. In the table of contents many of the articles were marked with an asterisk, which the following note explained:—"The articles marked thus are by a different writer."

The book was the joint production of Coleridge and Southey.

We find from a letter of Southey that he was contemplating the publication of a series of fragments,—to appear in the *Athenæum*,<sup>1</sup> and under the title of "Omniana,"—as early as 1806. Again, Jan. 21, 1810, we read,—“From the overflowings of my notes and notanda I am putting together some volumes of *Omniana*.” On Feb. 5, 1811, he writes:—"I urged Coleridge to double the intended number of *Omniana* volumes, merely for the sake of making him do something for his family: this requiring, literally, no other trouble than either cutting out of his commonplace books what has for years been accumulating there, or marking the passage off for a transcriber. He promised to add two volumes, and has contributed one sheet, which, I dare say, unless he soon returns to Cumberland,<sup>2</sup> will be all."

Then the volumes were published. The same year, on Nov. 5, 1812, Southey writes again:—"I have desired Longman to send you a book of shreds and patches, the work of many idle hours—of that sort of laborious idleness

<sup>1</sup> This is not "The Athenæum" of to-day, which began in January, 1828, but the one edited by Dr. Aikin, of 1807, a monthly publication, in which Southey's "Omniana" duly appeared—in part—for it ceased in 1809.

<sup>2</sup> Which he never did.

which is to me the most delightful of all dissipation. You will find some things to smile at, and some curious facts, affording matter for speculation, from which it is not impossible that scientific men may draw conclusions of some importance. I inserted some articles of Coleridge in the book, merely in the hope of getting something from him in this way; he had literally only to cut them out of his common-place books. It was my intention to make four volumes<sup>1</sup> instead of two, in this manner; but he kept the press waiting fifteen months for an unfinished article, so that at last I ordered the sheet on which it was begun to be cancelled, in despair. I have marked whatever<sup>2</sup> is his, and you will wish that it were more."

In the "Remains of S. T. Coleridge," vol. i. 1836, H. N. Coleridge reprints, under the title of "Omniana. 1812," his uncle's contributions to Southey's book. He occasionally inserts passages not to be found in that book, and also makes some omissions. We have, in our re-issue, retained the former, and replaced the latter; and wherever, as is frequently the case, he has tampered with Southey's text, we have restored it, unless the contrary is stated.

Having come to the end of the original "Omniana," H. N. Coleridge proceeds to extend it. Prefixing the date 1809-1816, he adds numerous passages, of a similar nature to the former, which he has collected from various sources, more than doubling the quantity extracted from Southey's book. All this portion we have, of course, included.

Further. There is a copy of "Omniana" in the British Museum, with numerous manuscript notes in Coleridge's hand. It contains the book-mark of James Gillman. Against the table of contents, in vol. i., Coleridge has written,—"The articles with the asterisks prefixed were furnished by S. T. Coleridge, all the others by R. Southey." At the same time he marks with an asterisk, and puts his initials against, some passages in the volumes, in addition to those Southey has marked. These we also supply. They are not to be found in the "Remains." We have also given all Coleridge's manuscript notes, inserting them by

<sup>1</sup> All four would have only made one volume of a reasonable size.

<sup>2</sup> We shall see this is slightly incorrect.

preference in the text, except one or two the binder has destroyed in cutting the edges of the volumes, and one or two for other reasons. When the notes are on Southey's portions, we have inserted, with his initials, just so much of Southey as was needful to explain the note.

On the title-page of vol. ii. Coleridge has written the following :—

*Epitaph on an Insignificant.*

"'Tis Cypher lies beneath this crust,  
Whom death created into dust."

The epitaph is to be found among Coleridge's published poems.

1812.

*Hell.*

Bellarmin makes sweating and crowding one of the chief torments of hell, which Lessius (no doubt after an actual and careful survey) affirms to be exactly a Dutch mile (about a league and a half English) in diameter. But Ribera, grounding his map on deductions from the Apocalypse, makes it two hundred Italian miles. Lessius, it may be presumed, was a Protestant, for whom, of course, a smaller hell would suffice.

*Absolute Being.*

"*I am he who am* is better\* than *I am that I am*.—R. S.

\* No! The sense of *that* is=*because*, or *in that*<sup>2</sup> . . . . myself to be, I am. *Causa sua*—my own . . . . is the ground of my own existence.—C. MS.

*Thomas O'Brien MacMahon.*<sup>3</sup>

I have a book, the author of which must have been in a violent passion during the whole time that he was writing it, and certainly had not cooled when he penned the title-page,—for thus it is entitled:—

"The candor and Good Nature of Englishmen exemplified in their deliberate, cautious, and charitable way of characterizing the Customs, Manners, Constitution, and Religion of Neighbouring Nations, of which their own authors are every where pro-

<sup>1</sup> Southey does not mark with an asterisk the article "*Hell*," as he himself wrote the greater part of it, but Coleridge indicates as his own the portion we have given. H. N. C. omits it.

<sup>2</sup> The note has been partly cut away in binding. The heading is ours.

<sup>3</sup> Coleridge claims this. It is not marked by Southey, nor in the "*Remains*." It is curious, however, that it appears among the "*Omniana*" of the "*Athenæum*." (Passage 63, in Dec., 1807).

duced as vouchers : their moderate, equitable, and humane mode of governing States dependent on them ; their elevated, courteous, and conciliating style and deportment, on all occasions ; with, in particular, a true and well-supported specimen of the ingenuous and liberal manner in which they carry on Religious Controversy." By Thomas O'Brien MacMahon.

This book contains one very amusing passage :—

"You sent out the children of your princes,"—

says he, addressing the Irish,—

"and sometimes your princes in person, to enlighten this Kingdom, then sitting in utter darkness ; and how have they recompensed you ? Why, after lawlessly distributing your estates, possessed for thirteen centuries or more by your illustrious families, whose antiquity and nobility, if equalled by any nation in the world, none but the immutable God of Abraham's ever beloved and chosen, though at present wandering and afflicted, people surpasses ; after, I say, seizing on your inheritances, and flinging them among their Cocks, Hens, Crows, Rooks, Daws, Wolves, Lions, Foxes, Rams, Bulls, Hogs, and other birds and beasts of prey ; or vesting them in the sweepings of their jails, their Smallwoods, Dolittles, Barebones, Strangeways, Smarts, Sharps, Tarts, Sterns, Churls, and Savages ; their Greens, Blacks, Browns, Grays, and Whites ; their Smiths, Carpenters, Brewers, Barbers, Bakers, and Taylors ; their Sutlers, Cutlers, Butlers, Trustlers, and Jugglers ; their Norths, Souths, and Wests ; their Fields, Rows, Streets, and Lanes ; their Tom's sons, John's sons, Will's sons, James's sons, Dick's sons, and Wat's sons ; their Shorts, Longs, Lows, Flats, and Squats ; their Packs, Slacks, Tacks, and Jacks ; [and<sup>1</sup>] to complete their ingratitude and injustice, they transported a cargo of notorious traitors to the Divine Majesty among you, impiously calling the filthy lumber *Ministers of God's Word*."

*Small Wit.\**

\* The pun may be traced from its minimum, in which it exists only in the violent intention and desire of the

<sup>1</sup> The "and" is redundant.

punster to make one. This is the fluxion or pre-nascent quantity, the infinitesimal first moment, or differential, of a pun:—as that of the man who, hearing Lincoln mentioned, grumbling most gutturally, shaking his head, and writhing his nose, muttered,—“Linc-oln, indeed! Linc-coln! *Linc-coln!* You may well call it *Link-coln!*—(a pause)—I was never so bit with bugs in a place, in my whole life before!” Here the reason, *i.e.* vindictive anger striving to ease itself by contempt,—the most frequent origin of puns, next to that of scornful triumph exulting and insulting (see *Paradise Lost*, vi.)—or cause of the impulse or itch to let a pun, was substituted for the pun itself, which the man’s wit could not light on. This, therefore, is the minim. At the other extreme lies the pun polysyllabic.—C. MS.

### *Lions of Romance.*

“There is a distinction\* made in Palmerin de Oliva between *Leones Coronados* and *Leones Pardos*. The former, who may be called Lions Royal, are those who know blood-royal instinctively, and respect it, I suppose, as a family sort of tie. The others have no such instinct.”—R. S.

\* There is a much better reason for this distinction; and I wonder that our zoologists have not noticed the evident diversity (the *variety*, at least) of the *Leones Pardos*, or Leopard Lions, with low round foreheads, and the eyes almost . . . <sup>1</sup> top of the face, as contrasted with the magnificent *Leone Coronado* with high *square* forehead, &c.—C. MS.

### *The Gossamer.\**

“Spenser calls the gossamer

‘The fine nets, which oft we woven see  
Of scorched dew.’

Henry More alludes to this opinion, which seems to have been then commonly held.”—R. S.

<sup>1</sup> Illegible: qy. “on the?”

\* From a Glossary<sup>1</sup> of hard words printed in the reign of James I., I find the true derivation of *gossamere*:—*coma virginis, coma matris Dei*,—*God's Dame's Hair*. So *gossip* is *God's Sib*, or Cousin,—the still nearer baptismal relations being God-father, God-mother.—C. MS.

*The French Decade.*

We<sup>2</sup> have nothing to say in defence of the French revolutionists, as far as they are personally concerned in this substitution of every tenth for the seventh day as a day of rest. It was not only a senseless outrage on an ancient observance, around which a thousand good and gentle feelings had clustered; it not only tended to weaken the bond of brotherhood between France and the other members of Christendom; but it was dishonest, and robbed the labourer of fifteen days of restorative and humanizing repose in every year, and extended the wrong to all the friends and fellow labourers of man in the brute creation. Yet when we hear Protestants, and even those of the Lutheran persuasion, and members of the Church of England, inveigh against this change as a blasphemous contempt of the fourth commandment, we pause, and before we can assent to the verdict of condemnation, we must prepare our minds to include in the same sentence, at least as far as theory goes, the names of several among the most revered reformers of Christianity. Without referring to Luther, we will begin with Master Frith, a founder and martyr of the church of England, having witnessed his faith amid the flames in the year 1533. This meek and enlightened, no less than zealous and orthodox divine, in his "Declaration of Baptism", thus expresses himself:—

"Our forefathers, which were in the beginning of the Church, did abrogate the sabbath, to the intent that men might have an example of Christian liberty. Howbeit, because it was necessary

<sup>1</sup> The reader will do wisely to consult Nares and the like.

<sup>2</sup> There is no particular reason that we see, for substituting "I" for "we," as H.N.C. does, throughout.



that a day should be reserved in which the people should come together to hear the word of God, they ordained instead of the Sabbath, which was Saturday, the next following, which is Sunday. And although they might have kept the Saturday with the Jew as a thing indifferent, yet they did much better."

Some three years after the martyrdom of Frith, in 1536, being the 27th of Henry VIII., suffered Master Tindal in the same glorious cause, and he likewise, in his "Answer to Sir Thomas More," hath similarly resolved this point:—"As for the Sabbath,"—writes this illustrious martyr and translator of the Word of Life,—

"As for the Sabbath, we be lords of the Sabbath, and may yet change it into Monday, or any other day, as we see need; or we may make every tenth day holy day only, if we see cause why. Neither was there any cause to change it from the Saturday, save only to put a difference between us and the Jews; neither need we any holy day at all, if the people might be taught without it."

This great man believed that if Christian nations should ever become Christians indeed, there would every day be so many hours taken from the labour for the perishable body, to the service of the souls and the understandings of mankind, both masters and servants, as to supersede the necessity of a particular day. At present our Sunday may be considered as so much Holy Land, rescued from the sea of oppression and vain luxury, and embanked against the fury of their billows.

#### *Ride and Tie.*

"On a scheme of perfect retribution in the moral world,"—observed Empeiristes, and paused to look at, and wipe his spectacles,—

"Frogs," interposed Musaello, "must have been experimental philosophers, and experimental philosophers must all transmigrate into frogs."

"The scheme will not be yet perfect," added Gelon, "unless our friend Empeiristes is specially privileged to

become an *elect* frog twenty times successively, before he re-ascends into a galvanic philosopher."

"Well, well," replied Empeiristes, with a benignant smile, "I give my consent, if only our little Mary's fits do not recur."

Little Mary was Gelon's only child, and the darling and god-daughter of Empeiristes. By the application of galvanic influence Empeiristes had removed a nervous affection of her right leg, accompanied with symptomatic epilepsy. The tear started into Gelon's eye, and he pressed the hand of his friend, while Musaello, half suppressing, half indulging, a similar sense of shame, sportively exclaimed,— "Hang it, Gelon! somehow or other these philosopher fellows always have the better of us wits, in the long run!"

### *Jeremy Taylor.*

The writings of Bishop Jeremy Taylor are a perpetual feast to me. His hospitable board groans under the weight and multitude of viands. Yet I seldom rise from the perusal of his works, without repeating or recollecting the excellent observation of Minucius Felix:—*Fabulas et errores ab imperitis parentibus discimus; et quod est gravius, ipsis studiis et disciplinis elaboramus.*

### *Criticism.*

Many of our modern criticisms on the works of our elder writers remind me of the connoisseur, who, taking up a small cabinet picture, railed most eloquently at the absurd caprice of the artist in painting a horse sprawling. "Excuse me, sir," replied the owner of the piece, "you hold it the wrong way: it is a horse galloping."

### *Public Instruction.*

Our statesmen, who survey with jealous dread all plans for the education of the lower orders, may be thought to

proceed on the system of antagonist muscles; and in the belief, that the closer a nation shuts its eyes, the wider it will open its hands. Or do they act on the principle, that the *status belli* is the natural relation between the people and the government, and that it is prudent to secure the result of the contest by gouging the adversary in the first instance? Alas! the policy of the maxim is on a level with its honesty. The Philistines had put out the eyes of Samson, and thus, as they thought, fitted him to drudge and grind

“Among the slaves and asses, his comrades,  
As good for nothing else, no better service:—”

but his darkness added to his fury without diminishing his strength, and the very pillars of the temple of oppression—

“With horrible convulsion, to and fro,  
He tugg’d, he shook, till down they came, and drew  
The whole roof after them with burst of thunder,  
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath;  
Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, and priests,  
Their choice nobility.”

*Sam. Agonistes.*

The error might be less unpardonable with a statesman of the continent;—but with Englishmen, who have Ireland in one direction, and Scotland in another;—the one in ignorance, sloth and rebellion, in the other general information, industry, and loyalty;—verily it is not error merely, but infatuation.

*Tractors.\**

“The Tractors are no new mode of quackery,—witness this extract from one of the rogues of the days of old: ‘How famous is that martial ring, which, carried in some fit place, or rubbed on some such part, will allay and cure, &c.’”—R. S.

\* Southey should have recollected that the very same philosophers and the same Medical Board, who denounced

animal magnetism in Paris, confirmed, after a series of experiments, the positive effect of iron applied externally to the body, in rheumatism, &c.—Perkins<sup>1</sup> Tractors have considerable, but not any peculiar powers.—C. MS.

*Picturesque Words.*

Who is ignorant of Homer's Πήλιον εἰσοσίφυλλον? Yet in some Greek (MSS.) hexameters we have met with a compound epithet, which may compete with it for the prize of excellence in "*flashing* on the mental eye" a complete image. It is an epithet of the brutified<sup>2</sup> archangel, and forms the latter half of the verse,—

Κερκοκερώνυχᾱ Σατάν.

Ye youthful bards! compare this word with its literal translation, "tail-horn-hoofed Satan," and be shy of compound epithets, the component parts of which are indebted for their union exclusively to the printer's hyphen. Henry More, indeed, would have naturalized the word without hesitation, and *cercoceronychous* would have shared the astonishment of the English reader in the glossary to his Song of the Soul with Achronycul, Anaisthæsie, &c. &c.

*Toleration.*

The state, with respect to the different sects of religion under its protection, should resemble a well-drawn portrait. Let there be half a score individuals looking at it, every one sees its eyes and its benignant smile directed towards himself.

<sup>1</sup> Southey writes to Coleridge, August 4, 1802, that he had seen "Perkins, the Tractorist, a demure-looking rogue."

<sup>2</sup> There is a reference here in the original *Omniana* to an earlier page, where Southey writes:—"All painters represent the devil with a tail, and in one of the prints to the Dutch translation of Bunyan's Holy War, it may be seen in what manner his breeches-maker accommodates it."

The framer of preventive laws, no less than private tutors and school-masters, should remember, that the readiest way to make either mind or body grow awry, is by lacing it too tight.

### *War.*

It would have proved a striking part of a vision presented to Adam the day after the death of Abel, to have brought before his eyes half a million of men crowded together in the space of a square mile. When the first father had exhausted his wonder on the multitude of his offspring, he would then naturally inquire of his angelic instructor, for what purposes so vast a multitude had assembled? what is the common end? Alas! to murder each other,—all Cains, and yet no Abels!

### *Parodies.*

Parodies on new poems are read as satires; on old ones,—the soliloquy of Hamlet, for instance,—as compliments. A man of genius may securely laugh at a mode of attack by which his reviler, in half a century or less, becomes his encomiast.

### *M. Dupuis.*

Among the extravagancies of faith which have characterized many infidel writers, who would swallow a whale to avoid believing that a whale swallowed Jonas,—a high rank should be given to Dupuis, who, at the commencement of the French Revolution, published a work in twelve volumes, octavo, in order to prove that Jesus Christ was the sun, and all Christians worshippers of Mithra. His arguments, if arguments they can be called, consist chiefly of metaphors quoted from the Fathers. What irresistible conviction would not the following passage from South's sermons (vol. v. p. 165) have flashed on his fancy, had it occurred in the writings of Origen or Tertullian! and

how complete a confutation of all his grounds does not the passage afford to those humble souls, who, gifted with common sense alone, can boast of no additional light received through a crack in their upper apartments :—

“Christ, the great sun of righteousness and saviour of the world, having by a glorious rising, after a red and bloody setting, proclaimed his deity to men and angels; and by a complete triumph over the two grand enemies of mankind, sin and death, set up the everlasting gospel in the room of all false religions, has now changed the Persian superstition into the Christian doctrine, and without the least approach to the idolatry of the former, made it henceforward the duty of all nations, Jews and Gentiles, to worship the rising sun.”

This one passage outblazes the whole host of Dupuis' evidences and extracts. In the same sermon, the reader will meet with Hume's argument against miracles anticipated, and put in Thomas's mouth.

#### *Heretics of the Early Ages.*

“A large class consists of those who resisted the various corruptions of Christianity step by step, from Cerinthus down to Berenger.” \*—R. S.

\* Hush! hush! dear Southey! do not write on what you do not know. The subjects are so few with which you are *not* acquainted, that this abstinence would be but a trifling sacrifice and the occasions of rare occurrence. You might as well have placed Luther and Tom Paine together as Berenger and Cerinthus.—C. MS.

#### *Origin of the Worship of Hymen.*

The origin of the worship of Hymen is thus related by Lactantius. The story would furnish matter for an excellent pantomime. Hymen was a beautiful youth of Athens, who for the love of a young virgin disguised himself, and

assisted at the Eleusinian rites: and at this time he, together with his beloved, and divers other young ladies of that city, was surprised and carried off by pirates, who supposing him to be what he appeared, lodged him with his mistress. In the dead of the night when the robbers were all asleep, he arose and cut their throats. Thence making hasty way back to Athens, he bargained with the parents that he would restore to them their daughter and all her companions, if they would consent to her marriage with him. They did so, and this marriage proving remarkably happy, it became the custom to invoke the name of Hymen at all nuptials.

### *Egotism.*

It is hard and uncandid to censure the great reformers in philosophy and religion for their egotism and boastfulness. It is scarcely possible for a man to meet with continued personal abuse, on account of his superior talents, without associating more and more the sense of the value of his discoveries or detections with his own person. The necessity of repelling unjust contempt, forces the most modest man into a feeling of pride and self-consciousness. How can a tall man help thinking of his size, when dwarfs are constantly on tiptoe beside him? Paracelsus was a braggart and a quack; so was Cardan; but it was their merits, and not their follies, which drew upon them that torrent of detraction and calumny which compelled them so frequently to think and write concerning themselves, that at length it became a habit to do so. Wolff too, though not a boaster, was yet persecuted into a habit of egotism both in his prefaces and in his ordinary conversation; and the same holds good of the founder of the Brunonian system, and of his great namesake Giordano Bruno. The more decorous manners of the present age have attached a disproportionate opprobrium to this foible, and many therefore abstain with cautious prudence from all displays of what they feel. Nay, some do actually flatter themselves that they abhor all egotism, and never betray it either in their writings or discourse. But watch these men nar-

rowly; and in the greater number of cases you will find their thoughts, feelings, and mode of expression saturated with the passion of contempt, which is the concentrated vinegar of egotism.<sup>1</sup>

Your very humble men in company, if they produce any thing, are in that thing of the most exquisite irritability and vanity.

When a man is attempting to describe another person's character, he may be right or he may be wrong; but in one thing he will always succeed, that is, in describing himself. If, for example, he expresses simple approbation, he praises from a consciousness of possessing similar qualities;—if he approves with admiration, it is from a consciousness of deficiency. A. "Ay! he is a sober man." B. "Ah! sir, what a blessing is sobriety!" Here A. is a man conscious of sobriety, who egotizes in *tuism*;—B. is one who, feeling the ill effects of a contrary habit, contemplates sobriety with blameless envy. Again:—A. "Yes, he is a warm man, a moneyed fellow; you may rely upon him." B. "Yes, yes, sir, no wonder! he has the blessing of being well in the world." This reflection might be introduced in defence of plaintive egotism, and by way of preface to an examination of all the charges against it, and from what feelings they proceed. 1800.<sup>2</sup>

Contempt is egotism in ill humour. Appetite without moral affection, social sympathy, and even without passion and imagination,—(in plain English, mere lust,)—is the basest form of egotism,—and being *infra* human, or below humanity, should be pronounced with the harsh breathing, as *he-goat-ism*. 1820.

<sup>1</sup> Here the article ends in Southey's *Omniana*. Coleridge has written in the margin the concluding paragraph,—“Contempt is, &c.”—which we should have omitted in part, had not H. N. Coleridge printed it. The date, 1820, which H. N. C. has appended, must be a little too late. Coleridge dates one of his manuscript notes, further on in the volumes, 1819.

<sup>2</sup> From Mr. Gutch's commonplace book.—H. N. C. We should not be surprised if this extract from Mr. Gutch's book began only at “Your very, &c.” H. N. C. probably inserted it here, as dealing with *Egotism*.



*Cap of Liberty.*

Those who hoped proudly of human nature, and admitted no distinction between Christians and Frenchmen, regarded the first constitution as a colossal statue of Corinthian brass, formed by the fusion and commixture of all metals in the conflagration of the state. But there is a common fungus, which so exactly represents the pole and cap of liberty, that it seems offered by nature herself as the appropriate emblem of Gallic republicanism,—mushroom patriots, with a mushroom cap of liberty.

*Bulls.*

*“Novi ego aliquem qui dormitabundus aliquando pulsari horum quartam audiverit, et sic numeravit, una, una, una, una; ac tum præ rei absurditate, quam anima concipiebat, exclamavit, Næ! delirat horologium! Quater pulsavit horam unam.”*

“I knew a person, who, during imperfect sleep, or dozing, as we say, listened to the clock as it was striking four, and as it struck, he counted the four, one, one, one, one; and then exclaimed, ‘Why, the clock is out of its wits; it has struck one four times over!’”

This is a good exemplification of the nature of bulls, which will be found always to contain in them a confusion of—what the schoolmen would have called—objectivity with subjectivity;—in plain English, the impression of a thing as it exists in itself and extrinsically, with the image which the mind abstracts from the impression. Thus, number, or the total of a series, is a generalization of the mind, an *ens rationis* not an *ens reale*. I have read many attempts at a definition of a bull, and lately in the Edinburgh Review; but it then appeared to me that the definers had fallen into the same fault with Miss Edgeworth, in her delightful essay on bulls, and given the definition of the genus, blunder, for that of the particular

species, bull. I venture, therefore, to propose the following:— a bull consists in a mental juxta-position of incongruous ideas,<sup>1</sup> with the sensation, but without the sense, of connection. The psychological conditions of the possibility of a bull, it would not be difficult to determine; but it would require a larger space than can be afforded in the *Omniana*, at least more attention, than our readers would be likely to afford.

There is a sort of spurious bull, which consists wholly in mistake of language, and which the closest thinker may make, if speaking in a language of which he is not master.

### *Wise Ignorance.*

It is impossible to become either an eminently great, or truly pious man, without the courage to remain ignorant of many things. This important truth is most happily expressed by the elder Scaliger in prose, and by the younger in verse; the latter extract has an additional claim from the exquisite terseness of its diction, and the purity of its Latinity. We particularly recommend its perusal to the commentators on the Apocalypse.

*“Quare ulterior disquisitio morosi atque satagentis animi est; humanæ enim sapientiæ pars est, quædam æquo animo nescire velle.”*

J. C. SCALIG. Ex. 307. s. 29.

*“Ne curiosus quære causas omnium,  
Quæcunque libris vis prophetarum indidit,  
Afflata cælo, plena veraci Deo;  
Nec operta sacri supparo silentii  
Irrumpere aude; sed prudenter præteri!  
Nescire velle quæ magister optimus  
Docere non vult, erudita inscitia est.”*

JOSEF. SCALIG.

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<sup>1</sup> For “ideas” H. N. C. substitutes “images or thoughts.”

*Gift of Tongues.\**

\* In no instance is the love of the marvellous more strikingly exhibited than in the ordinary interpretations of this plain and simple narrative of St. Luke's. On the inrush of the Spirit, the new converts (Jews, from all parts of the Roman empire, then met at Jerusalem,) rushed out of the house, and addressed the crowd, each his own countrymen, and to the scandal of some and surprise of all, in the vernacular dialects, instead of the sacred (Syro-Chaldaic) language,—just as if a man should pray aloud in a Catholic church in any other than Latin prayers. The Apostles sate still the while. At length, observing the workings in the minds of the auditors, the twelve rose at once, and Peter as the Foreman, made the address recorded, and expressly told them, that the *miracle* they had witnessed was a fulfilment of Joel's prophecy, viz. that Laymen should preach in the Spirit in the common tongue. —C. MS.

*Rouge.*

Triumphant generals in Rome wore rouge. The ladies of France, we presume, and their fair sisters and imitators in Britain, conceive themselves always in the chair of triumph, and of course entitled to the same distinction. The custom originated, perhaps, in the humility of the conquerors, that they might seem to blush continually at their own praises. Mr. Gilpin frequently speaks of a "picturesque eye:" with something less of solecism we may affirm that our fair ever-blushing triumphants have secured to themselves the charm of picturesque cheeks, every face being its own portrait.

*Ἐπεα πτερόεντα. Hasty Words.*

I crave mercy (at least of my contemporaries: for if the

Omniana should outlive the present generation, the opinion will not need it); but I could not help writing in the blank page of a very celebrated work<sup>1</sup> the following passage from Picus Mirandola in Epist. ad Hermol. Barb.:—

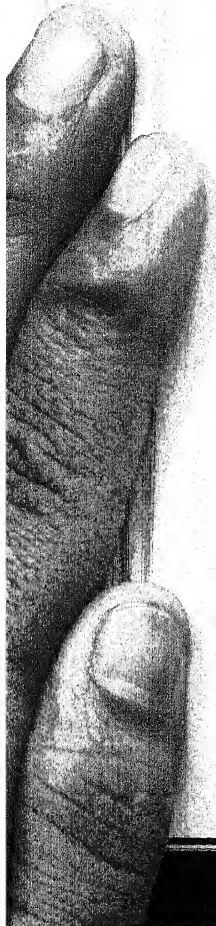
“Movent mihi stomachum grammatistæ quidam, qui cum duas tenuerint vocabulorum origines, ita se ostentant, ita venditant, ita circumferunt jactabundi, ut præ ipsis pro nihilo habendos philosophos arbitrentur.”

*Motives and Impulses.*

It is a matter of infinite difficulty, but fortunately of comparative indifference, to determine what a man's motive may have been for this or that particular action. Rather seek to learn what his objects in general are—What does he habitually wish? habitually pursue?—and thence deduce his impulses, which are commonly the true efficient causes of men's conduct; and without which the motive itself would not have become a motive. Let a haunch of venison represent the motive, and the keen appetite of health and exercise the impulse: then place the same or some more favourite dish before the same man, sick, dyspeptic, and stomach-worn, and we may then weigh the comparative influences of motives and impulses. Without the perception of this truth, it is impossible to understand the character of Iago, who is represented as now assigning one, and then another, and again a third motive for his conduct, all alike the mere fictions of his own restless nature, distempered by a keen sense of his intellectual superiority, and haunted by the love of exerting power, on those especially who are his superiors in practical and moral excellence. Yet how many among our modern critics have attributed to the profound author this, the appropriate inconsistency of the character itself.

A second illustration:—Did Curio, the *quondam* patriot, reformer, and semi-revolutionist, abjure his opinions, and yell the foremost in the hunt of persecution against his old

<sup>1</sup> “Diversions of Purley.”—H. N. C.



friends and fellow-philosophists, with a cold clear pre-termination, formed at one moment, of making £5,000 a year by his apostacy?—I neither know nor care. Probably not. But this I know, that to be thought a man of consequence by his contemporaries, to be admitted into the society of his superiors in artificial rank, to excite the admiration of lords, to live in splendour and sensual luxury, have been the objects of his habitual wishes. A flash of lightning has turned at once the polarity of the compass needle: and so, perhaps, now and then, but as rarely, a violent motive may revolutionize a man's opinions and professions. But more frequently his honesty dies away imperceptibly from evening into twilight, and from twilight into utter darkness. He turns hypocrite so gradually, and by such tiny atoms of motion, that by the time he has arrived at a given point, he forgets his own hypocrisy in the imperceptible degrees of his conversion. The difference between such a man and a bolder liar, is merely that between the hour hand, and that which tells the seconds, on a watch. Of the former you can see only the motion; of the latter both the past motion and the present moving. Yet there is, perhaps, more hope of the latter rogue; for he has lied to mankind only and not to himself: the former lies to his own heart, as well as to the public.

*Inward Blindness.*

Talk to a blind man—he knows he wants the sense of sight, and willingly makes the proper allowances. But there are certain internal senses, which a man may want, and yet be wholly ignorant that he wants them. It is most unpleasant to converse with such persons on subjects of taste, philosophy, or religion. Of course there is no reasoning with them, for they do not possess the facts, on which the reasoning must be grounded. Nothing is possible but a naked dissent, which implies a sort of unsocial contempt; or,—what a man of kind dispositions is very likely to fall into,—a heartless tacit acquiescence, which borders too nearly on duplicity.

*The Vices of Slaves no Excuse for Slavery.*

It often happens that the slave himself has neither the power nor the wish to be free. He is then brutified; but this apathy is the dire effect of slavery, and so far from being a justifying cause, that it contains the grounds of its bitterest condemnation. The Carlovingian<sup>1</sup> race bred up the Merovingi as beasts; and then assigned their unworthiness as the satisfactory reason for their dethronement. Alas! the human being is more easily weaned from the habit of commanding than from that of abject obedience. The slave loses his soul when he loses his master; even as the dog that has lost himself in the street, howls and whines till he has found the house again, where he had been kicked and cudgelled, and half starved to boot. As we, however, or our ancestors, must have inoculated our fellow-creature with this wasting disease of the soul, it becomes our duty to cure him; and though we cannot immediately make him free, yet we can, and ought to, put him in the way of becoming so at some future time, if not in his own person, yet in that of his children. The French are not capable of freedom. Grant this;—but does this fact justify the ungrateful traitor, whose every measure has been to make them still more incapable of it?

*Circulation of the Blood.*

The ancients attributed to the blood the same motion of ascent and descent which really takes place in the sap of trees. Servetus discovered the minor circulation from the heart to the lungs. Do not the following passages of Giordano Bruno (published, 1591) seem to imply more? We put the question, *pauperis forma*, with unfeigned diffidence.

“De Immenso et Innumerabili,” lib. vi. cap. 8.

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<sup>1</sup> We read “Carolingian” in the original. The change is H. N. C.’s.

"Ut in nostro corpore sanguis per totum *circumcursat* et recusat, sic in toto mundo, astro, tellure."

"Quare non aliter quam nostro in corpore sanguis  
Hinc meat, hinc remeat, neque ad inferiora fluit vi  
Majore, ad supera a pedibus quam deinde recedat :—"

and still more plainly, in the ninth chapter of the same book,—

"Quid esset  
*Quodam* ni gyro naturæ cuncta redirent  
Ortus ad proprios rursum; si sorbeat omnes  
Pontus aquas, totum non restituatque perenni  
Ordine; qua possit rerum consistere vita?  
Tanquam si totus concurrat sanguis in unam,  
In qua consistat, partem, nec prima revisat  
Ordia, et antiquos cursus non inde resumat."

It is affirmed in the "Supplement to the Scotch Encyclopædia Britannica," that Des Cartes was the first who, in defiance of Aristotle and the Schools, attributed infinity to the universe. The very title of Bruno's poem proves, that this honour belongs to him.

Feyjoo lays claim to a knowledge of the circulation of the blood for Francisco de la Reyna, a farrier, who published a work upon his own art at Burgos, in 1564. The passage which he quotes is perfectly clear. "Por manera, que la sangre anda en torno, y en rueda por todos los miembros, excluye toda duda." Whether Reyna himself claimed any discovery, Feyjoo does not mention;—but, these words seem to refer to some preceding demonstration of the fact. I am inclined to think that this, like many other things, was known before it was discovered; just as the preventive powers of the vaccine disease, the existence of adipocire in graves, and certain principles in grammar and in population, upon which bulky books have been written and great reputations raised in our days.

*Perituræ Parcere Chartæ.*

What scholar but must at times have a feeling of

splenetic regret, when he looks at the list of novels, in two, three, or four volumes each, published monthly by Messrs. Lane, &c., and then reflects that there are valuable works of Cudworth, prepared by himself for the press, yet still unpublished by the University which possesses them, and which ought to glory in the name of their great author! and that there is extant in manuscript a folio volume of unprinted sermons by Jeremy Taylor. Surely, surely, the patronage of the gentlemen of the Literary Fund<sup>1</sup> might be employed more beneficially to the literature and to the actual *literati* of the country, if they would publish the valuable manuscripts that lurk in our different public libraries, and make it worth the while of men of learning to correct and annotate the copies, instead of —, but we are treading on hot embers!

*To Have and to Be.*

The distinction is marked in a beautiful sentiment of a German poet: Hast thou any thing? share it with me and I will pay thee the worth of it. Art thou any thing? O, then, let us exchange souls!

The following is offered as a mere playful illustration:—

“Women have no souls,” says prophet Mahomet.

“Nay, dearest Anna! why so grave?  
I said you had no soul, 'tis true:  
For what you *are*, you cannot *have*—  
'Tis I, that have one, since I first had you.”

*Party Passion.*

“Well, sir!” exclaimed a lady, the vehement and impassionate<sup>2</sup> partisan of Mr. Wilkes, in the day of his glory, and during the broad blaze of his patriotism,—“Well, sir!

<sup>1</sup> H. N. C. changes this to “of our many literary societies.”

<sup>2</sup> We should now say *passionate*, or *impassioned*.



and will you dare deny that Mr. Wilkes is a great man, and an eloquent man?"—"Oh! by no means, madam! I have not a doubt respecting Mr. Wilkes's talents!"—"Well, but, sir! is he not a fine man, too, and a handsome man?"—"Why, madam! he squints, doesn't he?"—"Squints? yes, to be sure he does, sir! but not a bit more than a gentleman and a man of sense ought to squint!"

*Goodness of Heart Indispensable to a Man of Genius.*

"If men will impartially, and not asquint, look toward the offices and function of a poet, they will easily conclude to themselves the impossibility of any man's being a great poet without being first a good man."—*Ben Jonson's Dedication to Volpone.*

Ben Jonson has borrowed this just and noble sentiment from Strabo, lib. I.

Οὐχ οἷόν ἀγαθὸν γενέσθαι ποιητὴν, μὴ πρότερον γενηθέντα ἄνδρα ἀγαθόν.

*Milton and Ben Jonson.*

Those who have more faith in parallelism than myself, may trace Satan's address to the sun in *Paradise Lost* to the first lines of Ben Jonson's "Poetaster:"—

"Light! I salute thee, but with wounded nerves,  
Wishing thy golden splendour pitchy darkness!"

But even if Milton had the above in his mind, his own verses would be more fitly entitled an apotheosis of Jonson's lines than an imitation.<sup>1</sup>

*Statistics.*

We all remember Burke's curious assertion that there

<sup>1</sup> "There is no reason to suppose Satan's address to the sun in the 'Paradise Lost' more than a mere coincidence with these lines; but were it otherwise, it would be a fine instance, what usurious interest a great genius pays in borrowing."—Coleridge's *Lectures and Notes on Shakspeare*, p. 412 (Standard Library edition).

were 80,000 incorrigible jacobins in England. Mr. Colquhoun is equally precise in the number of beggars, prostitutes, and thieves in the City of London. Mercetinus, who wrote under Lewis XV., seems to have afforded the precedent; he assures his readers, that by an accurate calculation there were 50,000 incorrigible atheists in the City of Paris! Atheism then may have been a co-cause of the French revolution; but it should not be burthened on it, as its monster-child.

*Magnanimity.*

The following ode was written by Giordano Bruno, under prospect of that martyrdom which he soon after suffered at Rome, for atheism: that is, as is proved by all his works, for a lofty and enlightened piety, which was of course unintelligible to bigots and dangerous to an apostate hierarchy. If the human mind be, as it assuredly is, the sublimest object which nature affords to our contemplation, these lines, which portray the human mind under the action of its most elevated affections, have a fair claim to the praise of sublimity. The work from which they are extracted is exceedingly rare (as are, indeed, all the works of the Nolan philosopher), and I have never seen them quoted:—

“Dædaleas vacuis plumas nectere humeris  
Concupiant alii; aut vi suspendi nubium  
Alis, ventorumve appetant remigium;  
Aut orbitæ flammantis raptari alveo;  
Bellerophontisve alitem.

“Nos vero illo donati sumus genio,  
Ut fatum intrepedi objectasque umbras cernimus,  
Ne cæci ad lumen solis, ad perspicuas  
Naturæ voces surdi, ad Divum munera  
Ingrato adsimus pectore.

" Non curamus stultorum quid opinio  
De nobis ferat, aut queis dignetur sedibus.  
Alis ascendimus sursum melioribus !  
Quid nubes ultra, ventorum ultra est semita,  
Vidimus, quantum satis est.

" Illuc conscendent plurimi, nobis ducibus,  
Per scalam proprio erectam et firmam in pectore,  
Quam Deus, et vegeti sors dabit ingeni ;  
Non manes, pluma, ignis, ventus, nubes, spiritus,  
Divinantum phantasmata.

" Non sensus vegetans, non me ratio arguet,  
Non indoles exculti clara ingenii ;  
Sed perfidi sycophantæ supercilium  
Absque lance, statera, trutina, oculo,  
Miraculum armati segete.

" Versificantis grammatistæ encomium,  
Buglossæ Græcissantum, et epistolia  
Lectorem libri salutantum a limine,  
Latrantum adversum Zoilos, Momos, mastiges,  
Hinc absint testimonia !

" Procedat nudus, quem non ornant nubila,  
Sol ! Non conveniunt quadrupedum phaleræ  
Humano dorso ! Porro veri species  
Quæsita, inventa, et patefacta me efferat !  
Etsi nullus intelligat,  
Si cum natura sapio, et sub numine,  
Id vere plus quam satis est."

The conclusion alludes to a charge of impenetrable obscurity, in which Bruno shares one and the same fate with Plato, Aristotle, Kant, and in truth with every great discoverer and benefactor of the human race ; excepting only when the discoveries have been capable of being rendered palpable to the outward senses, and have therefore come under the cognizance of our "sober judicious critics," the men of "sound common sense ;" that is, of those snails in intellect, who wear their eyes at the tips of their feelers, and cannot even see unless they at the same time touch.

When these finger-philosophers affirm that Plato, Bruno, &c. must have been "out of their senses," the just and proper retort is,—“Gentlemen! it is still worse with you! you have lost your reason!”

By the by, Addison in the *Spectator* has grossly misrepresented the design and tendency of Bruno's *Bestia Triumphante*; the object of which was to show of all the theologies and theogonies, which have been conceived for the mere purpose of solving problems in the material universe, that as they originate in fancy, so they all end in delusion, and act to the hindrance or prevention of sound knowledge and actual discovery. But the principal and most important truth taught in this allegory is, that in the concerns of morality, all pretended knowledge of the will of Heaven, which is not revealed to man through his conscience; that all commands, which do not consist in the unconditional obedience of the will to the pure reason, without tampering with consequences (which are in God's power, not in ours); in short, that all motives of hope and fear from invisible powers, which are not immediately derived from, and absolutely coincident with, the reverence due to the supreme reason of the universe, are all alike dangerous superstitions. The worship founded on them, whether offered by the Catholic to St. Francis, or by the poor African to his Fetish, differ in form only, not in substance. Herein Bruno speaks not only as a philosopher, but as an enlightened Christian;—the Evangelists and Apostles every where representing their moral precepts not as doctrines then first revealed, but as truths implanted in the hearts of men, which their vices only could have obscured.

#### *Aqua Vitæ.*

“One Theoricus wrote a proper treatise of Aqua Vitæ,\* says Stanihurst, wherein he praiseth it unto the ninth degree. He . . . &c.”—R. S.

\* Even this is not so hearty, so heart-felt an eulogy on Aqua Vitæ, the Brannte (= Brandy) wein, as I met with

painted on a board in a Public House on the skirts of the Hartz in N. Germany:—

Des Morgans ist das Branntwein gut,  
 Desgleichen zum Mittag:  
 Und wer am Abend ein Schlüchgen thut,  
 Der ist frei von aller Plage:  
 Auch kann es gar kein Schade seyn  
 Zum Mitternacht, das Brannte Wein!

*i.e.* "Of a morning is the brandy-wine good, and the like at noon-day; and he who takes a sip at evening-tide is free from all care. Likewise it can sure be no harm at midnight, the Brandy-wine."—C. MS.

*Negroes and Narcissuses.*

There are certain tribes of Negroes who take for the deity of the day the first thing they see or meet with in the morning. Many of our fine ladies, and some of our very fine gentlemen, are followers of the same sect; though by aid of the looking-glass they secure a constancy as to the object of their devotion.

*An Anecdote.*

We here in England received a very high character of Lord —— during his stay abroad. "Not unlikely, sir," replied the traveller; "a dead dog at a distance is said to smell like musk."

*The Pharos at Alexandria.*

Certain full and highly-wrought dissuasives from sensual indulgencies, in the works of theologians as well as of satirists and story-writers, may, not unaptly, remind one of the Pharos, the many lights of which appeared at a distance as one, and this as a polar star, so as more often to occasion wrecks than prevent them.

At the base of the Pharos the name of the reigning monarch was engraved, on a composition, which the artist well knew would last no longer than the king's life. Under this, and cut deep in the marble itself, was his own name and dedication :—" Sostratos of Gnydos, son of Dexteles to the Gods, protectors of sailors !"—So will it be with the *Georgium Sidus* the *Ferdinandia*, &c. &c.—Flattery's plaister of Paris will crumble away, and under it we shall read the names of Herschel, Piozzi, and their compeers.

### *Sense and Common Sense.*

I have noticed two main evils in philosophizing. The first is, the absurdity of demanding proof for the very facts which constitute the nature of him who demands it,—a proof for those primary and unceasing revelations of self-consciousness, which every possible proof must presuppose; reasoning, for instance, *pro* and *con*, concerning the existence of the power of reasoning. Other truths may be ascertained; but these are certainty itself (all at least which we mean by the word), and are the measure of every thing else which we deem certain. The second evil is, that of mistaking for such facts mere general prejudices, and those opinions that, having been habitually taken for granted, are dignified with the name of common sense. Of these, the first is the more injurious to the reputation, the latter more detrimental to the progress of philosophy. In the affairs of common life we very properly appeal to common sense; but it is absurd to reject the results of the microscope from the negative testimony of the naked eye. Knives are sufficient for the table and the market;—but for the purposes of science we must dissect with the lancet.

As an instance of the latter evil, take that truly powerful and active intellect, Sir Thomas Brown, who, though he had written a large volume in detection of vulgar errors, yet peremptorily pronounces the motion of the earth round the sun, and consequently the whole of the Copernican system, unworthy of any serious confutation, as being manifestly repugnant to common sense; which said com-

mon sense, like a miller's scales, used to weigh gold or gases, may, and often does, become very gross, though unfortunately not very uncommon, nonsense. And as for the former, which may be called *Logica Præpostera*, I have read in metaphysical essays of no small fame, arguments drawn *ab extra* in proof and disproof of personal identity, which, ingenious as they may be, were clearly anticipated by the little old woman's appeal to her little dog, for the solution of the very same doubts, occasioned by her petticoats having been cut round about:—

“If I be not I,<sup>1</sup> he'll bark and he'll rail,  
But if I be I, he'll wag his little tail.”

### *Toleration.*

I dare confess that Mr. Locke's treatise on Toleration appeared to me far from being a full and satisfactory answer to the subtle and oft-times plausible arguments of Bellarmine, and other Romanists. On the whole, I was more pleased with the celebrated W. Penn's tracts on the same subject. The following extract from his excellent letter to the king of Poland appeals to the heart rather than to the head, to the Christian rather than to the philosopher; and, besides, overlooks the ostensible object of religious penalties, which is not so much to convert the heretic, as to prevent the spread of heresy. The thoughts, however, are so just in themselves, and expressed with so much life and simplicity, that it well deserves a place in these *Omniana*:—

“Now, O Prince! give a poor Christian leave to expostulate with thee. Did Christ Jesus or his holy followers endeavour, by precept or example, to set up their religion with a carnal sword? Called he any troops of men or angels to defend him? Did he

<sup>1</sup> In the *Omniana*, as also in the *Remains*, we have—

“If it is not me . . . .”

The text is Coleridge's manuscript alteration.

encourage Peter to dispute his right with the sword? But did he not say, *Put it up?* Or did he countenance his over-zealous disciples, when they would have had fire from heaven to destroy those that were not of their mind? No! But did not Christ rebuke them, saying, *Ye know not what spirit ye are of?* And if it was neither Christ's spirit, nor their own spirit that would have fire from heaven,—Oh! what is that spirit that would kindle fire on earth, to destroy such as peaceably dissent upon the account of conscience!

“O King! when did the true religion persecute? When did the true church offer violence for religion? Were not her weapons prayers, tears, and patience? Did not Jesus conquer by these weapons, and vanquish cruelty by suffering? Can clubs, and staves, and swords, and prisons, and banishments, reach the soul, convert the heart, or convince the understanding of man? When did violence ever make a true convert, or bodily punishment a sincere Christian? This maketh void the end of Christ's coming. Yea, it robbeth God's spirit of its office, which is to convince the world. That is the sword by which the ancient Christians overcame.”

The theory of persecution seems to rest on the following assumptions. 1. A duty implies a right. We have a right to do whatever it is our duty to do. 2. It is the duty, and consequently the right, of the supreme power in a state to promote the greatest possible sum of well-being in that state. 3. This is impossible without morality. 4. But morality can neither be produced or preserved in a people at large without true religion. 5. Relative to the duties of the legislature or governors, that is the true religion which they conscientiously believe to be so. 6. As there can be but one true religion, at the same time, this one it is their duty and right to authorize and protect. 7. But the established religion cannot be protected and secured except by the imposition of restraints or the influence of penalties on those, who profess and propagate hostility to it. 8. True religion, consisting of precepts, counsels, commandments, doctrines, and historical narratives, cannot be effectually proved or defended, but by a comprehensive view of the whole as a system. Now this cannot be hoped for from the



mass of mankind. But it may be attacked, and the faith of ignorant men subverted by particular objections, by the statement of difficulties without any counter-statement of the greater difficulties which would result from the rejection of the former, and by all the other stratagems used in the desultory warfare of sectaries and infidels. This is, however, manifestly dishonest and dangerous, and there must exist, therefore, a power in the state to prevent, suppress, and punish it. 9. The advocates of toleration have never been able to agree among themselves concerning the limits to their own claims; have never established any clear rules, as to what shall and what shall not be admitted under the name of religion and conscience. Treason and the grossest indecencies not only may be, but have been, called by these names: as among the earlier Anabaptists. 10. And last, it is a *petitio principii*, or begging the question, to take for granted that a state has no power except in case of overt acts. It is its duty to prevent an evil, as much at least as to punish the perpetrators of it. Besides, preaching and publishing are overt acts. Nor has it yet been proved, though often asserted, that a Christian sovereign has nothing to do with the external<sup>1</sup> happiness or misery of the fellow creatures entrusted to his charge.

*Hint for a new Species of History.*

"The very knowledge of the opinions and customs of so considerable a part of mankind as the Jews now are, and especially have been heretofore, is valuable both for pleasure and use. It is a very good piece of history, and that of the best kind, namely, of human nature, and of that part of it which is most different from us, and commonly the least known to us. And, indeed, the principal advantage which is to be made by the wiser sort of men of most writings, is rather to see what men think and are, than to be informed of the natures and truth of things; to observe what thoughts and passions have occupied

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge's MS. correction of "eternal,"—an unfortunate misprint, which must have puzzled H. N. C.; who, however, retains it.

men's minds, what opinions and manners they are of. In this view it becomes of no mean importance to notice and record the strangest ignorance, the most putid fables, impertinent, trifling, ridiculous disputes, and more ridiculous pugnacity in the defence and retention of the subjects disputed."—*Publisher's Preface to the Reader. Lightfoot's Works*, vol. i.

In the thick volume of title-pages and chapters of contents (composed) of large and small works correspondent to each (proposed) by a certain *omni*-pregnant, *nihili*-parturient, genius of the editor's acquaintance, not the least promising is,—“A History of the morals and (as connected therewith) of the manners of the English Nation from the Conquest to the present time.” From the chapter of contents it appears, that my friend is a steady believer in the uninterrupted progression of his fellow countrymen; that there has been a constant growth of wealth and well-being among us, and with these an increase of knowledge, and with increasing knowledge an increase and diffusion of practical goodness. The degrees of acceleration, indeed, have been different at different periods. The moral being has sometimes crawled, sometimes strolled, sometimes walked, sometimes run; but it has at all times been moving onward. If in any one point it has gone backward, it has been only in order to leap forward in some other. The work was to commence with a numeration table, or catalogue, of those virtues or qualities which make a man happy in himself, and which conduce to the happiness of those about him, in a greater or lesser sphere of agency. The degree and the frequency in which each of these virtues manifested themselves, in the successive reigns from William the Conqueror inclusively, were to be illustrated by apposite quotations from the works of contemporary writers, not only of historians and chroniclers, but of the poets, romance writers, and theologians, not omitting the correspondence between literary men, the laws and regulations, civil and ecclesiastical, and whatever records the industry of antiquarians has brought to light in their provincial, municipal, and monastic histories:—tall tomes and huge! undegenerate sons of Anak, which look down from a dizzy

height on the dwarfish progeny of contemporary wit, and can find no associates in size at a less distance than two centuries; and in arranging which the puzzled librarian must commit an anachronism in order to avoid an anapopism.

\* Such of these illustrations as most amused or impressed me, when I heard them (for alas! even his very title pages and contents my friend composes only in air!) I shall probably attempt to preserve in different parts of the *Omniana*. At present I shall cite one article only which I found wafered on a blank leaf of his memorandum book, superscribed: "Flattering news for *Anno Domini* 2000, whenever it shall institute a comparison between itself and the 17th and 18th centuries." It consists of an extract, say rather, an exsection from the Kingston Mercantile Advertiser, from Saturday, August the 15th, to Tuesday, August 18th, 1801. This paper, which contained at least twenty more advertisements of the very same kind, was found by accident among the wrapping-papers in the trunk of an officer just returned from the West India station. They stand here exactly as in the original, from which they are reprinted:—

"Kingston, July 30, 1801.

"Ran away, about three weeks ago, from a penn near Halfway Tree, a negro wench, named Nancy, of the Chamba country, strong made, an ulcer on her left leg, marked D. C. diamond between. She is supposed to be harboured by her husband, Dublin, who has the direction of a wherry working between this town and Port Royal, and is the property of Mr. Fishley, of that place; the said negro man having concealed a boy in his wherry before. Half a joe will be paid to any person apprehending the above described wench, and delivering to Mr. Archibald M' Lea, East end; and if found secreted by any person, the law will be put in force."

"Kingston, August 13, 1801.

"Strayed on Monday evening last, a negro boy of the Moco country, named Joe, the property of Mr. Thomas Williams, planter, in St. John's, who had sent him to town under the charge of a negro man, with a cart for provisions. The said boy is,

perhaps, from 15 to 18 years of age, about twelve months in the country, no mark, speaks little English, but can tell his owner's name; had on a long Oznaburg frock. It is supposed he might have gone out to vend some pears and lemon-grass, and have lost himself in the street. One pistole will be paid to any person apprehending and bringing him to this office."

"Kingston, July 1, 1801.

"Forty Shillings Reward.

"Strayed on Friday evening last, (and was seen going up West Street the following morning), a small bay

HORSE,

the left ear lapped, flat rump, much scored from the saddle on his back, and marked on the near side F. M. with a diamond between. Whoever will take up the said horse, and deliver him to W. Balantine, butcher, back of West Street, will receive the above reward."

"Kingston, July 4, 1801.

"Strayed on Sunday morning last, from the subscriber's house, in East Street, a bright dun He-Mule, the mane lately cropped, a large chafe slightly skinned over on the near buttock, and otherwise chafed from the action of the harness in his recent breaking. Half a joe will be paid to any person taking up and bringing this mule to the subscriber's house, or to the Store in Harbour Street.

"JOHN WALSH."

"Kingston, July 2, 1801.

"Ten pounds Reward,

"Ran away

"About two years ago from the subscriber. a Negro woman named

DORAH,

purchased from Alexander M'Kean, Esq. She is about 20 years of age, and 5 feet 6 or 7 inches high; has a mark on one of her shoulders, about the size of a quarter dollar, occasioned, she says, by the yaws; of a coal black complexion, very artful, and most probably passes about the country with false papers and under another name; if that is not the case, it must be presumed she is harboured about Green pond, where she has a mother and other connexions."

What a history ! horses and negroes ! negroes and horses ! It makes me tremble at my own nature. Surely, every religious and conscientious Briton is equally a debtor in gratitude to Thomas Clarkson and his fellow labourers with every African : for on the soul of every individual among us did a portion of guilt rest, as long as the Slave Trade remained legal.

P.S. A few years back the public was satiated with accounts of the happy condition of the slaves in our colonies, and of the great encouragement and facilities afforded to such of them, as by industry and foresight laboured to better their situation. With what truth this is stated as the general tone of feeling among our planters, and their agents, may be conjectured from the following sentences, which made part of what in England we call the leading paragraph of the same newspaper :—

“Strange as it may appear, we are assured as a fact, that a number of slaves in this town have purchased lots of land, and are absolutely in possession of the fee simple of lands and tenements. Neither is it uncommon for the men slaves to purchase or manumize their wives, and *vice versa*, the wives their husbands. To account for this, we need only look to the depredations daily committed, and the impositions practised to the distress of the community and ruin of the fair trader. Negro yards too, under such direction, will necessarily prove the asylum of runaways from the country.”

*Sensibility.\**

\* In an<sup>1</sup> obscure and short-lived periodical publication, which has long since been *used off* as “winding-sheets for herrings and pilchards,” I met with one paragraph,<sup>2</sup> which deserves preservation, as connected with public evils in

<sup>1</sup> The passage is omitted in the “Remains.”

<sup>2</sup> It reads like Coleridge's own. We leave the reader to search for it in *The Watchman*, 1796.

general, as well as more particularly with a subject noticed in a former volume."<sup>1</sup>

"There is observable among the many a false and bastard sensibility, prompting to remove those evils, and those alone, which disturb their enjoyments by being present to their senses. Other miseries, though equally certain and far more terrible, they not only do not endeavour to remedy; they support them, they fatten on them. Provided the dunghill be not before their parlour-window, they are well content to know that it exists, and that it is the hot-bed of their luxuries.

"To this grievous failing we must attribute the frequency of war, and the long continuance of the slave-trade. The merchant found no argument against it in his ledger; the citizen at the crowded feast was not nauseated by the filth of the slave vessel; the fine lady's nerves were not shattered by the shrieks. She could sip a beverage sweetened with the product of human blood, and worse than that, of human guilt; and weep the while over the refined sorrows of Werter or of Clementina. But sensibility is not benevolence. Nay, by making us tremblingly alive to trifling misfortunes, it frequently precludes it, and induces effeminate and cowardly selfishness. Our own sorrows, like the princes of Hell in Milton's Pandæmonium, sit enthroned 'bulky and vast:' while the miseries of our fellow-creatures dwindle into pigmy forms, and are crowded, an innumerable multitude! into some dark corner of the heart. There is one criterion, by which we may always distinguish benevolence from mere sensibility. Benevolence impels to action, and is accompanied by self-denial."

### *Teat Sparring.*

When I hear (as who now can travel twenty miles in a stage coach without the probability of hearing) an ignorant religionist quote an unconnected sentence of half a dozen words from any part of the Old or New Testament, and resting on the literal sense of these words the eternal misery of all who reject, nay, even of all those countless

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to the previous article, which is included in Southey's first volume, whereas this appears in the second.

myriads who have never had the opportunity of accepting this, and sundry other articles of faith conjured up by the same textual magic; I ask myself what idea these persons form of the Bible, that they should use it in a way which they themselves use no other book in? They deem the whole written by inspiration. Well! but is the very essence of rational discourse, that is, connection and dependency done away, because the discourse is infallibly rational? The mysteries, which these spiritual lynxes detect in the simplest texts, remind me of the 500 nondescripts, each as large as his own black cat, which Dr. Katterfelto, by aid of his solar microscope, discovered in a drop of transparent water.

But to a contemporary who has not thrown his lot in the same helmet with them, these fanatics think it a crime to listen. Let them then, or far rather, let those who are in danger of infection from them, attend to the golden aphorisms of the old and orthodox divines. "Sentences in scripture (says Dr. Donne), like hairs in horse-tails, concur in one root of beauty and strength; but being plucked out, one by one, serve only for springes and snares."

The second I transcribe from the preface to Lightfoot's works. "Inspired writings are an inestimable treasure to mankind; for so many sentences, so many truths. But then the true sense of them must be known: otherwise, so many sentences, so many authorized falsehoods."

### *Pelagianism.*

Our modern latitudinarians will find it difficult to suppose, that any thing could have been said in the defence of Pelagianism equally absurd with the facts and arguments which have been adduced in favour of original sin, (taking sin as guilt; that is, observes a Socinian wit, the crime of being born). But in the comment of Rabbi Akibah on Ecclesiastes xii. 1, we have a story of a mother, who must have been a most determined believer in the uninheritability of sin. For having a sickly and deformed child, and resolved that it should not be thought to have been

punished for any fault of its parents or ancestors, and yet having nothing else to blame the child for, she seriously and earnestly accused it before the judge of having kicked her unmercifully during her pregnancy.

I am firmly persuaded that no doctrine was ever widely diffused, among various nations through successive ages, and under different religions, (such as is the doctrine of original sin, and redemption,—those fundamental articles of every known religion professing to be revealed,) which is not founded either in the nature of things or in the necessities of our nature. In the language of the schools, it carries with it presumptive evidence that it is either objectively or subjectively true. And the more strange and contradictory such a doctrine may appear to the understanding, or discursive faculty, the stronger is the presumption in its favour. For whatever satirists may say, and sciolists imagine, the human mind has no predilection for absurdity. I do not, however, mean that such a doctrine shall be always the best possible representation of the truth on which it is founded, for the same body casts strangely different shadows in different places, and different degrees of light; but that it always does shadow out some such truth, and derives its influence over our faith from our obscure perception of that truth; yea, even where the person himself attributes his belief of it to the miracles, with which it was announced by the founder of his religion.

### *The Soul and its Organs of Sense.*

It is a strong presumptive proof against materialism, that there does not exist a language on earth, from the rudest to the most refined, in which a materialist can talk for five minutes together, without involving some contradiction in terms to his own system. *Objection.* Will not this apply equally to the astronomer? Newton, no doubt, talked of the sun's rising and setting, just like other men. What should we think of the coxcomb, who should have objected to him, that he contradicted his own system? *Answer—*



No! it does not apply equally; say rather, it is utterly inapplicable to the astronomer and natural philosopher. For his philosophic, and his ordinary language speak of two quite different things, both of which are equally true. In his ordinary language, he refers to a fact of appearance, to a phenomenon common and necessary to all persons in a given situation; in his scientific language he determines that one position or figure, which being supposed, the appearance in question would be the necessary result, and all appearances in all situations may be demonstrably foretold. Let a body be suspended in the air, and strongly illuminated. What figure is here? A triangle. But what here? A trapezium;—and so on. The same question put to twenty men, in twenty different positions and distances, would receive twenty different answers: and each would be a true answer. But what is that one figure which, being so placed, all these facts of appearance must result, according to the law of perspective?—Ay! this is a different question, this is a new subject. The words, which answer this, would be absurd, if used in reply to the former.<sup>1</sup>

Thus, the language of the scriptures on natural objects is as strictly philosophical as that of the Newtonian system. Perhaps more so. For it is not only equally true, but it is universal among mankind, and unchangeable. It describes facts of appearance. And what other language would have been consistent with the divine wisdom? The inspired writers must have borrowed their terminology, either from the crude and mistaken philosophy of their own times, and so have sanctified and perpetuated falsehood, unintelligible meantime to all but one in ten thousand; or they must have anticipated the terminology of the true system, without any revelation of the system itself, and so have become unintelligible to all men; or lastly, they must have revealed the system itself, and thus have left nothing for the exercise, development, or reward of the human understanding, instead of teaching that moral knowledge, and enforcing those social and civic virtues, out of which the arts and sciences will spring up in due time, and of their own

<sup>1</sup> See "Church and State." Appendix, p. 231.—H. N. C.

accord. But nothing of this applies to the materialist; he refers to the very same facts, of which the common language of mankind speaks: and these too are facts that have their sole and entire being in our own consciousness; facts, as to which *esse* and *conscire* are identical. Now, whatever is common to all languages, in all climates, at all times, and in all stages of civilization, must be the exponent and consequent of the common consciousness of man as man. Whatever contradicts this universal language, therefore, contradicts the universal consciousness, and the facts in question subsisting exclusively in consciousness, whatever contradicts the consciousness contradicts the fact.  
—Q. E. D.

I have been seduced into a dry discussion, where I had intended only a few amusing facts, in proof that the mind makes the sense far more than the senses make the mind. If I have life, and health, and leisure, I purpose to compile from the works, memoirs, and transactions of the different philosophical societies in Europe, from magazines, and the rich store of medical and psychological publications, furnished by the English, French, and German press, all the essays and cases, that relate to the human faculties under unusual circumstances, (for pathology is the crucible of physiology), excluding such only as are not intelligible without the symbols or terminology of the science. These I would arrange under the different senses and powers: as the eye, the ear, the touch, &c.; the imitative power, voluntary and automatic: the imagination, or shaping and modifying power; the fancy, or the aggregative and associative power;<sup>1</sup> the understanding, or the regulative, substantiating, and realizing power; the speculative reason, *vis theoretica et scientifica*, or the power by which we produce, or aim to produce, unity, necessity, and universality

<sup>1</sup> It will be remembered that these remarks first appeared in 1812. In 1815 Wordsworth collected his poems, prefixing certain dissertations on the nature of poetry, and in them took occasion to object to Coleridge's definition of *fancy* as "too general." "To aggregate," he says, "and to associate, to evoke and combine, belong as well to the imagination as the fancy." To Wordsworth's objections Coleridge replied, in 1817, in the twelfth chapter of his *Biographia Literaria*, to which the reader is referred:—page 138 (Standard Library edition).


in all our knowledge by means of principles, <sup>1</sup> *a priori*; the will, or practical reason; the faculty of choice, (*Germanisch, Willkühr*), and (distinct both from the moral will, and the choice), the sensation of volition, which I have found reason to include under the head of single and double touch. Thence I propose to make a new arrangement of madness, whether as defect, or as excess, of any of these senses or faculties; and thus by appropriate cases to show the difference between;—1. a man having lost his reason but not his senses or understanding—that is, he sees things as other men see them;—he adapts means to ends, as other men would adapt them, and not seldom, with more sagacity;—but his final end is altogether irrational; 2. his having lost his wits, that is, his understanding or judicial power; but not his reason or the use of his senses;—(such was Don Quixote; and, therefore, we love and reverence him, while we despise Hudibras): 3. his being out of his senses, as in the case of a hypochondrist, to whom his limbs appear to be of glass;—granting that, all his conduct is both rational, or moral, and prudent: 4. Or the case may be a combination of all three, though I doubt the existence of such a case; or of any two of them: 5. Or lastly, it may be merely such an excess of sensation, as overpowers and suspends all; which is frenzy or raving madness.

A diseased state of an organ of sense, or of the inner organs connected with it, will perpetually tamper with the understanding, and unless there be an energetic and watchful counteraction of the judgment (of which I have known more than one instance, in which the comparing and reflecting judgment has obstinately, though painfully, rejected the full testimony of the senses,) will finally overpower it. But when the organ is obliterated, or totally sus-

<sup>1</sup> This phrase, *a priori*, is, in common, most grossly misunderstood, and an absurdity burthened on it which it does not deserve. By knowledge *a priori*, we do not mean that we can know any thing previously to experience, which would be a contradiction in terms; but having once known it by occasion of experience (that is, something acting upon us from without) we then know that it must have pre-existed, or the experience itself would have been impossible. By experience only I know, that I have eyes; but then my reason convinces me, that I must have had eyes in order to the experience.—C.

pended, then the mind applies some other organ to a double use. Passing through Temple Sowerby, in Westmoreland, some ten years back, I was shown a man perfectly blind; and blind from his infancy. Fowell was his name. This man's chief amusement was fishing on the wild and uneven banks of the River Eden, and up the different streams and tarns among the mountains. He had an intimate friend, likewise stone blind, a dexterous card player, who knows every gate and stile far and near throughout the country. These two often coursed together, and the people, here, as every where, fond of the marvellous, affirm that they were the best beaters up of game in the whole country. The every way amiable and estimable John Gough of Kendal is not only an excellent mathematician, but an infallible botanist and zoologist. He has frequently at the first feel corrected the mistakes of the most experienced sportsman with regard to the birds or vermin which they had killed, when it chanced to be a variety or rare species, so completely resembling the common one, that it required great steadiness of observation to detect the difference, even after it had been pointed out. As to plants and flowers, the rapidity of his touch appears fully equal to that of sight; and the accuracy greater. Good heavens! it needs only to look at him! Why his face sees all over! It is all one eye! I almost envied him; for the purity and excellence of his own nature, never broken in upon by those evil looks, (or features, which are looks become fixtures), with which low cunning, habitual cupidity, presumptuous sciolism, and heart-hardening vanity, caledonianize<sup>1</sup> the human face,—it is the mere stamp, the undisturbed *ectypon* of his own soul! Add to this, that he is a Quaker, with all the blest negatives, without any of the silly and factious positives, of that sect, which, with all its bogs and hollows, is still the prime sunshine spot of Christendom in the eye of the true philosopher. When I was in Germany in the year 1798, I read at Hanover, and met with two respectable persons, one a clergyman, the other a physician, who confirmed to me the account of the

<sup>1</sup> H. N. C. substitutes "coarsen."



upper-stall master at Hanover, written by himself, and countersigned by all his medical attendants. As far as I recollect, he had fallen from his horse on his head, and in consequence of the blow lost both his sight and hearing for nearly three years, and continued for the greater part of this period in a state of nervous fever. His understanding, however, remained unimpaired and unaffected, and his entire consciousness, as to outward impressions, being confined to the sense of touch, he at length became capable of reading any book (if printed, as most German books are, on coarse paper) with his fingers, in much the same manner in which the piano-forte is played, and latterly with an almost incredible rapidity. Likewise by placing his hand, with the fingers all extended, at a small distance from the lips of any person that spoke slowly and distinctly to him, he learned to recognize each letter by its different effects on his nerves, and thus spelt the words as they were uttered: and then<sup>1</sup> returned the requisite answers, either by signs of finger-language to those of his own family, or to strangers by writing. It was particularly noticed both by himself from his sensations, and by his medical attendants from observation, that the letter R, if pronounced full and strong, and recurring once or more in the same word, produced a small spasm, or twitch in his hand and fingers. At the end of three years he recovered both his health and senses, and with the necessity soon lost the power, which he had thus acquired.

*Sir George Etherege, etc.*

Often and often had I read Gay's *Beggar's Opera*, and always<sup>2</sup> delighted with its poignant wit and original satire, and if not without noticing its immorality, yet without any offence from it. Some years ago, I for the first time saw it represented in one of the London theatres; and such

<sup>1</sup> The words "and then," &c. to "writing," have slipped out of H. N. Coleridge's text.

<sup>2</sup> "Always been" Coleridge probably wrote.

were the horror and disgust with which it impressed me, so grossly did it outrage all the best feelings of my nature, that even the angelic voice and perfect science of Mrs. Billington lost half their<sup>1</sup> charms, or rather increased my aversion to the piece by an additional sense of incongruity. Then I learned the immense difference between reading and seeing a play;—no wonder, indeed; for who has not passed over with his eye a hundred passages without offence which he could not have even read aloud, or have heard so read by another person, without an inward struggle?—In mere passive silent reading the thoughts remain mere thoughts, and these too not our own,—phantoms with no attribute of place, no sense of appropriation, that flit over the consciousness as shadows over the grass or young corn in an April day. But even the sound of our own or another's voice takes them out of that lifeless, twilight realm of idea, which is the confine, the *intermedium*, as it were, of existence and non-existence. Merely that the thoughts have become audible, by blending with them a sense of outness, gives them a sort of reality. What then,—when by every contrivance of scenery, appropriate dresses, accordant and auxiliary looks and gestures, and the variety of persons on the stage, realities are employed to carry the imitation of reality as near as possible to perfect delusion? If a manly modesty shrinks from uttering an indecent phrase before a wife or sister in a private room, what must be the effect when a repetition of such treasons (for all gross and libidinous allusions are emphatically treasons against the very foundations of human society, against all its endearing charities, and all the mother virtues,) is hazarded before a mixed multitude in a public theatre? When every innocent female must blush at once with pain at the thoughts she rejects, and with indignant shame at those, which the foul hearts of others may attribute to her!

Thus too with regard to the comedies of Wycherly, Vanburgh, and Etherege, I used to please myself with the flattering comparison of the manners universal at pre-

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge has "its."

sent among all classes above the lowest with those of our ancestors even of the highest ranks. But if for a moment I think of those comedies as having been acted, I lose all sense of comparison in the shame, that human nature could at any time have endured such outrages to its dignity; and if conjugal affection and the sweet name of sister were too weak, that yet filial piety, the gratitude for a mother's holy love, should not have risen and hissed into infamy<sup>1</sup> these traitors to their own natural gifts, who lampooned the noblest passions of humanity, in order to pander for its lowest appetites.

As far, however, as one bad thing can be palliated by comparison with a worse, this may be said, in extenuation of these writers; that the mischief which they can do even on the stage, is trifling compared with that style of writing which began in the pest-house of French literature, and has of late been imported by the *Littles* of the age, which consists in a perpetual tampering with the morals without offending the decencies. And yet the admirers of these publications, nay, the authors themselves, have the assurance to complain of Shakspeare (for I will not refer to one yet far deeper blasphemy)—Shakspeare, whose most objectionable passages are but grossnesses against lust, and these written in a gross age; while three-fourths of their whole works are delicacies for its support and sustenance. Lastly, that I may leave the reader in better humour with the name at the head of this article, I shall quote one scene from Etherege's *Love in a Tub*, which for exquisite, genuine, original humour, is worth all the rest of his plays, though two or three of his witty contemporaries were thrown in among them, as a make weight. The scene might be entitled, "the different ways in which the very same story may be told, without any variation in matter of fact;" for the least attentive reader will perceive the perfect identity of the footboy's account with the Frenchman's own statement in contradiction to it.

<sup>1</sup> Unhappily printed "infancy" in the "Remains."



## SCENE IV.

Scene—Sir Frederick's Lodging.

*Enter DUFOY and CLARK.*

*Clark.* I wonder Sir Frederick stays out so late.

*Dufoy.* Dis is noting; six, seven o'clock in the morning is ver good hour.

*Clark.* I hope he does not use these hours often.

*Dufoy.* Some six, seven time a week; no oftiner.

*Clark.* My Lord commanded me to wait his coming.

*Dufoy.* Matré Clark, to divertise you, I vill tell you, how I did get be acquainted vid dis Bedlam Matré. About two, tree year ago me had for my convenience discharge myself from attending (*Enter a foot boy*) as Matré D'ostel to a person of condition in *Parie*; it hapen after de dispatch of my little affairé.

*Foot B.* That is, after h'ad spent his money, Sir.

*Dufoy.* Jan foutré de lacque; me vil have vip and de belle vor your breeck, rogue.

*Foot B.* Sir, in a word, he was a *Jack-pudding* to a mountebank, and turned off for want of wit: my master picked him up before a puppet-show, mumbling a half-penny custard, to send him with a letter to the post.

*Dufoy.* Morbleu, see, see de insolence of de foot boy English, bogre, rascale, you lie, begar I vill cutté your troaté.

[*Exit Foot Boy.*]

*Clark.* He's a rogue; on with your story, Monsieur.

*Dufoy.* Matré Clark, I am your ver humble serviteur; but begar me have no patience to be abusé. As I did say, after de dispatché of my affairé, von day being idele, vich does producé the mellanchollique, I did valké over de new bridge in *Parie*, and to divertise de time, and my more serious thoughté, me did look to see de marrioneté, and de *jack-pudding*, vich did play hundred pretty trické; time de collation vas come; and vor I had no company, I was unvilling to go to de Cabareté, but did buy a darriolé, littel custardé vich did satisfie my appetite ver vel: in dis time young Monsieur de Grandvil (a jentelman of ver great quality, van dat vas my ver good friendé, and has done me



ver great and insignal faveure) come by in his caroche vid dis Sir *Frolick*, who did pention at the same academy, to learn de language, de bon mine, de great horse, and many oder trické. Monsieur seeing me did make de bowe and did becken me to come to him: he did tellé me dat de Englis jentelman had de lettre vor de posté, and did entreaté me (if I had de opportunity) to see de lettre deliveré: he did tellé me too, it vold be ver great obligation: de memory of de faveurs I had received from his famelyé, beside de inclination I naturally have to servé de strangeré, made me returné de complemen vid ver great civility, and so I did take de lettre and see it deliveré. Sir *Frolick* perceiving (by de management of dis affairé) dat I vas man d'esprit, and of vitté, did entreaté me to be his serviteur; me did take d'affection to his personé, and was contenté to live vid him, to counsel and advise him. You see now de lie of de bougre de lacque Englishe, morbleu.

#### *Evidence.*

When I was at Malta, there happened a drunken squabble on the road between Valette and St. Antonio, between a party of soldiers and another of sailors. They were brought before me on the next morning, and the great effect which their intoxication had produced on their memory, and the little or no effect on their courage in giving evidence, may be seen by the following specimen. The soldiers swore that the sailors were the first aggressors, and had assaulted them with the following words: "— your eyes! &c. who stops the line of march there?" The sailors with equal vehemence and unanimity averred, that the soldiers were the first aggressors, and had burst in on them calling out—"Heave to, you lubbers! or we'll run you down."

#### *Force of Habit.*

An Emir had bought a left eye of a glass eye-maker, supposing that he would be able to see with it. The man begged him to give it a little time: he could not expect

that it would see all at once as well as the right eye, which had been for so many years in the habit of it.

### *Phoenix.*

The phoenix lives a thousand years, "a secular bird of ages;" and there is never more than one at a time in the world. Yet Plutarch very gravely informs us, that the brain of the phoenix is a pleasant bit, but apt to occasion the head-ache. By the by, there are few styles that are not fit for something. I have often wished to see Claudian's splendid poem on the Phoenix translated into English verse in the elaborate rhyme and gorgeous diction of Darwin. Indeed Claudian throughout would translate better than any of the ancients.

### *Memory and Recollection.*

Beasts and babies remember, that is, recognize: man alone recollects. This distinction was made by Aristotle.

### *Aliquid ex Nihilo.*

In answer to the *nihil e nihilo* of the atheists, and their near relations, the *anima-mundi* men, a humourist pointed to a white blank in a rude wood-cut, which very ingeniously served for the head of hair in one of the figures.

### *Beards.*

"There is a female saint, whom the Jesuit Sautel, in his *Annus Sacer Poeticus*, has celebrated for her beard—a mark of divine favour\* bestowed upon her for her prayers."—R. S.

\* *Pereant qui ante nos nostra dixere!* What! can nothing be one's own? This is the more vexatious, for at the age of eighteen I lost a . . .<sup>1</sup> for the following epigram

<sup>1</sup> Two or three words are cut away here, as also in the verses, for which we have suggested a substitute in a parenthesis.

on my godmother's beard, which she had the *barbarity* to revenge by striking me out of her will:—

“So great the charms of Mrs. Monday,  
That men grew rude, a kiss to gain:  
This so provoked the dame, that one day  
[*At Pallas' shrine*] did she complain:

“Nor vainly she address'd her prayer,  
Nor vainly to that power applied:  
The goddess bade a length of hair  
In deep recess her muzzle hide:—

“‘Still persevere! to love be callous!  
For I have your petition heard!  
To snatch a kiss were vain’ (cried Pallas),  
‘Unless you first should shave your beard.’”—C. MS.

*Henry More's Song of the Soul.*

“There is\* perhaps no other poem in existence, which has so little that is good in it, if it has anything good.”—R. S.

\* 27 Dec., 1819. Mr. (J. H.) Frere, of all men eminently φιλοκαλος, of the most exquisite taste, observed this very day to me how very grossly Southey had wronged this poem. I cannot understand in what mood Southey could have been: it is so unlike him.—C. MS.

—  
“He soon begins\* to imitate John Bunyan in his nomenclature;—but oh! what an imitation of that old king of the tinkers!”—R. S.

\* False, cruelly false! Again and again I puzzle myself to guess in what most un-Southeyan mood Southey could have been, when he thought and wrote the above!—And the phrase, old king of the Tinkers! applied to the author of the inimitable *Pilgrim's Progress*, that model of beautiful,

pure, and harmonious English, no less than of still higher merits, outrages my moral taste.—C. MS.

“The following \* extract is the best specimen that can be given of the strain of feeling, which Henry More could express in no better language than an inharmonious imitation of Spenser’s, barbarized by the extremes of carelessness the most licentious, and erudition the most pedantic.”—R. S.

\* After so very sharp a censure, of the justice of which the following extract is to be the proof, who would have expected a series of stanzas for the greater part at least so chaste in language, and easy in versification? Southey must have wearied himself out with the poem, till the mist from its swamps and stagnants had spread over its green and flowery plots and bowers.—C. MS.

### *The Stigmata.*

“In intolerant and barbarous bigotry, indeed, the writer is only surpassed by the Eclectic reviewer, who affirms that ‘thousands of unhappy spirits and thousands yet to increase their number, will everlastingly look back with unutterable anguish on the nights and days on which Shakspeare \* ministered to their guilty delights.’”—R. S.

\* “Churlish Priest!

A blessed angel shall my sweet Shakspeare be,  
When thou lyest howling.”—C. MS.

### *Brevity of the Greek and English Compared.<sup>1</sup>*

As an instance of compression and brevity in narration, unattainable in any language but the Greek, the following distich was quoted:—

χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὐρὼν, ἔλιπε βρόχον· αὐτὰρ ὁ χρυσὸν,  
ὄν λῖπεν, οὐκ εὐρὼν, ἤψεν, ὃν εὔρε, βρόχον.

<sup>1</sup> One of H. N. Coleridge’s additions.

This was denied by one of the company, who instantly rendered the lines in English, contending with reason that the indefinite article in English, together with the pronoun "his," &c., should be considered as one word with the noun following, and more than counterbalanced by the greater number of syllables in the Greek words, the terminations of which are in truth only little words glued on to them. The English distich follows, and the reader will recollect that it is a mere trial of comparative brevity,—wit and poetry quite out of the question:—

"Jack finding gold left a rope on the ground;  
Bill missing his gold used the rope, which he found."

1809—1816.<sup>1</sup>*The Will and the Deed.*

The will to the deed,—the inward principle to the outward act,—is as the kernel to the shell ; but yet, in the first place, the shell is necessary for the kernel, and that by which it is commonly known ;—and, in the next place, as the shell comes first, and the kernel grows gradually and hardens within it, so is it with the moral principle in man. Legality precedes morality in every individual, even as the Jewish dispensation preceded the Christian in the education of the world at large.

*The Will for the Deed.*

When may the will be taken for the deed ?—Then when the will is the obedience of the whole man ;—when the will is in fact the deed, that is, all the deed in our power. In every other case, it is bending the bow without shooting the arrow. The bird of Paradise gleams on the lofty branch, and the man takes aim, and draws the tough yew into a crescent with might and main,—and lo! there is never an arrow on the string.

*Sincerity.*

The first great requisite is absolute sincerity. Falsehood and disguise are miseries and misery-makers, under whatever strength of sympathy, or desire to prolong happy thoughts in others for their sake or your own only as sympathizing with theirs, it may originate. All sympathy, not consistent with acknowledged virtue, is but disguised selfishness.

<sup>1</sup> This date is prefixed by H. N. C. to the remainder of his "Omnia." We have now come to the end of Southey's.

*Truth and Falsehood.*

The pre-eminence of truth over falsehood, even when occasioned by that truth, is as a gentle fountain breathing from forth its air-let into the snow piled over and around it, which it turns into its own substance, and flows with greater murmur; and though it be again arrested, still it is but for a time;—it awaits only the change of the wind, to awake and roll onwards its ever increasing stream :—

“I semplici pastori  
Sul Vesolo nevoso,  
Fatti curvi e canuti,  
D'alto stupor son muti,  
Mirando al fonte ombroso  
Il Po con pochi umori;  
Poscia udendo gl' onori  
Dell' urna angusta e stretta,  
Che 'l Adda, che 'l Tesino  
Soverchia il suo cammino,  
Che ampio al mar s' affretta,  
Che si spuma, e si suona,  
Che gli si dà corona!”

*Chiabrera, Rime, xxviii.*

But falsehood is fire in stubble;—it likewise turns all the light stuff around it into its own substance for a moment, one crackling blazing moment,—and then dies; and all its converts are scattered in the wind, without place or evidence of their existence, as viewless as the wind which scatters them.

*Religious Ceremonies.*

A man may look at glass, or through it, or both. Let all earthly things be unto thee as glass to see heaven through! Religious ceremonies should be pure glass, not dyed in the gorgeous crimsons and purple blues and greens of the drapery of saints and saintesses.

*Association.*

Many a star, which we behold as single, the astronomer resolves into two, each, perhaps, the centre of a separate system. Oft are the flowers of the bind-weed mistaken for the growth of the plant, which it chokes with its intertwine. And many are the unsuspected double stars, and frequent are parasite weeds, which the philosopher detects in the received opinions of men:—so strong is the tendency of the imagination to identify what it has long consociated. Things that have habitually, though, perhaps, accidentally and arbitrarily, been thought of in connection with each other, we are prone to regard as inseparable. The fatal brand is cast into the fire, and therefore Meleager must consume in the flames. To these conjunctions of custom and association—(the associative power of the mind which holds the mid place between memory and sense,)—we may best apply Sir Thomas Brown's remark, that many things coagulate on commixture, the separate natures of which promise no concretion.

*Curiosity.*

The curiosity of an honourable mind willingly rests there, where the love of truth does not urge it farther onward, and the love of its neighbour bids it stop;—in other words, it willingly stops at the point, where the interests of truth do not beckon it onward, and charity cries, Halt!

*New Truths.*

To all new truths, or renovation of old truths, it must be as in the ark between the destroyed and the about-to-be renovated world. The raven must be sent out before the dove, and ominous controversy must precede peace and the olive-wreath.



*Vicious Pleasures.*

Centries, or wooden frames, are put under the arches of a bridge, to remain no longer than till the latter are consolidated. Even so pleasures are the devil's scaffolding to build a habit upon; that formed and steady, the pleasures are sent for fire-wood, and the hell begins in this life.

*Meriting Heaven.*

Virtue makes us not worthy, but only worthier, of happiness. Existence itself gives a claim to joy. Virtue and happiness are incommensurate quantities. How much virtue must I have, before I have paid off the old debt of my happiness in infancy and childhood! Oh! We all outrun the constable with heaven's justice! We have to earn the earth, before we can think of earning heaven.

*Dust to Dust.*

We were indeed,—

πάντα κόνις, καὶ πάντα γέλως, καὶ πάντα τὸ μηδέν—

if we did not feel that we were so.

*Human Countenance.*

There is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must sadden, or at least soften, every reflecting observer.

*Lie Useful to Truth.*

A lie accidentally useful to the cause of an oppressed truth: Thus was the tongue of a dog made medicinal to a feeble and sickly Lazarus.

*Science in Roman Catholic States.*

In Roman Catholic states, where science has forced its way, and some light must follow, the devil himself cunningly sets up a shop for common sense at the sign of the Infidel.

*Voluntary Belief.*

"It is possible," says Jeremy Taylor, "for a man to bring himself to believe any thing he hath a mind to." But what is this belief?—Analyse it into its constituents;—is it more than certain passions or feelings converging into the sensation of positiveness as their focus, and then associated with certain sounds or images?—"Nemo enim," says Augustine, "huic evidentiæ contradicet, nisi quem plus defensare delectat, quod sentit, quam, quid sentiendum sit, invenire."

*Amanda.*

Lovely and pure,—no bird of Paradise, to feed on dew and flower-fragrance, and never to alight on earth, till shot by death with pointless shaft; but a rose, to fix its roots in the genial earth, thence to suck up nutriment and bloom strong and healthy;—not to droop and fade amid sunshine and zephyrs on a soilless rock! Her marriage was no meagre prose comment on the glowing and gorgeous poetry of her wooing;—nor did the surly over-browsing rock of reality ever cast the dusky shadow of this earth on the soft moonlight of her love's first phantasies.

*Hymen's Torch.*

The torch of love may be blown out wholly, but not that of Hymen. Whom the flame and its cheering light and

genial warmth no longer bless, him the smoke stifles; for the spark is inextinguishable, save by death:—

“Nigro circumvelatus amictu  
Mæret Hymen, fumantque atræ sine lumine tædæ.”

### *Youth and Age.*

Youth beholds happiness gleaming in the prospect. Age looks back on the happiness of youth; and instead of hopes, seeks its enjoyment in the recollections of hope.<sup>1</sup>

### *December Morning.*

The giant shadows sleeping amid the wan yellow light of the December morning, looked like wrecks and scattered ruins of the long, long night.<sup>2</sup>

### *Archbishop Leighton.*

Next to the inspired Scriptures,—yea, and as the vibration of that once struck hour remaining on the air, stands Leighton's Commentary on the first Epistle of Peter.

### *Christian Honesty.*

“O! that God,” says Carey, in his Journal in Hindostan, “would make the Gospel successful among them! That would undoubtedly make them honest men, and I fear nothing else ever will.” Now this is a fact,—spite of

<sup>1</sup> This is more true than the *Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem*, and has been expressed by Wordsworth in “The Fountain:”—

“Often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad before.”

<sup>2</sup> Tennyson sings, in *Maud*, cf

“The fragments of the golden day.”

infidels and psilosophizing Christians, a fact. A perfect explanation of it would require and would show the psychology of faith,—the difference between the whole soul's modifying an action, and an action enforced by modifications of the soul amid prudential motives or favouring impulses. Let me here remind myself of the absolute necessity of having my whole faculties awake and imaginative, in order to illustrate this and similar truths;—otherwise my writings will be no other than pages of algebra.

*Inscription on a Clock in Cheapside.*

"What now thou do'st, or art about to do,  
Will help to give thee peace, or make thee rue;  
When hovering o'er the line this hand will tell  
The last dread moment—'twill be heaven or hell."

Read for the last two lines—

"When wavering o'er the dot this hand shall tell  
The moment that secures thee heaven or hell!"

*Rationalism is not Reason.*

*Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.* An awful text! Now because vengeance is most wisely and lovingly forbidden to us, hence we have by degrees, under false generalizations and puny sensibilities, taken up the notion that vengeance is no where. In short, the abuse of figurative interpretation is endless;—instead of being applied, as it ought to be, to those things which are the most comprehensible, that is, sensuous, and which therefore are the parts likely to be figurative, because such language is a condescension to our weakness,—it is applied to rot away the very pillars, yea, to fret away and dissolve the very corner stones of the temple of religion. O, holy Paul! O, beloved John! full of light and love, whose books are full of intuitions, as those of Paul are books of energies,—the one uttering to sympathizing angels what the other toils

to convey to weak-sighted yet docile men:—O Luther! Calvin! Fox, with Penn and Barclay! O Zinzendorf! and ye too, whose outward garments only have been singed and dishonoured in the heathenish furnace of Roman apostasy, Francis of Sales, Fenelon;—yea, even Aquinas and Scotus!—With what astoundment would ye, if ye were alive with your merely human perfections, listen to the creed of our, so called, rational religionists! Rational!—They, who in the very outset deny all reason, and leave us nothing but degrees to distinguish us from brutes;—a greater degree of memory, dearly purchased by the greater solicitudes of fear which convert that memory into foresight. O! place before your eyes the island of Britain in the reign of Alfred, its unpierced woods, its wide morasses and dreary heaths, its blood-stained and desolated shores, its untaught and scanty population; behold the monarch listening now to Bede, and now to John Erigena; and then see the same realm, a mighty empire, full of motion, full of books, where the cotter's son, twelve years old, has read more than archbishops of yore, and possesses the opportunity of reading more than our Alfred himself;—and then finally behold this mighty nation, its rulers and its wise men listening to — Paley and to — Malthus! It is mournful, mournful.

### *Inconsistency.*

How strange and sad is the laxity with which men in these days suffer the most inconsistent opinions to lie jumbled lazily together in their minds,—holding the antimoralism of Paley and the hypophysics of Locke, and yet gravely, and with a mock faith, talking of God as a pure spirit, of passing out of time into eternity, of a peace which passes all understanding, of loving our neighbour as ourselves, and God above all, and so forth!—Blank contradictions!—What are these men's minds but a huge lumber-room of *bully*, that is, of incompatible notions brought together by a feeling without a sense of connection?

*Hope in Humanity.*

Consider the state of a rich man perfectly *Adam Smithed*, yet with a naturally good heart;—then suppose him suddenly convinced, vitally convinced, of the truth of the blessed system of hope and confidence in reason and humanity! Contrast his new and old views and reflections, the feelings with which he would begin to receive his rents, and to contemplate his increase of power by wealth, the study to relieve the labour of man from all mere annoy and disgust, the preclusion in his own mind of all cooling down from the experience of individual ingratitude, and his conviction that the true cause of all his disappointments was, that his plans were too narrow, too short, too selfish!

*Wenn das Elend viel ist auf der Erde, so beruhet der grund davon, nach Abzug des theils erträglichen, theils verbesserlichen, theils eingebildeten Uebels der Naturwelt, ganz allein in den moralischen Handlungen der Menschen.*<sup>1</sup> O my God! What a great, inspiring, heroic thought! Were only a hundred men to combine even my clearness of conviction of this, with a Clarkson and Bell's perseverance, what might not be done! How awful a duty does not hope become! What a nurse, yea, mother of all other the fairest virtues! We despair of others' goodness, and thence are ourselves bad. O! let me live to show the errors of the most of those who have hitherto attempted this work,—how they have too often put the intellectual and the moral, yea, the moral and the religious, faculties at strife with each other, and how they ought to act with an equal eye to all, to feel that all is involved in the perfection of each! This is the fundamental position.

1 "Although the misery on the earth is great indeed, yet the foundation of it rests, after deduction of the partly bearable, partly removable, and partly imaginary, evil of the natural world, entirely and alone on the moral dealings of men."—H. N. C.

*Self-love in Religion.*

The unselfishness of self-love in the hopes and fears of religion consists;—first,—in the previous necessity of a moral energy, in order so far to subjugate the sensual, which is indeed and properly the selfish, part of our nature, as to believe in a state after death, on the grounds of the Christian religion:—secondly,—in the abstract and, as it were, unindividual nature of the idea, self, or soul, when conceived apart from our present living body and the world of the senses. In my religious meditations of hope and fear, the reflection that this course of action will purchase heaven for me, for my soul, involves a thought of and for all men who pursue the same course. In worldly blessings, such as those promised in the Old Law, each man might make up to himself his own favourite scheme of happiness. “I will be strictly just, and observe all the laws and ceremonies of my religion, that God may grant me such a woman for my wife, or wealth and honour, with which I will purchase such and such an estate,” &c. But the reward of heaven admits no day-dreams; its hopes and its fears are too vast to endure an outline. “I will endeavour to abstain from vice, and force myself to do such and such acts of duty, in order that I may make myself capable of that freedom of moral being, without which heaven would be no heaven to me.” Now this very thought tends to annihilate self. For what is a self not distinguished from any other self, but like an individual circle in geometry, uncoloured, and the representative of all other circles. The circle is differenced, indeed, from a triangle or square; so is a virtuous soul from a vicious soul, a soul in bliss from a soul in misery, but no wise distinguished from other souls under the same predicament. That selfishness which includes, of necessity, the selves of all my fellow-creatures, is assuredly a social and generous principle. I speak, as before observed, of the objective or reflex self;—for as to the subjective self, it is merely synonymous with consciousness, and obtains equally whether I think of me or of him;—in both cases it is I thinking.

Still, however, I freely admit that there neither is, nor can be, any such self-oblivion in these hopes and fears when practically reflected on, as often takes place in love and acts of loving kindness, and the habit of which constitutes a sweet and loving nature. And this leads me to the third, and most important reflection, namely, that the soul's infinite capacity of pain and joy, through an infinite duration, does really, on the most high-flying notions of love and justice, make my own soul and the most anxious care for the character of its future fate, an object of emphatic duty. What can be the object of human virtue but the happiness of sentient, still more of moral beings? But an infinite duration of faculties, infinite in progression, even of one soul, is so vast, so boundless an idea, that we are unable to distinguish it from the idea of the whole race of mankind. If to seek the temporal welfare of all mankind be disinterested virtue, much more must the eternal welfare of my own soul be so; for the temporal welfare of all mankind is included within a finite space and finite number, and my imagination makes it easy by sympathies and visions of outward resemblance; but myself in eternity, as the object of my contemplation, differs unimaginally from my present self. Do but try to think of yourself in eternal misery!—you will find that you are stricken with horror for it, even as for a third person; conceive it in hazard thereof, and you will feel commiseration for it, and pray for it with an anguish of sympathy very different from the outcry of an immediate self-suffering.

Blessed be God! that which makes us capable of vicious self-interestedness, capacitates us also for disinterestedness. That I am capable of preferring a smaller advantage of my own to a far greater good of another man,—this, the power of comparing the notions of "him and me" objectively, enables me likewise to prefer—at least furnishes the condition of my preferring—a greater good of another to a lesser good of my own;—nay, a pleasure of his, or external advantage, to an equal one of my own. And thus too, that I am capable of loving my neighbour as myself, empowers me to love myself as my neighbour, not only as much, but in the same way and with the very same feeling.



This is the great privilege of pure religion. By diverting self-love to our self under those relations, in which alone it is worthy of our anxiety, it annihilates self, as a notion of diversity. Extremes meet. These reflections supply a forcible, and, I believe, quite new argument against the purgatory, both of the Romanists, and of the modern Millenarians, and final salvationists. Their motives do, indeed, destroy the essence of virtue.

The doctors of self-love are misled by a wrong use of the words,—“We love ourselves!” Now this is impossible for a finite and created being in the absolute meaning of self; and in its secondary and figurative meaning, self signifies only a less degree of distance, a narrowness of moral view, and a determination of value by measurement. Hence the body is in this sense our self, because the sensations have been habitually appropriated to it in too great a proportion; but this is not a necessity of our nature. There is a state possible even in this life, in which we may truly say, “My self loves,”—freely constituting its secondary or objective love in what it wills to love, commands what it wills, and wills what it commands. The difference between self-love, and self that loves, consists in the objects of the former as given to it according to the law of the senses, while the latter determines the objects according to the law in the spirit. The first loves because it must; the second, because it ought; and the result of the first is not in any objective, imaginable, comprehensible, action, but in that action by which it abandoned its power of true agency, and willed its own fall. This is, indeed, a mystery. How can it be otherwise?—For if the will be unconditional, it must be inexplicable, the understanding of a thing being an insight into its conditions and causes. But whatever is in the will is the will, and must therefore be equally inexplicable.

In a word, the difference of an unselfish from a selfish love, even in this life, consists in this, that the latter depends on our transferring our present passion or appetite, or rather on our dilating and stretching it out in imagination, as the covetous man does;—while in the former we carry ourselves forward under a very different

state from the present, as the young man, who restrains his appetites in respect of his future self as a tranquil and healthy old man. This last requires as great an effort of disinterestedness as, if not a greater than, to give up a present enjoyment to another person who is present to us. The alienation from distance in time and from diversity of circumstance, is greater in the one case than in the other. And let it be remembered, that a Christian may exert all the virtues and virtuous charities of humanity in any state; yea, in the pangs of a wounded conscience, he may feel for the future periods of his own lost spirit, just as Adam for all his posterity.

O magical, sympathetic, *anima! principium hylarchicum! rationes spermaticæ! λόγοι ποιητικοί!* O formidable words! And O man! thou marvellous beast-angel! thou ambitious beggar! How pompously dost thou trick out thy very ignorance with such glorious disguises, that thou mayest seem to hide it in order only to worship it!

#### *Limitation of Love of Poetry.*

A man may be, perhaps, exclusively a poet, a poet most exquisite in his kind, though the kind must needs be of inferior worth; I say, may be; for I cannot recollect any one instance in which I have a right to suppose it. But, surely, to have an exclusive pleasure in poetry, not being yourself a poet;—to turn away from all effort, and to dwell wholly on the images of another's vision,—is an unworthy and effeminate thing. A jeweller may devote his whole time to jewels unblamed; but the mere amateur, who grounds his taste on no chemical or geological idea, cannot claim the same exemption from despect. How shall he fully enjoy Wordsworth, who has never meditated on the truths which Wordsworth has wedded to immortal verse?

#### *Humility of the Amiable.*

It is well ordered by nature, that the amiable and

estimable have a fainter perception of their own qualities than their friends have;—otherwise they would love themselves. And though they may fear flattery, yet if not justified in suspecting intentional deceit, they cannot but love and esteem those who love and esteem them, only as lovely and estimable, and give them proof of their having done well, where they have meant to do well.

*Temper in Argument.*

“All reasoners ought to be perfectly dispassionate, and ready to allow all the force of the arguments they are to confute. But more especially those, who are to argue in behalf of Christianity, ought carefully to preserve the spirit of it in their manner of expressing themselves. I have so much honour for the Christian clergy, that I had much rather hear them railed at, than hear them rail; and I must say, that I am often grievously offended with the generality of them for their method of treating all who differ from them in opinion.”—MRS. CHAPONE.

Besides, what is the use of violence? None. What is the harm? Great, very great;—chiefly, in the confirmation of error, to which nothing so much tends, as to find your opinions attacked with weak arguments and unworthy feelings. A generous mind becomes more attached to principles so treated, even as it would to an old friend, after he had been grossly calumniated. We are eager to make compensation.

*Patriarchal Government.*

The smooth words used by all factions, and their wide influence, may be exemplified in all the extreme systems, as for instance in the patriarchal government of Filmer. Take it in one relation, and it imports love, tender anxiety, longer experience, and superior wisdom, bordering on revelation, especially to Jews, and Christians, who are in the life-long habit of attaching to patriarchs an intimacy with

the Supreme Being. Take it on the other side, and it imports, that a whole people are to be treated and governed as children by a man not so old as very many, not older than very many, and in all probability not wiser than the many, and by his very situation precluded from the same experience.

### *Callous Self-Conceit.*

The most hateful form of self-conceit is the callous form, when it boasts and swells up on the score of its own ignorance, as implying exemption from a folly. "We profess not to understand;"—"We are so unhappy as to be quite in the dark as to the meaning of this writer;"—"All this may be very fine, but we are not ashamed to confess that to us it is quite unintelligible:"—then quote a passage without the context, and appeal to the PUBLIC, whether they understand it or not!—Wretches! Such books were not written for your public. If it be a work on inward religion, appeal to the inwardly religious, and ask them! If it be of true love and its anguish and its yearnings, appeal to the true lover! What have the public to do with this?

### *A Librarian.*

He was like a cork, flexible, floating, full of pores and openings, and yet he could neither return nor transmit the waters of Helicon, much less the light of Apollo. The poet, by his side, was like a diamond, transmitting to all around, yet retaining for himself alone, the rays of the god of day.

### *Trimming.*

An upright shoe may fit both feet; but never saw I a glove that would fit both hands. It is a man for a mean or mechanic office, that can be employed equally well under either of two opposite parties.

*Death.*

Death but supplies the oil for the inextinguishable lamp of life.

*Love an Act of the Will.*

Love, however sudden, as when we fall in love at first sight, (which is, perhaps, always the case of love in its highest sense,) is yet an act of the will, and that too one of its primary, and therefore ineffaceable acts. This is most important; for if it be not true, either love itself is all a romantic *hum*, a mere connection of desire with a form appropriated to excite and gratify it, or the mere repetition of a day-dream;—or if it be granted that love has a real, distinct, and excellent being, I know not how we could attach blame and immorality to inconstancy, when confined to the affections and a sense of preference. Either, therefore, we must brutalize our notions with Pope:—

“Lust, thro’ some certain strainers well refined,  
Is gentle love and charms all woman-kind:”

or we must dissolve and thaw away all bonds of morality by the irresistible shocks of an irresistible sensibility with Sterne.

*Wedded Union.*

The well-spring of all sensible communion is the natural delight and need, which undepraved man hath to transfuse from himself into others, and to receive from others into himself, those things, wherein the excellency of his kind doth most consist; and the eminence of love or marriage communion is, that this mutual transfusion can take place more perfectly and totally in this, than in any other mode.

Prefer person before money, good-temper with good sense before person; and let all, wealth, easy temper, strong

understanding and beauty, be as nothing to thee, unless accompanied by virtue in principle and in habit.

Suppose competence, health, and honesty; then a happy marriage depends on four things:—1. An understanding proportionate to thine, that is, a reciprocity at least of thine:—2. natural sensibility and lively sympathy in general:—3. steadiness in attaching and retaining sensibility to its proper objects in its proper proportions:—4. mutual liking; including person and all the thousand obscure sympathies that determine conjugal liking, that is, love and desire to A. rather than to B. This seems very obvious and almost trivial: and yet all unhappy marriages arise from the not honestly putting, and sincerely answering each of these four questions: any one of them negatived, marriage is imperfect, and in hazard of discontent.

#### *Difference between Hobbes and Spinoza.*

In the most similar and nearest points there is a difference, but for the most part there is an absolute contrast, between Hobbes and Spinoza. Thus Hobbes makes a state of war the natural state of man from the essential and ever continuing nature of man, as not a moral, but only a frightenable, being:—Spinoza makes the same state a necessity of man out of society, because he must then be an undeveloped man, and his moral being dormant; and so on through the whole.

#### *The End may Justify the Means.*

Whatever act is necessary to an end, and ascertained to be necessary and proportionate both to the end and the agent, takes its nature from that end. This premised, the proposition is innocent that ends may justify means. Remember, however, the important distinction:—"Unius facti diversi fines esse possunt: unius actionis non possunt."

I have somewhere read this remark:—"Omne meritum est voluntarium, aut voluntate originis, aut origine volun-

tatis." Quaintly as this is expressed, it is well worth consideration, and gives the true meaning of Baxter's famous saying,—“Hell is paved with good intentions.”

*Negative Thought.*

On this calm morning of the 13th of November, 1809, it occurs to me, that it is by a negation and voluntary act of no thinking that we think of earth, air, water, &c. as dead. It is necessary for our limited powers of consciousness, that we should be brought to this negative state, and that this state should pass into custom; but it is likewise necessary that at times we should awake and step forward; and this is effected by those extenders of our consciousness—sorrow, sickness, poetry, and religion. The truth is, we stop in the sense of life just when we are not forced to go on, and then adopt a permission of our feelings for a precept of our reason.

*Man's Return to Heaven.*

Heaven bestows light and influence on this lower world, which reflects the blessed rays, though it cannot recompense them. So man may make a return to God, but no requital.

*Young Prodigies.*

Fair criticism on young prodigies and Rosciuses in verse, or on the stage, is arraigned,—

“As the envious sneaping frost,  
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.”

If there were no better answer, the following a good heart would scarcely admit;—but where nine-tenths of the applause have been mere wonderment and miracle-lust (*Wundersucht*) these verses are an excellent accompaniment to other arguments:—

"Well, say it be!—Yet why of summer boast,  
 Before the birds have natural cause to sing?  
 Why should we joy in an abortive birth?  
 At Christmas I no more desire a rose,  
 Than wish a snow in May's new budding shows;  
 But like of each thing that in reason grows."  
*Love's Labour's Lost.*<sup>1</sup>

### *Welsh Names.*

The small number of surnames, and those Christian names and patronymics, not derived from trades, &c., is one mark of a country either not yet, or only recently, unfeudalized. Hence in Scotland the Mackintoshes, Macaulays, and so on. But the most remarkable show of this I ever saw, is the list of subscribers to Owen's Welch Dictionary. In letter D. there are 31 names, 21 of which are Davis or Davies, and the other three<sup>2</sup> are not Welchmen. In E. there are 30; 16 Evans; 6 Edwards; 1 Edmonds; 1 Egan, and the remainder Ellis. In G. two-thirds are Griffiths. In H. all are Hughes and Howell. In I. there are 66; all Joneses. In L. 3 or 4 Lewises; 1 Lewellyn; all the rest Lloyds. M. four-fifths Morgans. O. entirely Owen. R. all Roberts or Richards. T. all Thomases. V. all Vaughans;—and W. 64 names, 56 of them Williams.

### *German Language.*

The real value of melody in a language is considerable as

<sup>1</sup> Slightly altered.—H. N. C. Our editor's "slightly" is a touch of humour, surely. The original is as follows:—

"Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,  
 Before the birds have any cause to sing?  
 Why should I joy in an abortive birth?  
 At Christmas I no more desire a rose  
 Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth;  
 But like of each thing that in season grows."

Act i. sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Query?—ten.



subadditive; but when not jutting out into consciousness under the friction of comparison, the absence or inferiority of it is, as privative of pleasure, of little consequence. For example, when I read Voss's translation of the Georgics, I am, as it were, reading the original poem, until something particularly well expressed occasions me to revert to the Latin; and then I find the superiority, or at least the powers, of the German in all other respects, but am made feelingly alive, at the same time, to its unsmooth mixture of the vocal and the organic, the fluid and the substance, of language. The fluid seems to have been poured in on the corpuscles all at once, and the whole has, therefore, curdled, and collected itself into a lumpy soup full of knots of curds inslised by interjacent whey at irregular distances, and the curd lumpets of various sizes.

It is always a question how far the apparent defects of a language arise from itself or from the false taste of the nation speaking it. Is the practical inferiority of the English to the Italian in the power of passing from grave to light subjects, in the manner of Ariosto, the fault of the language itself? Wieland in his Oberon, broke successfully through equal difficulties. It is grievous to think how much less careful the English have been to preserve than to acquire. Why have we lost, or all but lost, the *ver* or *for* as a prefix,—*fordone*, *forwearied*, &c.; and the *zer* or *to*,—*zerreissen*, to rend, &c. *Jugend*, *Jüngling*: youth, *youngling*; why is that last word now lost to common use, and confined to sheep and other animals?

#### *A Paraphrase of Sophocles.<sup>2</sup>*

Ἐν τῇ φρονεῖν μηδὲν ἡδίστος βίος. Soph.

His life was playful from infancy to death, like the snow which in a calm day falls, but scarce seems to fall, and plays and dances in and out till the very moment that it gently reaches the earth.

<sup>2</sup> We have supplied this heading.

*The Universe.*

It surely is not impossible that to some infinitely superior being the whole universe may be as one plain, the distance between planet and planet being only as the pores in a grain of sand and the spaces between system and system no greater than the intervals between one grain and the grain adjacent.

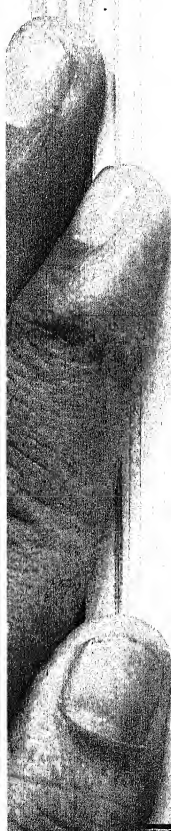
*Harberous.*

*Harberous*, that is, harbourous, is the old version of St. Paul's φιλόξενος, and a beautiful word it is. Κόσμος should be rendered a gentleman in dress and address, in appearance and demeanour, a man of the world in an innocent sense. The Latin *mundus* has the same double force in it; only that to the rude early Romans, to have a clean pair of hands and a clean dress, was to be drest; just as we say to boys, "Put on your clean clothes!"

The different meanings attached to the same word or phrase in different sentences, will, of course, be accompanied with a different feeling in the mind; this will affect the pronunciation, and hence arises a new word. We should vainly try to produce the same feeling in our minds by *and* *he* as by *who*; for the different use of the latter, and its feeling, having now coalesced. Yet *who* is properly the same word and pronunciation, as *ὁ* with the digammate prefix, and as *ὁ* *καὶ* *ὁ*.

*An Admonition.*

There are two sides to every question. If thou hast genius and poverty to thy lot, dwell on the foolish, perplexing, imprudent, dangerous, and even immoral, conduct of promise-breach in small things, of want of punctuality, of procrastination in all its shapes and disguises. Force men to reverence the dignity of thy moral strength in and for itself,—seeking no excuses or palliations from fortune, or



sickness, or a too full mind that, in opulence of conception, overrated its powers of application. But if thy fate should be different, shouldest thou possess competence, health and ease of mind, and then be thyself called upon to judge such faults in another so gifted,—O ! then, upon the other view of the question, say, Am I in ease and comfort, and dare I wonder that he, poor fellow, acted so and so ? Dare I accuse him ? Ought I not to shadow forth to myself that, glad and luxuriating in a short escape from anxiety, his mind over-promised for itself ; that, want combating with his eager desire to produce things worthy of fame, he dreamed of the nobler, when he should have been producing the meaner, and so had the meaner obtruded on his moral being, when the nobler was making full way on his intellectual ? Think of the manifoldness of his accumulated petty calls ! Think, in short, on all that should be like a voice from heaven to warn thyself against this and this, and call it all up for pity and for palliation ; and then draw the balance. Take him in his whole,—his head, his heart, his wishes, his innocence of all selfish crime, and a hundred years hence, what will be the result ? The good,—were it but a single volume that made truth more visible, and goodness more lovely, and pleasure at once more akin to virtue and, self-doubled, more pleasurable ! and the evil,—while he lived, it injured none but himself ; and where is it now ? in his grave. Follow it not thither.

*To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do Cry.*

The mighty kingdoms angelical, like the thin clouds at dawn, receiving and hailing the first radiance, and singing and sounding forth their blessedness, increase the rising joy in the heart of God, spread wide and utter forth the joy arisen, and in innumerable finite glories interpret all they can of infinite bliss.

*Definition of Miracle.*

A phænomenon in no connection with any other phæno-

menon, as its immediate cause, is a miracle; and what is believed to have been such, is miraculous for the person so believing. When it is strange and surprising, that is, without any analogy in our former experience,—it is called a miracle. The kind defines the thing:—the circumstances the word.

To stretch out my arm is a miracle, unless the materialists should be more cunning than they have proved themselves hitherto. To reanimate a dead man by an act of the will, no intermediate agency employed, not only is, but is called, a miracle. A scripture miracle, therefore, must be so defined, as to express, not only its miraculous essence, but likewise the condition of its appearing miraculous; add therefore to the preceding, the words *præter omnem priorem experientiam*.

It might be defined likewise an effect, not having its cause in any thing congenerous. That thought calls up thought is no more miraculous than that a billiard ball moves a billiard ball; but that a billiard ball should excite a thought, that is, be perceived, is a miracle, and, were it strange, would be called such. For take the converse, that a thought should call up a billiard ball! Yet where is the difference, but that the one is a common experience, the other never yet experienced?

It is not strictly accurate to affirm, that every thing would appear a miracle, if we were wholly uninfluenced by custom, and saw things as they are:—for then the very ground of all miracles would probably vanish, namely, the heterogeneity of spirit and matter. For the *quid ulterius?* of wonder, we should have the *ne plus ultra* of adoration.

Again—the word miracle has an objective, a subjective, and a popular meaning;—as objective,—the essence of a miracle consists in the heterogeneity of the consequent and its causative antecedent;—as subjective,—in the assumption of the heterogeneity. Add the wonder and surprise excited, when the consequent is out of the course of experience, and we know the popular sense and ordinary use of the word.

*Death, and Grounds of Belief in a Future State.*

It is an important thought, that death, judged of by corporeal analogies, certainly implies discription or dissolution of parts; but pain and pleasure do not; nay, they seem inconceivable except under the idea of concentration. Therefore the influence of the body on the soul will not prove the common destiny of both. I feel myself not the slave of nature (nature used here as the *mundus sensibilis*) in the sense in which animals are. Not only my thoughts and affections extend to objects trans-natural, as truth, virtue, God; not only do my powers extend vastly beyond all those, which I could have derived from the instruments and organs, with which nature has furnished me; but I can do what nature *per se* cannot. I ingraft, I raise heavy bodies above the clouds, and guide my course over ocean and through air. I alone am lord of fire and light; other creatures are but their alms-folk, and of all the so called elements, water, earth, air, and all their compounds (to speak in the ever-enduring language of the senses, to which nothing can be revealed, but as compact, or fluid, or aerial), I not merely subserve myself of them, but I employ them. *Ergo*, there is in me, or rather I am, a præter-natural, that is, a super-sensuous thing: but what is not nature, why should it perish with nature? why lose the faculty of vision, because my spectacles are broken?

Now to this it will be objected, and very forcibly too;—that the soul or self is acted upon by nature through the body, and water or caloric, diffused through or collected in the brain, will derange the faculties of the soul by deranging the organization of the brain; the sword cannot touch the soul; but by rending the flesh, it will rend the feelings. Therefore the violence of nature may, in destroying the body, mediate destroy the soul! It is to this objection that my first sentence applies; and is an important, and, I believe, a new and the only satisfactory reply I have ever heard.

The one great and binding ground of the belief of God and a hereafter, is the law of conscience: but as the apti-

tudes, and beauty, and grandeur, of the world, are a sweet and beneficent inducement to this belief, a constant fuel to our faith, so here we seek these arguments, not as dissatisfied with the one main ground, not as of *little faith*, but because, believing it to be, it is natural we should expect to find traces of it, and as a noble way of employing and developing, and enlarging the faculties of the soul, and this, not by way of motive, but of assimilation, producing virtue. 2d April, 1811.

### *Hatred of Injustice.*

It is the mark of a noble nature to be more shocked with the unjust condemnation of a bad man than of a virtuous one; as in the instance of Strafford. For in such cases the love of justice, and the hatred of the contrary, are felt more nakedly, and constitute a strong passion *per se*, not only unaided by, but in conquest of, the softer self-repaying sympathies. A wise foresight too inspires jealousy, that so may principles be most easily overthrown. This is the virtue of a wise man, which a mob never possesses, even as a mob never, perhaps, has the malignant *finis ultimus*, which is the vice of a man.

### *Religion.*

Amongst the great truths are these:—

I. That religion has no speculative dogmas; that all is practical, all appealing to the will, and therefore all imperative. *I am the Lord thy God: Thou shalt have none other gods but me.*

II. That, therefore, miracles are not the proofs, but the necessary results, of revelation. They are not the key of the arch and roof of evidence, though they may be a compacting stone in it, which gives while it receives strength. Hence, to make the intellectual faith a fair analogon or unison of the vital faith, it ought to be stamped in the mind by all the evidences duly co-ordinated, and not designed by single pen-strokes, beginning either here or there.

III. That, according to No. I., Christ is not described primarily and characteristically as a teacher, but as a doer; a light indeed, but an effective light, the sun which causes what it shows, as well as shows what it first causes.

IV. That a certain degree of morality is presupposed in the reception of Christianity; it is the *substratum* of the moral interest which substantiates the evidence of miracles. The instance of a profligate suddenly converted, if properly sifted, will be found but an apparent exception.

V. That the being of a God, and the immortality of man, are every where assumed by Christ.

VI. That Socinianism is not a religion, but a theory, and that, too, a very pernicious, or a very unsatisfactory, theory. Pernicious,—for it excludes all our deep and awful ideas of the perfect holiness of God, his justice and his mercy, and thereby makes the voice of conscience a delusion, as having no correspondent in the character of the legislator; regarding God as merely a good-natured pleasure-giver, so happiness be produced, indifferent as to the means:—Unsatisfactory, for it promises forgiveness without any solution of the difficulty of the compatibility of this with the justice of God; in no way explains the fallen condition of man, nor offers any means for his regeneration. “If you will be good, you will be happy,” it says: that may be, but my will is weak; I sink in the struggle.

VII. That Socinianism never did and never can subsist as a general religion. For, 1. It neither states the disease, on account of which the human being hungers for revelation, nor prepares any remedy in general, nor ministers any hope to the individual. 2. In order to make itself endurable on scriptural grounds, it must so weaken the texts and authority of scripture, as to leave in scripture no binding ground of proof of any thing. 3. Take a pious Jew, one of the Maccabees, and compare his faith and its grounds with Priestley’s; and then, for what did Christ come?

VIII. That Socinianism involves the shocking thought that man will not, and ought not to be expected to, do his duty as man, unless he first makes a bargain with his Maker, and his Maker with him. Give me, the individual me, a positive proof that I shall be in a state of pleasure

after my death, if I do so and so, and then I will do it, not else! And the proof asked is not one dependent on, or flowing from, his moral nature and moral feelings, but wholly *extra-moral*, namely, by his outward senses, the subjugation of which to faith, that is, the passive to the actional and self-created belief, is the great object of all religion!

IX. That Socinianism involves the dreadful reflection, that it can establish its probability (its certainty being wholly out of the question and impossible, Priestley himself declaring that his own continuance as a Christian depended on a contingency,) only on the destruction of all the arguments furnished for our permanent and essential distinction from brutes; that it must prove that we have no grounds to obey, but, on the contrary, that in wisdom we ought to reject and declare utterly null, all the commands of conscience, and all that is implied in those commands, reckless of the confusion introduced into our notions of means and ends by the denial of truth, goodness, justice, mercy, and the other fundamental ideas in the idea of God; and all this in order to conduct us to a Mahomet's bridge of a knife's edge, or the breadth of a spear, to salvation. And, should we discover any new documents, or should an acuter logician make plain the sophistry of the deductions drawn from the present documents (and surely a man who has passed from orthodoxy to the loosest Arminianism, and thence to Arianism, and thence to direct Humanism, has no right from his experience to deny the probability of this,)—then to fall off into the hopeless abyss of atheism. For the present life, we know, is governed by fixed laws, which the atheist acknowledges as well as the theist; and if there be no spiritual world, and no spiritual life in a spiritual world, what possible bearing can the admission or rejection of this hypothesis have on our practice or feelings?

Lastly, the Mosaic dispensation was a scheme of national education; the Christian is a world-religion; and the former was susceptible of evidence and probabilities which do not, and cannot, apply to the latter. A savage people forced, as it were, into a school of circumstances, and gradually in the course of generations taught the unity of



God, first and for centuries merely as a practical abstinence from the worship of any other,—how can the principles of such a system apply to Christianity, which goes into all nations and to all men, the most enlightened, even by preference?

Writing several years later than the date of the preceding paragraphs, I commend the modern Unitarians for their candour in giving up the possible worshipability of Christ, if not very God,—a proof that truth will ultimately prevail. The Arians, then existing, against whom Waterland wrote, were not converted; but in the next generation the arguments made their way. This is fame *versus* reputation.

### *The Apostles' Creed.*

Is it not probable from what is found in the writings of Cyril, Eusebius, Cyprian, Marcellus of Ancyra and others, that our present Apostles' Creed is not the very *Symbolum Fidei*, which was not to be written, but was always repeated at baptism? For this latter certainly contained the doctrine of the eternal generation of the Logos; and, therefore, it seems likely that the present Apostles' creed was an introductory, and, as it were, alphabetical, creed for young catechumens in their first elementation. Is it to be believed that the *Symbolum Fidei* contained nothing but the mere history of Jesus, without any of the peculiar doctrines, or that, if it did not contain something more, the great and vehement defenders of the Trinity would speak of it so magnificently as they do, even preferring its authority to that of the scriptures?—Besides, does not Austin positively say that our present Apostles' creed was gathered out of the scriptures? Whereas the *Symbolum Fidei* was elder than the Gospels, and probably contained only the three doctrines of the Trinity, the Redemption, and the Unity of the Church. May it not have happened, when baptism was administered so early, and at last even to infants, that the old *Symbolum Fidei* became gradually *inusitatum*, as being appropriated to adult proselytes from Judaism or Paganism? This seems to me even more than

probable; for in proportion to the majority of born over converted Christians must the creed of instruction have been more frequent than that of doctrinal profession.

*A Good Heart.*

There is in Abbt's Essays an attempt to determine the true sense of this phrase, at least to unfold (*auseinandersetzen*) what is meant and felt by it. I was much pleased with the remarks, I remember, and with the counterposition of Tom Jones and Sir Charles Grandison. Might not Luther and Calvin serve? But it is made less noticeable in these last by its co-existence with, and sometimes real, more often apparent, subordination to fixed conscious principles, and is thus less naturally characteristic. Parson Adams contrasted with Dr. Harrison in Fielding's *Amelia* would do. Then there is the suppression of the good heart and the substitution of principles or motives for the good heart, as in *Laud*, and the whole race of conscientious persecutors. Such principles constitute the virtues of the Inquisition. A good heart contrasts with the Pharisaic righteousness. This last contemplation of the Pharisees, the dogmatists, and the rigorists, *in toto genere*, serves to reconcile me to the fewness of the men who act on fixed principles. For unless there exist intellectual power to determine aright what are the *principia jam fixa et formata*, and unless there be the wisdom of love preceding the love of wisdom, and unless to this be added a graciousness of nature, a loving kindness,—these rigorists are but bigots often to errors, and active, yea, remorseless in preventing or staying the rise and progress of truth. And even when bigoted adherents to true principles, yet they render truth unamiable, and forbid little children to come thereunto. As human nature now is, it is well, perhaps, that the number should be few, seeing that of the few, the greater part are prematurities.

The number of those who act from good-hearted impulses, a kindly and cheerful mood, and the play of minute sympathies, continuous in their discontinuity, like the sand-thread

of the hour-glass, and from their minuteness and transiency not calculated to stiffen or inflate the individual, and thus remaining unendangered by egotism, and its unhandsome vizard contempt, is far larger : and though these temperamental *pro*-virtues will too often fail, and are not built to stand the storms of strong temptation ; yet on the whole they carry on the benignant scheme of social nature, like the other instincts that rule the animal creation. But of all the most numerous are the men, who have ever more their own dearest beloved self, as the only or main goal or butt of their endeavours straight and steady before their eyes, and whose whole inner world turns on the great axis of self-interest. These form the majority, if not of mankind, yet of those by whom the business of life is carried on ; and most expedient it is, that so it should be ; nor can we imagine any thing better contrived for the advantage of society. For these are the most industrious, orderly, and circumspect portion of society, and the actions governed by this principle with the results, are the only materials on which either the statesman, or individuals can safely calculate.

There is, indeed, another sort, (a class they can scarcely be called), who are below self-interest ; who live under the mastery of their senses and appetites ; and whose selfishness is an animal instinct, a goad *a tergo*, not an attraction, *a re prospecta*, or (so to speak) from a projected self. In fact, such individuals cannot so properly be said to have a self, as to be machines for the self of nature : and are as little capable of loving themselves as of loving their neighbours. Such there are. Nay, (if we were to count only without weighing,) the aggregate of such persons might possibly form a larger number than the class preceding. But they may safely be taken up into the latter, for the main ends of society, as being or sure to become its materials and tools. Their folly is the stuff in which the sound sense of the worldly-wise is at once manifested and remunerated ; their idleness of thought, with the passions, appetites, likings and fancies, which are its natural growth, though weeds, give direction and employment to the industry of the other. The accidents of inheritance by birth, of

accumulation of property in partial masses, are thus counteracted, and the aneurisms in the circulating system prevented or rendered fewer and less obstinate,—whilst animal want, the sure general result of idleness and its accompanying vices, tames at length the selfish host, into the laborious slaves and mechanic implements of the self-interested. Thus, without public spirit, nay, by the predominance of the opposite quality, the latter are the public benefactors: and, giving steadfastness and compactness to the whole, lay in the ground of the canvass, on which minds of finer texture may impress beauty and harmony.

Lastly, there is in the heart of all men a working principle,—call it ambition, or vanity, or desire of distinction, the inseparable adjunct of our individuality and personal nature, and flowing from the same source as language,—the instinct and necessity in each man of declaring his particular existence, and thus of singling or singularizing himself. In some this principle is far stronger than in others, while in others its comparative dimness may pass for its non-existence. But in thoughts at least, and secret fancies, there is in all men (idiocy of course excepted) a wish to remain the same and yet to be something else, and something more, or to exhibit what they are, or imagine they might be, somewhere else and to other spectators. Now, though this desire of distinction, when it is disproportionate to the powers and qualities by which the individual is indeed distinguished, or when it is the governing passion, or taken as the rule of conduct, is but a “knaveish sprite,” yet as an attendant and subaltern spirit, it has its good purposes and beneficial effects: and is not seldom

“ — Sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.”

Though selfish in its origin, it yet tends to elevate the individual from selfishness into self-love, under a softer and perhaps better form than that of self-interest, the form of self-respect. Whatever other objects the man may be pursuing, and with whatever other inclinations, he is still by this principle impelled and almost compelled to pass out of himself in imagination, and to survey himself at a suffi-

cient distance, in order to judge what figure he is likely to make in the eyes of his fellow men. But in thus taking his station as at the apex of a triangle, while the self is at one angle of the base, he makes it possible at least that the image of his neighbour may appear at the other, whether by spontaneous association, or placed there for the purposes of comparison; and so both be contemplated at equal distance. But this is the first step towards disinterestedness; and though it should never be reached, the advantage of the appearance is soon learnt, and the necessity of avoiding the appearance of the contrary. But appearances cannot be long sustained without some touch of the reality. At all events there results a control over our actions; some good may be produced, and many a poisonous or offensive fruit will be prevented. Courtesy, urbanity, gallantry, munificence,—the outward influence of the law shall I call it, or rather fashion of honour,—these are the handsome hypocrisies that spring from the desire of distinction. I ask not the genius of a Machiavel, a Tacitus, or a Swift;—it needs only a worldly experience and an observing mind, to convince a man of forty that there is no medium between the creed of misanthropy and that of the gospel.

A pagan might be as orthodox as Paul on the doctrine of works. First,—set aside the large portion of them that have their source in the constitutional temperament,—the merit of which, if any, belongs to nature, not to the individual agent; and of the remaining number of good works, nine are derived from vices for one that has its origin in virtue. I have often in looking at the water-works, and complex machinery of our manufactories, indulged a humorous mood by fancying that the hammers, cogs, fly-wheels, &c. were each actuated by some appetite, or passion,—hate, rage, revenge, vanity, cupidity, &c.,—while the general result was most benignant, and the machine, taken as a whole, the product of power, knowledge, and benevolence! Such a machine does the moral world, the world of human nature, appear, and to those who seem ever more to place the comparison and the alternative between hell and earth, and quite overlook the opposition between earth and heaven, I recommend this meditation.

*Evidences of Christianity.<sup>1</sup>*

I. Miracles—as precluding the contrary evidence of no miracles.

II. The material of Christianity, its existence and history.

III. The doctrines of Christianity, and the correspondence of human nature to those doctrines,—illustrated, 1st, historically,—as the actual production of a new world, and the dependence of the fate of the planet upon it;—2nd, individually,—from its appeal for its truth to an asserted fact, which, whether it be real or not, every man possessing reason has an equal power of ascertaining within himself;—namely, a will which has more or less lost its freedom, though not the consciousness that it ought to be and may become free;—the conviction that this cannot be achieved without the operation of a principle connatural with itself;—the evident rationality of an entire confidence in that principle, being the condition and means of its operation;—the experience in his own nature of the truth of the process described by Scripture as far as he can place himself within the process, aided by the confident assurances of others as to the effects experienced by them, and which he is striving to arrive at. All these form a practical Christian. Add, however, a gradual opening out of the intellect to more and more clear perceptions of the strict coincidence of the doctrines of Christianity, with the truths evolved by the mind, from reflections on its own nature. To such a man one main test of the objectivity, the entity, the objective truth of his faith, is its accompaniment by an increase of insight into the moral beauty and necessity of the process which it comprises, and the dependence of that proof on the causes asserted. Believe, and if thy belief be right, that insight which gradually transmutes faith into knowledge will be the reward of that belief. The Christian, to whom, after a long profession of Christianity, the

<sup>1</sup> Dictated to, and communicated by, Dr. Brabant of Devizes.—  
H. N. C.

mysteries remain as much mysteries as before, is in the same state as a schoolboy with regard to his arithmetic to whom the *facit* at the end of the examples in his cyphering book is the whole ground for his assuming that such and such figures amount to so and so.

3rd. In the above I include the increasing discoveries in the correspondence of the history, the doctrines and the promises of Christianity, with the past, present, and probable future of human nature; and in this state a fair comparison of the religion as a divine philosophy, with all other religions which have pretended to revelations and all other systems of philosophy; both with regard to the totality of its truth and its identification with the manifest march of affairs.

I should conclude that, if we suppose a man to have convinced himself that not only the doctrines of Christianity, which may be conceived independently of history or time, as the Trinity, spiritual influences, &c. are coincident with the truths which his reason, thus strengthened, has evolved from its own sources, but that the historical dogmas, namely, of the incarnation of the creative Logos, and his becoming a personal agent, are themselves founded in philosophical necessity; then it seems irrational, that such a man should reject the belief of the actual appearance of a religion strictly correspondent therewith, at a given time recorded, even as much as that he should reject Cæsar's account of his wars in Gaul, after he has convinced himself *a priori* of their probability.

As the result of these convictions he will not scruple to receive the particular miracles recorded, inasmuch as it would be miraculous that an incarnate God should not work what must to mere men appear as miracles; inasmuch as it is strictly accordant with the ends and benevolent nature of such a being, to commence the elevation of man above his mere senses by attracting and enforcing attention, first through an appeal to those senses. But with equal reason will he expect that no other or greater force should be laid on these miracles as such; that they should not be spoken of as good in themselves, much less as the adequate and ultimate proof of that religion; and

likewise he will receive additional satisfaction, should he find these miracles so wrought, and on such occasions, as to give them a personal value as symbols of important truths when their miraculousness was no longer needful or efficacious.

*Confessio Fidei.*<sup>1</sup> Nov. 3, 1816.

### I.

I. I believe that I am a free agent, inasmuch as, and so far as, I have a will, which renders me justly responsible for my actions, omissive as well as commissive; likewise that I possess reason, or a law of right and wrong, which, uniting with my sense of moral responsibility, constitutes the voice of conscience.

II. Hence it becomes my absolute duty to believe, and I do believe, that there is a God, that is, a Being, in whom supreme reason and a most holy will are one with an infinite power; and that all holy will is coincident with the will of God, and therefore secure in its ultimate consequences by His omnipotence;—having, if such similitude be not unlawful, such a relation to the goodness of the Almighty, as a perfect time-piece will have to the sun.

### *Corollary.*

The wonderful works of God in the sensible world are a perpetual discourse, reminding me of his existence, and shadowing out to me his perfections. But as all language presupposes in the intelligent hearer or reader those primary notions, which it symbolizes; as well as the power of making those combinations of these primary notions, which it represents and excites us to combine,—even so I believe, that the notion of God is essential to the human mind; that it is called forth into distinct consciousness

<sup>1</sup> H. N. Coleridge, as we have seen, considered the letter to a god-child "an appropriate conclusion" to the *Table Talk*. Probably from like considerations he appends the pages still to follow to "Omnia."



principally by the conscience, and auxiliarily by the manifest adaptation of means to ends in the outward creation. It is, therefore, evident to my reason, that the existence of God is absolutely and necessarily insusceptible of a scientific demonstration, and that Scripture has so represented it. For it commands us to believe in one God. *I am the Lord thy God: thou shalt have none other gods but me.* Now all commandment necessarily relates to the will; whereas all scientific demonstration is independent of the will, and is apodictic or demonstrative only as far as it is compulsory on the mind, *volentem, nolentem.*

III. My conscience forbids me to propose to myself the pains and pleasures of this life, as the primary motive, or ultimate end, of my actions;—on the contrary, it makes me perceive an utter disproportionateness and heterogeneity between the acts of the spirit, as virtue and vice, and the things of the sense, such as all earthly rewards and punishments must be. Its hopes and fears, therefore, refer me to a different and spiritual state of being: and I believe in the life to come, not through arguments acquired by my understanding or discursive faculty, but chiefly and effectively, because so to believe is my duty, and in obedience to the commands of my conscience.

Here ends the first table of my creed, which would have been my creed, had I been born with Adam; and which, therefore, constitutes what may in this sense be called natural religion, that is, the religion of all finite rational beings. The second table contains the creed of revealed religion, my belief as a Christian.

## II.

IV. I believe, and hold it as the fundamental article of Christianity, that I am a fallen creature; that I am of myself capable of moral evil, but not of myself capable of moral good, and that an evil ground existed in my will, previously to any given act, or assignable moment of time, in my consciousness. I am born a child of wrath. This fearful mystery I pretend not to understand. I cannot

even conceive the possibility of it,—but I know that it is so. My conscience, the sole fountain of certainty, commands me to believe it, and would itself be a contradiction, were it not so—and what is real must be possible.

V. I receive with full and grateful faith the assurance of revelation, that the Word, which is from all eternity with God, and is God, assumed our human nature in order to redeem me, and all mankind from this our connate corruption. My reason convinces me, that no other mode of redemption is conceivable, and, as did Socrates, would have yearned after the Redeemer, though it would not dare expect so wonderful an act of divine love, except only as an effort of my mind to conceive the utmost of the infinite greatness of that love.

VI. I believe, that this assumption of humanity by the Son of God, was revealed and realized to us by the Word made flesh, and manifested to us in Christ Jesus; and that his miraculous birth, his agony, his crucifixion, death, resurrection, and ascension, were all both symbols of our redemption (φαινόμενα τῶν νουμένων) and necessary parts of the awful process.

VII. I believe in the descent and sending of the Holy Spirit, by whose free grace obtained for me by the merits of my Redeemer, I can alone be sanctified and restored from my natural inheritance of sin and condemnation, be a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of God.

#### *Corollary.*

The Trinity of persons in the Unity of the God would have been a necessary idea of my speculative reason, deduced from the necessary postulate of an intelligent creator, whose ideas being anterior to the things, must be more actual than those things, even as those things are more actual than our images derived from them; and who, as intelligent, must have had co-eternally an adequate idea of himself, in and through which he created all things both in heaven and earth. But this would only have been a speculative idea, like those of circles and other mathema-

tical figures, to which we are not authorized by the practical reason to attribute reality. Solely in consequence of our Redemption does the Trinity become a doctrine, the belief of which as real is commanded by our conscience. But to Christians it is commanded, and it is false candour in a Christian, believing in original sin and redemption therefrom, to admit that any man denying the divinity of Christ can be a Christian. The true language of a Christian, which reconciles humility with truth would be;—God and not man is the judge of man: which of the two is the Christian, he will determine; but this is evident, that if the theanthropist is a Christian, the psilanthropist cannot be so; and *vice versa*. Suppose, that two tribes used the same written characters, but attached different and opposite meanings to them, so that *niger*, for instance, was used by one tribe to convey the notion *black*, by the other, *white*;—could they, without absurdity, be said to have the same language? Even so, in the instance of the crucifixion, the same image is present to the theanthropist and to the psilanthropist or Socinian,—but to the latter it represents a mere man, a good man indeed and divinely inspired, but still a mere man, even as Moses or Paul, dying in attestation of the truth of his preaching, and in order by his resurrection to give a proof of his mission, and inclusively of the resurrection of all men:—to the former it represents God incarnate taking upon himself the sins of the world, and himself thereby redeeming us, and giving us life everlasting, not merely teaching it. The same difference, that exists between God and man, between giving and the declaration of a gift, exists between the Trinitarian and the Unitarian. This might be proved in a few moments, if we would only conceive a Greek or Roman, to whom two persons relate their belief, each calling Christ by a different name. It would be impossible for the Greek even to guess, that they both meant the same person, or referred to the same facts.

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